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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

ANNA CHRISTIE—A clumsy early work by O'Neill, which provides a vehicle for Liv Ullmann. (It did the same for Garbo in her first talkie.) Also in the cast are Robert Donley, Mary McCarty, and John Lithgow. José Quintero directed. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, July 30.)

ANNIE—A long musical based on the celebrated comic-strip characters Little Orphan Annie and Daddy Warbucks, both altered for the purposes of an amusing book by Thomas Meehan. Dorothy Loudon is marvellous as an alcoholic scold. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THE BASIC TRAINING OF PAYLO HUMMEL—Al Pacino pours his superb talent and energy into the role of the hapless Hummel and gives his miserable end an unexpected dignity. A model production of the David Rabe play about Vietnam. Reopens Tuesday, July 10. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8.)

THE CHERRY ORCHARD—The Chekhov comedy has been willfully misdirected by Andrei Serban, but the cast, headed by Irene Worth, is scintillating and Santo Loquasto's sets and costumes are ravishing. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 787-8080. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

GEMINI—In Albert Innaurato's very funny comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social, but is actually sexual. With Danny Aiello as the father and Anne DeSalvo, Jonathan Hadary, and Robert Picardo, among other good actors, Peter Mark Schifter directed. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

I LOVE MY WIFE—A musical that affects an unconvincing raunchiness. Some singable songs by Cy Coleman and Michael Stewart, and an admirable cast, but nothing much can be done with Mr. Stewart's tasteless book. Gene Saks is the brave director. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST—A flabby production of Oscar Wilde's sparkling comedy, but with good performances by Mary Louise Wilson, Patricia Conolly, and Munson Hicks. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THE KING AND I—An irresistibly tuneful Rodgers and Hammerstein show, all the more pleasing for being somewhat old-fashioned. Yul Brynner is its superb star. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MUMMENSCHANZ—A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players—Andrés Bossard and Bernie Schürch, from Switzerland, and Floriana Frassetto, from Italy. The masks are ingenious and surprising, and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

OTHERWISE ENGAGED—Simon Gray's harsh but extremely funny account of a London publisher who seeks to keep life at arm's length. Life, as usual, has different ideas. Tom Courtenay stars, and the director is Harold

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Pinter. Starting Thursday, July 21, Dick Cavett will replace Mr. Courtenay. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

SEASON'S REASONS—A play written and directed by Ron Milner, with music by Charles Mason. Opens Thursday, July 14, and will run through Sunday, July 24. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 766-9334. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

THE 2ND GREATEST ENTERTAINER IN THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD—Dick Shawn in a one-man show. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8.)

THE SHADOW BOX—Hard to believe, but this play by Michael Cristofer, whose subject is death, is a highly affirmative and sometimes comic affair, well acted by, among others, Josef Sommer, Patricia Elliott, and Joyce Ebert. (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

SIDE BY SIDE BY SONDHEIM—An evening of delect-

able songs by the cleverest (and sometimes the most touching) of contemporary popular composers. The performers are modest and charming, as well as talented. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

SLY FOX—Larry Gelbart has transmogrified Ben Jonson's "Volpone," with hilarious results. The cast includes Robert Preston, Jack Gilford, and John Heffernan. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A SON COME HOME, ON BEING HIT, and GETTING IT TOGETHER—A triple bill by Ed Bullins, Clay Goss, and Richard Wesley, respectively. Opens Thursday, July 14, and will run through Sunday, July 31. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. 490-0077. Thursdays through Sundays at 8.)

SQUARE ROOT OF SOUL—This program of recitations by Adolph Caesar, of the Negro Ensemble Company, of poems and selected prose, mostly by black writers, has its good moments, but the evening as a whole is disappointing. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, July 24.)

UNSUNG COLE—And quite a lot of sung Porter, too, as presented by a young quintet (2 m., 3 f.), with results that are in-and-out good but always agreeable. Among the unsung is a beautiful number, "If Ever Married I'm,"

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DRAWINGS: Charles Saxon, Frank Modell, Mort Gerberg, David Christianson, Robert Weber, Dana Fradon, William Steig, James Stevenson, Lee Lorenz, James Mulligan, Charles Barsotti, George Booth, Arnie Levin, Jack Ziegler, Joseph Mirachi, Ed Arno, Robert Mankoff, Henry Martin, William Hamilton, Edward Koren, Eldon Dedini

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

excised from "Kiss Me, Kate," and it is very well done here by Maureen Moore. The other singers, all of them promising and attractive, are Gene Lindsey, Mary Louise, Anita Morris, and John Sloman. The program was conceived and directed by Norman L. Berman. Costumes by Carol Oditz. Lighting by Arden Fingerhut. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30.)

YOUR ARMS TOO SHORT TO BOX WITH GOD—Vinnette Carroll's singing-and-dancing redaction of the Book of Matthew. An exhilarating occasion. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. JU 2-3897. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

LONG RUNS—BUBBLING BROWN SUGAR: A joyful, if rather simpliminded, Cook's tour of Harlem in its golden age between the wars. The cast is lively and gifted, and the old songs are enchanting. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.)... **CHICAGO:** An unpleasant musical about dreary people, but with a stunning performance by Jerry Orbach. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical, conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE CLUB:** Eve Merriam's musical entertainment is set in a gentlemen's club in 1903, but the company consists of seven women, lightly disguised in top hats, white tie, and tails, who sing and dance to authentic, indelicate songs of the period. As feminist projects go, this one is unusually good-humored, and the singing, and especially the dancing, under Tommy Tune's direction, is proficient and pleasing. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleeker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)... **EQUUS:** A psychological whodunit by Peter Shaffer. With Leonard Nimoy, Ralph Seymour, and Page Johnson. The director is John Dexter. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** 7,169 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleeker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)... **FOR COLORED GIRLS WHO HAVE CONSIDERED SUICIDE:** The marvellous poems and prose of an American writer, Ntozake Shange, are spoken and danced to by seven remarkably gifted young black women. The director, Oz Scott, must be given high credit for the captivating result. Choreography by Paula Moss. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 265-1855. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)... **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)... **OH! CALCUITA!** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 9:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2.)... **SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR:** A slick and sentimental comedy about happy marriages and a single twenty-five-



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year-long, happy adultery, practiced annually. With Hope Lange and Don Murray. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **SHENANDOAH:** Hokum, though John Cullum sings bravely and well. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **VANITIES:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. Garland Wright directed the attractive performance. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)... **THE WIZ:** An elaborate and mostly successful version of "The Wizard of Oz," with an all-black cast of great talent. Directed by Geoffrey Holder, who also did the costumes. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7260. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

BEATLEMANIA—A multimedia and live-music production about the sixties, with four musicians doing thirty-seven songs written by John Lennon, Paul McCartney, and George Harrison. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

BIG APPLE CIRCUS—A tent circus sponsored by the New York School for Circus Acts. Comedy jugglers, acrobatic clowns, trapeze artists, and aerialists. (Battery Park Landfill City. Thursdays at 1; Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 1 and 7:30; and Sundays at 1 and 4.)

DANCE

NATIONAL BALLET OF CANADA—A two-week engagement—Wednesday evening, July 13, and Friday evening, July 15: "La Fille Mal Gardée"... ♪ Thursday evening, July 14: "Kettentanz," "Flower Festival Pas de Deux," "Monotones II," "Le Corsaire Pas de Deux," and "Mad Shadows" (New York premiere)... ♪ Saturday matinee, July 16: "Le Corsaire Pas de Deux" and "La Fille Mal Gardée"... ♪ Saturday evening, July 16: "Kettentanz," "Mad Shadows," and "Collective Symphony" (American premiere)... ♪ Tuesday evening, July 19, and Thursday and Friday evenings, July 21-22: "Swan Lake"... ♪ Wednesday evening, July 20, and Saturday matinee and evening, July 23: "Giselle." (Metropolitan Opera House. 580-9830. Evenings at 8. Matinees at 2.)

NIGHTLIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.... ♪ Musicians and

night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

RUBY BRAFF (Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. 758-2272. Through Saturday, July 16, from nine-fifteen.)—During the past twenty-five years, Braff has both refined and embellished his style, which derives from Louis Armstrong with assists from Buck Clayton and Wild Bill Davison. The refinements: a wiser choice of notes, a general rhythmic and tonal toughening, and the relaxation brought on by middle age and late-blooming confidence. The embellishments: an increasingly daring and dramatic sense of dynamics, a lower register large enough to house a blimp, and an unerring and graceful prolixity. Braff's melodic lines are Gothic tracery, and his tone is velvet and damask and silk. The group he has with him is generally first-rate and includes **JOHNNY MORRIS** on piano, the young and very agile **BILL MOLLENHOFF** on vibraphone, **JAY LEONHART** on bass, and **RONNIE BEDFORD** on drums. Braff continually tilts and tips the group, and there are a lot of welcome a-cappella passages, four- and eight-bar exchanges, and stop-time sections. According to the club's management, Braff is supposed to be celebrating Louis Armstrong while he is here, and it's an unfortunate gimmick. Braff is a wizard with Porter and Rodgers and Hart and Gershwin, few of whom Armstrong ever touched.

ALI'S ALLEY, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—This unpretentious night club—although some might think of it as a SoHo music loft with a liquor license—presents some of the best experimental and tried-and-true jazz in the city. Drummer **RASHIED ALI**, the proprietor and an all-out musician, leads a quintet through Saturday, July 16; saxophonist George Braith and his ensemble, Space Island, will come in on Tuesday, July 19. Music from about ten. Soul food. Closed Sundays.

AXIS IN SoHo, in the M. Elson Gallery, 463 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (228-0882)—Contemporary jazz and organic apple juice. **THE REVOLUTIONARY ENSEMBLE**—violinist **LEROY JENKINS**, bassist **SIRONE**, and drummer **JEROME COOPER**—will perform on Friday and Saturday, July 15-16; on Friday, July 22, flutist **JEREMY STEIG** and bassist **EDDIE GOMEZ** will collaborate; and on Saturday, July 23, tenor saxophonist Bennie Wallace will head up a trio. Shows at nine and eleven-thirty.

BALLROOM, 458 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (473-9367)—A long, narrow, very white room—white walls, white tables, and white chairs—with a self-conscious portrait of the club interior hanging near the stage. Singer Liz Corrigan appears Tuesdays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dinner.

BAR NONE, 167 E. 33rd St. (684-3223)—Sort of thirties chophouse. The pianist **DARDANELLE** is on hand from seven until midnight, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Her playing is genteel Tatum, but her singing is pure, effortless, and delightful.

BEEFSTEAK CHARLIE'S, 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-4720)—This enlightened branch of a thirty-eight-part restaurant chain brings in a variety of jazz players to perform in its cocktail lounge. Singer and pianist Amina Claudine Myers, a transplanted Chicago musician and A.A.C.M. member, leads a quartet through Saturday, July 16; Thursday through Saturday, July 21-23, bassist Teruo Nakamura and his mainstream septet, the Rising Sun, will be on hand. Music from nine until two Wednesdays and Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—N.R.B.Q., a New England rock-and-blues band, performs Wednesday and Thursday, July 13-14. Thunderbolt drummer **ELVIN JONES** will lead his quartet on Friday and Saturday, July 15-16. Jerry Jeff Walker, who spent a good part of the last decade working on his raunchy Texas-good-old-boy image (he is from Oneonta, New York) and singing "Mr. Bojangles," will be here with his country-rock band on Monday and Tuesday, July 18-19. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-



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6440)—A neighborhood bar with dark pine panelling, patrons who like to talk, and good musicians, mostly pianists, who don't seem to mind playing through the talking. Two fine, swinging young musicians—pianist **MIKE ARENE** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE**—join forces through Saturday, July 16. On Monday, July 18, pianist **JIMMY ROWLES** will return to perform for his many admirers here. Music weeknights from ten. The Sunday chores are handled by **BARRY HARRIS** and his aides, from nine-thirty. Dinner.

Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—**GEORGE SHEARING**, the Bobby Short Summer Replacement for seven weeks, plays solo piano Mondays through Fridays at nine-forty-five and eleven-forty-five. Dinner and supper.

C.B.G.B. & O.M.F.U.G., 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—This mid-sixties-seedy, neo-Bowery bar presents mostly local, primitive rock bands. Music most nights from nine-thirty. Mondays is showcase night.

Cleo, 1 Lincoln Plaza, Broadway at 63rd St. (724-6301)—Hague and Hague—composer Albert Hague and his wife, singer Renée Orin—are presenting a program of Hague tunes (from the shows "Redhead" and "Plain and Fancy") and self-conscious one-liners Tuesdays through Saturdays, at about nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dinner.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—**ADAM MAKOWICZ** is a thirty-six-year-old Polish pianist who can play more notes than Art Tatum. He cannot, though, equal Tatum's touch, which remains an unclimbed pianistic peak. He finishes up on Saturday, July 16. On Monday, July 18, the forthright, cute, and cuddly **HELEN HUMES** will begin singing delicate ballads and authoritative blues songs. Blues pianist **SAMMY PRICE** performs on Sundays. Music from eight to one. Dining.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A traditionalist house band performs Mondays through Saturdays from nine-thirty. On Sunday, July 17, Sam Margolis, on reeds, will lead a quintet that features trombonist Marshall Brown. They begin at eight-thirty. Dinner.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—An attractive haunt, short on space but not on music: Mondays and Tuesdays from ten to three, **AL HAIG**, one of the first and best bop pianists, goes to town with guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** and bassist **Jamil Nasser**. Wednesdays through Sundays from ten to three, **SONNY GREER**, the ageless drummer who was with Ellington for some thirty years; **RUSSELL PROCOPE**, who joined the Ellington reed section in 1945; and **HOD O'BRIEN**, who is sitting in for the young Ellingtoniac and stride pianist Brooks Kerr, goad each other and come up with delightful swing numbers. And weeknights from five to ten, trumpeter Gene Roland, pianist Loumell Morgan, and bassist Morris Edwards get together on the tiny bandstand.

Hopper's, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—Laurindo Almeida, the Brazilian classical guitarist who came to this country in the late forties and has worked with Stan Kenton, the Modern Jazz Quartet, and Ray Brown, is primarily a popularizer, simultaneously straddling pop, jazz, and classical music. He has been very successful in Hollywood, writing for television and movies and recording a batch of mood-music albums, and now he is here (through Saturday, July 16) with a trio and an armload of charts. A typical Almeida coffee-table set might include a reverential Jobim medley, "Holiday for Strings," "The Busy Bee," and bossa nova-ized arrangements of tunes by the Beatles, Mozart, Debussy, and Django Reinhardt. On Monday, July 18, **CHICO HAMILTON**, a wily, lyrical drummer, will bring in his youthful ensemble. Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty

and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty and one o'clock. No music Sundays.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**RUBY BRAFF** (see above) and his quartet through Saturday, July 16. On Tuesday, July 19, a four-week tribute to songwriter Johnny Mercer will get under way. Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—Roy Eldridge has gone on leave again. **JIMMY MC PARTLAND** fills in with the resident blowers through Saturday, July 16; **RUBY BRAFF** will take over on Tuesday, July 19. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky is the leader. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An often crowded upper West Side jazz-and-soul café. Local groups—aspiring and established ones—gather here. Music from about ten until three. Dinner.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Son of the Bitter End, Singer Stephen Bishop performs Wednesday, July 13; Thursday through Saturday, July 14-16, singer and songwriter Billy Vera will trade sets with folksinger Sylvia Tyson; and on Monday, July 18, Darryl Rhoades and the Ha Havishnu Orchestra, a twelve-piece, satirical band, will claim the stage. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Singer Judith Cohen, wiry, frenetic, strident, and generally outrageous, performs before her devoted admirers through Saturday, July 16. On Tuesday, July 19, singers Stephen Burns and Craig Carnelia will alternate sets. Shows Tuesdays through Thursdays and Sundays at ten, Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

Storyville, 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—A big, warm, informal below-stairs room. Pianist **BILLY TAYLOR**, bassist **LARRY RIDLEY**, and drummer **FREDDIE WAITS** have moved in, and they can be heard Tuesdays through Saturdays from about ten. Snacks.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—On Mondays, **DAVE MATTHEWS**, pianist and leader, has charge of a twelve-part aggregation; Tuesdays, **TEDDI KING** sings with guitarist **JOE PUMA's** accompaniment; on Wednesday and Thursday, July 13-14, Janet Lawson will sing with a backup trio; on Wednesday and Thursday, July 20-21, tenor saxophonist Bennie Wallace's trio will be present; on Friday and Saturday, July 15-16, singer **BARBARA LEA** will work with her trio; and on Friday and Saturday, July 22-23, trumpeter **JIMMY MAXWELL** will head up a sextet. Music from nine-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—**BOB MOVER**, a wonderful young alto saxophonist, and **LEE KONITZ**, a wonderful middle-aged alto saxophonist, share a quintet through Saturday, July 16, and it should be interesting. On Tuesday, July 19, keyboardist Mike Nock will bring in his trio. Sundays and Mondays have been reserved for the **JOE PUMA** quintet. Music from about nine-thirty. Dinner.

Third Phase, 2864 Broadway, at 111th St. (749-0200)—Transplanted (from the West End,

up the street) swing music on Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and midnight. George Kelly's Jazz Sultans, a quintet that includes Ram Ramirez on piano, will play July 15-16; tenor saxophonist **HAROLD ASHBY** will lead a quintet on July 22-23. Dinner.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Daphne Hellman's **ANGELS** (harp, guitar, bass), powered by their nonpareil guitarist, **EDDIE BERG**, play in the bar Tuesdays from nine-thirty to midnight. Downstairs, pianist **MCCOY TYNER**, intense, vertiginous, and one of the most widely respected musicians around, performs with his sextet Tuesdays through Sundays. Taksim, a quintet, will alternate with Tyner's group on Fridays and Saturdays. The music begins at ten. Snacks.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—A noble, if smoke-filled, institution. **ART FARMER**, on trumpet and flugelhorn, heads a quartet that features pianist **JIMMY ROWLES** through Sunday, July 17; on Tuesday, July 19, pianist Ahmad Jamal will arrive with a quintet. **FRANK FOSTER's** twenty-two-piece **LOUD MINORITY**, which moves in from Ali's Alley, will, somehow, squeeze onto the stage Mondays while the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band tours Europe. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—A hanging tetrahedron made of plastic straws and pipe cleaners, stained-glass windows, and nicely constructed jazz by piano-bass duos help this restaurant sustain the interest its kitchen formerly aroused. Music from eight to two.

West End Café, 2011 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Four-string guitarist **TINY GRIMES** leads a trio through some fifties Count Basie band material—"Tiny's Tempo," "St. Thomas," and "Lady of Spain"—on Tuesdays and Wednesdays. The rest of the week is given over to a fledgling bebop quintet on Thursdays, a fledgling R. & B. group on Fridays and Saturdays, and a fledgling hard-bop quintet on Sundays. Music from nine-thirty to one-thirty, except Mondays. Student food at student prices.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Boz Scaggs—Avery Fisher Hall. TR 4-2424. Wednesday and Thursday, July 13-14, at 8.

The Manhattan 5, B.T. Express, and Enchantment—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, July 15, at 7 and 11.

Dick Griffin Quintet—New York Jazz Museum, 236 W. 54th St. 765-2150. Saturday, July 16, from 2 to 5.

R.E.O. Speedwagon, Starz, and Judas Priest—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Monday, July 18, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Milton Avery (1893-1965)—Sixty prints that constitute the artist's complete work in drypoint, lithography, and woodcut. Through July 27. (Pratt Graphics Center, 831 Broadway, at 13th St.)

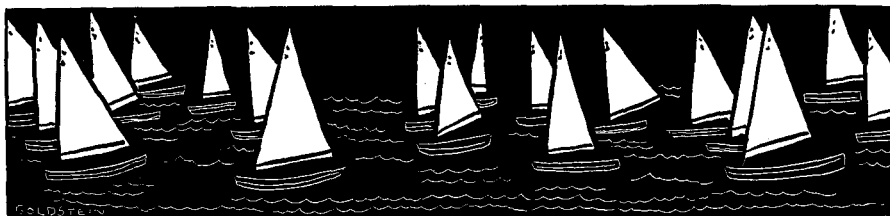
Eva Hesse (1936-70)—Works done during the last few years of her life. Through Friday, July 15. (Droll-Kolbert, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Michio Ihara—Abstract geometric sculptures made of thin, silvery rods welded together into airy towers. Through Friday, July 15. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Paul Klee (1879-1940)—Twenty-six drawings and watercolors executed during the last decade of his life, in a show that is running concurrently with one at the Guggenheim Museum. Through July 30. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

George Rickey—Eight stainless-steel kinetic sculptures, the largest thirty-five feet high. Through Sept. 24. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

Vincent Smith—Oils, drawings, and prints by an artist who specializes in African subjects, using tribal emblems, not to mention sand and gravel. . . . ¶ "Vandalism," a twenty-five-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

minute videotaped documentary shown here daily, 11 to 5, is a sobering catalogue of the senseless damage wreaked upon the city, especially upon its outdoor monuments and sculptures. Through July 29. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

NICHOLAS VASILIEFF (1887-1970)—A retrospective of the works of this émigré painter who fled the Russian revolution and eventually settled in America, where he spent the rest of his life painting, in a peasant-like primitive style, his memories of Mother Russia. Through July 29. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

PHYLLIS YAMPOLSKY—Vermont landscapes painted in a stylized manner and in flat colors, giving the works a stencilled quality. Through Friday, July 15. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **AARON BERMAN**, 50 W. 57th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and works on paper by Sherman Drexler, Anne Tabachnick, and others. Through July 29. ... **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS**, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: Eighteenth-century Latin-American decorative art. Through Aug. 7. (Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.) ... **CRISPO**, 41 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by, among others, Demuth, O'Keeffe, and Matta. Through July 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.) ... **GREY ART GALLERY OF NEW YORK UNIVERSITY**, Washington Place, just east of Washington Square: Works on paper by such artists as Baskin, Dove, Martin, and Miró. Through Aug. 26. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5, and Wednesday evenings until 8:30.) ... **HEIDENBERG**, 50 W. 57th St.: The current selection includes works by Yrjö Edelmann, a Finnish artist; Robert Natkin; and Henry Moore. Through July 29. ... **HOFFMAN**, 429 West Broadway: Paintings by five artists, including Harmony Hammond and Arlene Slavin, and sculptures by George Kuehn. Through Sept. 7. ... **KRAUSHAAR**, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Gifford Beal, Marsden Hartley, Jerome Myers, and other early-twentieth-century American painters. Through Friday, July 15. ... **MEISEL**, 141 Prince St.: Frank Roth, Tino Zago, Ed Meneley, Theodoros Stamos, and Oded Halahmy. Through July 29. ... **NICHOLLS**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: The contemporary art scene is the common subject of this group of cartoons and magazine covers by Charles Addams, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Arthur Getz, Charles E. Martin, Warren Miller, Frank Modell, Mary Petty, George Price, Charles Saxon, William Steig, James Stevenson, Richard Taylor, and Barney Tobey. Through July 29. ... **O.K. HARRIS**, 383 West Broadway: This year's summer invitational includes two triangular wooden lattices by Arie Galles; three-dimensional collages by Stephen Bundy in which random objects—a wedge, a spindle, a screen-door spring—are combined with drawings of the same objects; and sculptured pieces made up of lengths of rubber hose bundled in hopsacking by Robert Hammond. Through Friday, July 22. (Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 5.) ... **SACHS**, 29 W. 57th St.: The works on view include an inviting landscape by Daniel Brustlein, whose cartoons, signed "Alain," graced these pages until about ten years ago, when he retired to Paris to paint. Through July 28. (Open Tuesdays through Thursdays.) ... **SHEPHERD**, 21 E. 84th St.: About eighty nineteenth-century French paintings (all of them predating Impressionism). Through Friday, July 15. ... **UNITED STATES COURT HOUSE**, 40 Centre St., on Foley Square: Forty-three members of the Organization of Independent Artists are showing their works in the lobby of the Federal Court-house and in the lunchroom on the fifth floor. Nearly all the works are wholly abstract. Through Sept. 16. (Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5:30.) ... **WASHBURN**, 42 E. 57th St.: Paintings and drawings of nineteenth-century summer retreats—in the Catskills, Massachusetts, Newport, the White Mountains—by such artists as John William Hill and his son John Henry Hill, James Augustus Suydam, and William Stanley Haseltine. Through Friday, July 22. ... **WEYHE**, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.: Graphics, drawings, and watercolors by John Sloan, Rockwell Kent, Howard Cook, and others. Through July 29. ... Many galleries are closed in the summer. Others pull from their stock and mount shows of gallery artists, sometimes

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17	18	19	20	21	22	23

varying the content from week to week. Following is a purely arbitrary list of galleries that are open: **ALEXANDER**, 20 W. 57th St. (Closed Mondays.) ... **ALONZO**, 30 W. 57th St. ... **CASTELLI**, 420 West Broadway. ... **COOPER**, 155 Wooster St. (Closed Mondays.) ... **DINTENFASS**, 50 W. 57th St. ... **ELKON**, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. ... **ESMAN**, 29 W. 57th St. ... **FORUM**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. ... **FRUMKIN**, 50 W. 57th St. (Opens at noon.) ... **GENESIS**, 41 E. 57th St. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) ... **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St. ... **PACE**, 32 E. 57th St. ... **PEARL**, 29 W. 57th St. ... **RENE**, 6 W. 57th St.

NEW TALENT SHOWS—At the **DRAWING CENTER**, 137 Greene St., where unknown artists can show their works to professional curators three times a week, a selection from the works inspected last winter is on view. Through Aug. 27. (Open Saturdays; open Wednesday evenings until 9.) ... **HUNDRED ACRES**, 456 West Broadway: Small-scale works in a variety of mediums by Rick Parker, Randy Dudley, Jerry Janosco, Robert Kerns, and others. Through Friday, July 15. ... **TRUMAN**, 38 E. 57th St.: Included are works by Tom Williams, Sonya Rapoport, Stephen Laresé, and Marc Boone. Through Aug. 25. (Open Tuesdays through Thursdays.)

SCULPTURE—A show of plans for outdoor sculptures by Anne Healy, Athena Tacha, Mary Miss, and Lloyd Hamrol. Through July 29. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

PAUL CAPONIGRO—Landscapes, many of the British Isles, plus several still-lives. Through Friday, July 15. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

WILLARD VAN DYKE—Prints made between 1930 and 1937 by a founding member of the f/64 Group, who went on to discover his true métier in films. Through Saturday, July 16. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

EDWARD WESTON (1886-1958) / **GEORGE N. BARNARD** (1819-1902)—More than fifty vintage prints. Photographs of the Civil War, including several of Atlanta after Sherman's troops burned it nearly to the ground. Through Sept. 24. (Helios, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

CLARENCE H. WHITE (1871-1925)—Close to a hundred works by a founding member of the Photo-Secession. Through Sept. 11. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open Sundays; closed Mondays.)

GROUP SHOWS—At **DAVIS & LONG**, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.: Landscapes (rural and urban) by ten contemporary photographers, among them Geoff Winningham and Roger Welch. Through Aug. 5. ... **LIGHT**, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Works by more than a dozen photographers. Through July 29. (Closed Mondays.) ... **PFEIFER**, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Twenty-three photographers participating in a mostly new-talent exhibition. Through July 29. (Closed Mondays.) ... **PRAKAPAS**, 19 E. 71st St.: Landscapes ranging from contemporary color works to a rural scene by Bourke-White and

an aerial view of First World War devastation by Steichen. Through Aug. 5. (Closed Mondays.) ... **SOHO CENTER FOR VISUAL ARTISTS**, 114 Prince St.: An exhibit of works by eighteen photographers, all of them recipients of public-service grants. The group includes Lisette Model and Garry Winogrand. Through July 26. (Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Thracian Treasures from Bulgaria" is an exhibition of exactly that, often wrought out of silver and gold. Through Sept. 4. ... An exhibit covering nearly every aspect of the career of Edgar Degas, from early portraits to pastels of dancers and bathers. Also works by other artists (Ingres, Delacroix, Renoir, Hokusai) which are said to have influenced Degas. Through Sept. 4. ... Paintings and graphics by Childe Hassam. Through Sept. 11. ... A sumptuous exhibit of clothing and accessories from Russia that focusses on the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries and ranges from regional peasant costumes to the wedding dress of Catherine the Great. Through Aug. 30. ... **PHOTOGRAPHY**: Theo Westenberger, Lydia Hammond, and Coreen Simpson. Through July 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

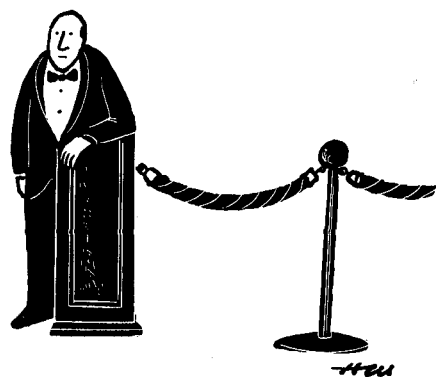
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Prints and books published by the Paris art merchant Ambroise Vollard (1867-1939), who printed editions of, among others, Braque, Toulouse-Lautrec, Cézanne, and Picasso. Through Sept. 6. ... Recently acquired works in a broad range of styles by Morris Louis, Roy Lichtenstein, John Clem Clarke, Susan Rothenberg, and others. Through Aug. 16. ... Nineteen portraits, many of renowned men, as drawn by Gauguin, James Wyeth, Giacometti, Rivers, and others. Through Sunday, July 17. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.) ... **NOTE**: The museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., is open, free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 10. Informal concerts of classical and popular music Fridays and Saturdays at 8.

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A show of sixty-seven Paul Klee works executed between 1895 and 1940. Through Sept. 5. A complementary exhibit is at the Serge Sabarsky Gallery, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. ... The paintings and sculptures of forty modern European artists in a show that observes the museum's fortieth year. Through Sept. 11. ... Paintings dating from the fifties to the present by Americans Cameron Booth, Jo Baer, Raymond Parker, and others. Through Sept. 5. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A retrospective of the works of Richard Diebenkorn, tracing his development from youthful eclecticism to total abstraction, back out into semi-figurative works, and finally into total abstraction again, as he explores a distinctive, personal landscape of his own. Through Sunday, July 17. ... The years 1890 to 1910 are covered in an exhibit of nearly three hundred paintings, graphics, and photographs by Thomas Eakins, Mary Cassatt, Charles Dana Gibson, Gertrude Käsebier, and others. Through Oct. 2. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 2 to 9, with no admission charge Tuesdays after 6; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6. ... Wednesday evenings, from 6:20 to 9, the Mostly Mozart Trio performs classical, jazz, and popular music in the sculpture garden.)

WHITNEY DOWNTOWN MUSEUM, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—A show of works by leading Pop artists—Dine, Oldenburg, Warhol, and others—together with works from the fifties that prefigured Pop Art. Through Aug. 15. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—"Two Centuries of Black American Art" includes paintings, sculptures, drawings, prints, crafts, and decorative objects, dating from 1750 to 1950, by such artists as Joshua Johnston, Horace Pippin, Palmer Hayden, Alma Thom-



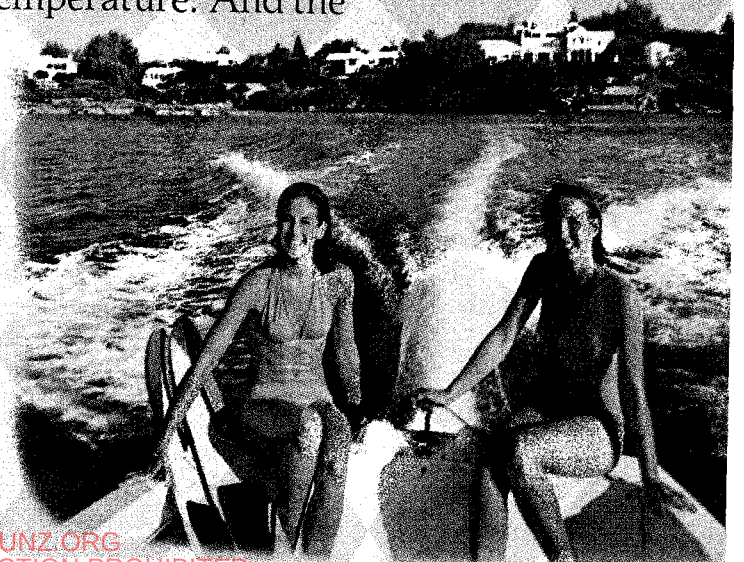


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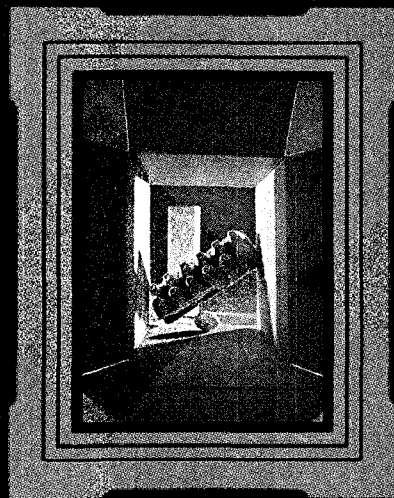
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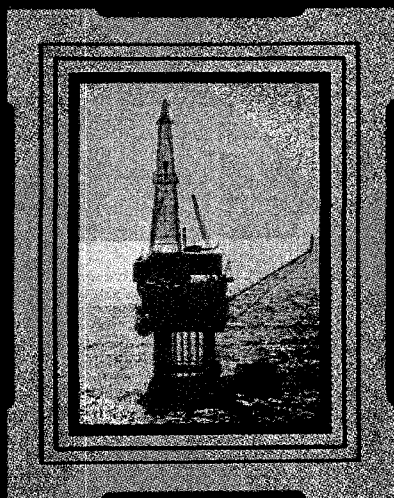
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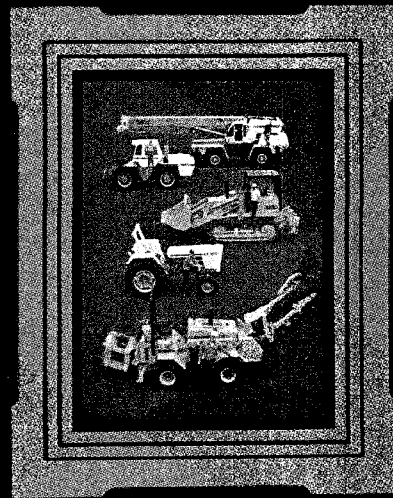
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Floating sculpture.



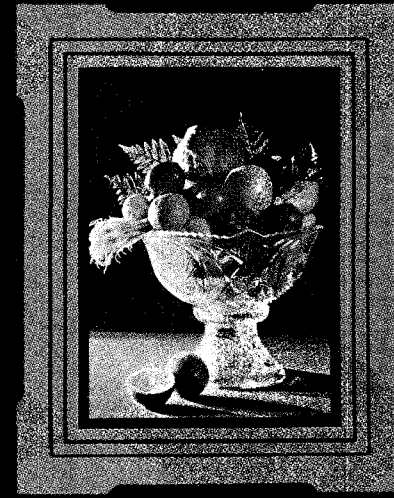
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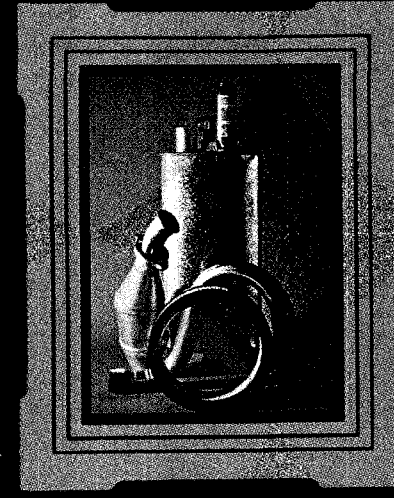
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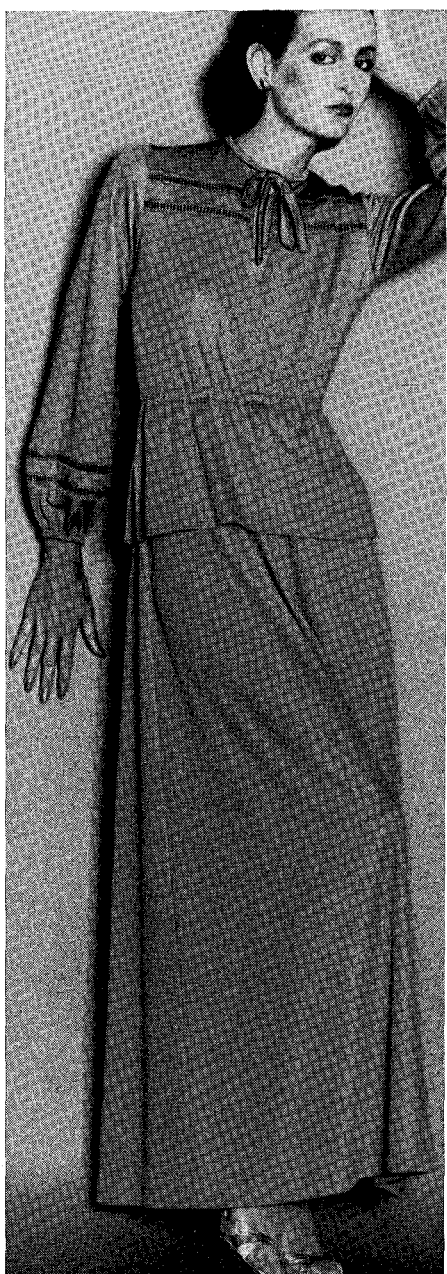
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

as, and Romare Bearden. Through Sept. 5. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays. Hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—An exhaustive array of maps, ranging from a 1507 world map to maps made by computers. Through Aug. 7. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—An exhibit of sixteen large wooden models, built to scale, of villas, palaces, and churches designed in the sixteenth century by Andrea Palladio. In addition, photographs of the buildings as they appear today. Through Sept. 11. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

JAPAN HOUSE, 333 E. 47th St.—An exhibition of no woven silk robes and carved masks that were used in theatrical performances dating back to the seventeenth century. Through Sunday, July 17. (Open daily, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A retrospective of the prominent American sculptor Chaim Gross includes as well drawings, watercolors, prints, and tapestries. Through Oct. 24. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—A survey of the library's medieval and Renaissance illuminated manuscripts. . . . A display of some of John Ruskin's correspondence, manuscripts (one written and illustrated when he was nine), drawings, and personal possessions. . . . Forty-five books (including the only complete copy of "Morte d'Arthur") printed by William Caxton. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5.) Through July 30.

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, 49 W. 53rd St.—A comprehensive exhibit of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century folk-art objects (frakturs, rugs, furniture, paintings, weathervanes, pottery) assembled from the collections of the museum's members. Through Sept. 3. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—A small display of some of the paper cutout toy theatres published in England between 1811 and 1890. Through Oct. 30. (Open daily, except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Diaries kept by writers (Virginia Woolf, Sean O'Casey, Herman Melville, and William Inge among them) from the seventeenth century on make up the latest show from the Berg Collection. Through Sept. 16. (Open daily, except Thursdays and Sundays, 10 to 6.)

MUSIC

MOSTLY MOZART FESTIVAL—Opening performances of a six-week season of orchestral, chamber-music, and recital programs, which will run through Saturday, Aug. 27. All programs start at 8, with pre-concert recitals at 7. Monday, July 18, and Wednesday, July 20: Eduardo Mata conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra, with Joseph Kalichstein, piano, and Gerard Schwarz, trumpet. (No pre-concert recitals.) . . . Tuesday, July 19: A recital by Tashi. . . . Thursday, July 21: The Cleveland Quartet, with Garrick Ohlsson, piano, and Richard Stoltzman, clarinet. . . . Friday and Saturday, July 22-23: Maurice Abravanel conducting the orchestra, with Mr. Ohlsson and Robert Routh, horn. (Avery Fisher Hall, TR 4-2424.)

IN THE COUNTRY

BERKSHIRE FESTIVAL—Friday, July 15, at 7: John Oliver directing the Tanglewood Festival Chorus in a varied program. . . . Friday, July 15, at 9: Seiji Ozawa conducting the Boston Symphony in an all-Mozart program, with Reri Grist and Elizabeth Parcells, sopranos; Neil Rosenshein, tenor; and Mac Morgan, narrator. . . . Saturday, July 16, at 8:30: Neville Marriner conducting the Boston Symphony in an all-Mendelssohn program,

with Tamás Vásáry, piano. . . . Sunday, July 17, at 2:30: Seiji Ozawa directing an all-Haydn program, with Joseph Silverstein, violin; Miss Grist; Gwendolyn Killebrew, mezzo-soprano; John Aler, tenor; Victor Braun, baritone; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. . . . Tuesday, July 19, at 7: James Taylor and The Section. . . . Friday, July 22, at 7: The Boston Symphony Chamber Players and Tashi, playing Schubert's Quintet in C. . . . Friday, July 22, at 9: Seiji Ozawa conducting the Boston Symphony in a varied program, with Shirley Verrett, mezzo-soprano. . . . Saturday, July 23, at 8:30: Sarah Caldwell conducting a Berlioz-Stravinsky program, with Miss Verrett. . . . Sunday, July 24, at 2:30: Seiji Ozawa conducting a varied program, with Peter Serkin, piano, and Tashi. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 28. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

CARAMOOR FESTIVAL—Saturday, July 16, at 8:30: Alexander Gibson conducting the Caramoor Festival Orchestra in a program entitled "A Celebration for the Silver Jubilee of Queen Elizabeth II," with Peter Frankl, piano. . . . Sunday, July 17, at 5:30: Tashi. . . . Saturday, July 23, at 8:30: Alexander Gibson conducting a performance of Benjamin Britten's opera "The Rape of Lucretia," with Charles Bressler, tenor, and others. . . . Sunday, July 24, at 5:30: "Music from Aston Magna," with Fortunato Arico, viola da gamba; Carole Bogard, soprano; Albert Fuller, harpsichord; and others. (Katonah, N.Y.; festival ends Sunday, Aug. 21. On Saturdays, buses leave from the back of the New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center, two hours before the scheduled times of the performances; reservations must be made in advance. For information about tickets and buses, call 914 232-4206.)

SARATOGA PERFORMING ARTS CENTER—The New York City Ballet in a four-week season (tentative schedule) that ends Saturday, July 30. Wednesday evening, July 13: "Jewels." . . . Thursday matinée, July 14: "Coppélia." . . . Thursday evening, July 14: "Four Temperaments," "Chaconne," and "The Concert." . . . Friday evening, July 15 (a benefit performance): "Bournonville Divertissements" and "Vienna Waltzes." . . . Saturday matinée, July 16: "Fanfare," "Dances at a Gathering," and "The Concert." . . . Saturday evening, July 16: "Jewels." . . . [NOTE: A special concert will be given by Bonnie Raitt and Kenny Rankin on Sunday, July 17, at 7.] . . . Wednesday evening, July 20: Thursday matinée and evening, July 21; Friday evening, July 22; and Saturday matinée and evening, July 23: "A Midsummer Night's Dream." (Saratoga Springs. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2. Through Monday, Sept. 5. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

JACOB'S PILLOW DANCE FESTIVAL—Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, July 16: Cultural Center of the Philippines Dance Company. . . . Tuesday through Saturday, July 19-23: Ted Kivitt and Eleanor D'Antuono, Teodoro and Isabel Morca, and the Jacob's Pillow dancers. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays at 7:30 and Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 3. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

AMERICAN DANCE FESTIVAL—Friday and Saturday, July 15-16, at 8: Nikolais Dance Theatre. . . . Sunday, July 17, at 5:30: Harry, Senta Driver's company. . . . Friday and Saturday, July 22-23, at 8: Pilobolus Dance Theatre. . . . Sunday, July 24, at 5:30: Danny Williams Grossman and Dance Company. (Palmer Auditorium, Connecticut College, New London, Conn.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—**METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Chicago, Wednesday, July 13, at 8:05, and Thursday, July 14, at 2:05. . . . **PITTSBURGH**, Friday, July 15, at 5:35 (two-night doubleheader); Saturday, July 16, at about 4 (the annual Old-Timers Day festivities will start at 2:45, and will include "Memorable Moments of World Series History," with appearances by Willie Mays, Don Larsen, Bill Mazeroski, Bill Wambsganss—you remember Triple-Play Bill—and other former major-league stars); and Sunday, July 17, at 1:05 (double-

header)... **ALL-STAR GAME:** Yankee Stadium, Tuesday, July 19, at 8:30... **YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Milwaukee, Thursday, July 21, at 5:30 (two-night doubleheader); Friday, July 22, at 8; and Saturday, July 23, at 2.

RACING—At **BELMONT:** Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, July 30. The Sword Dancer Handicap, Wednesday, July 13; the Sheepshead Bay Handicap, Saturday, July 16; the Juvenile, Monday, July 18; and the Brooklyn Handicap, Saturday, July 23. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11 and 1:10, and Saturdays between 11 and 1:15.)

... **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Monday, Sept. 5. The Monmouth Oaks, Saturday, July 16, and the Longfellow Handicap, Saturday, July 23. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays at 12:05.)... **ATLANTIC CITY,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Weeknights at 7:45; through Monday, Sept. 5... **BOWIE,** Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Saturday, July 23. The Marylander Handicap, Saturday, July 23.

SOCCER—Cosmos vs. Portland. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, East Rutherford, N.J. Sunday, July 17 at 7:05. For information about tickets, call 484-6010.)

PRO TENNIS—World Team Tennis—At **FELT FORUM,** Madison Square Garden: New York Apples vs. San Francisco, Wednesday, July 13... New York Apples vs. Indiana, Saturday, July 16... New York Apples vs. Boston, Friday, July 22. (Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts.)... **NASSAU COLISEUM:** New York Apples vs. San Diego, Friday, July 15... New York Apples vs. Seattle-Portland, Saturday, July 23. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I.) Matches begin at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 725-0070.

TROTTING—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY,** Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 13... **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 10... **MEADOWLANDS RACETRACK,** East Rutherford, N.J.: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, July 30.

YACHTING—America's Cup observation trials. (Newport, Saturday, July 16, through Wednesday, July 27)... Larchmont Race Week. (Larchmont, Saturday, July 16, through Saturday, July 23.)

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(If the weather looks doubtful, call the New York Parks Department, 755-4100, for news. The same number may be called for information about all free entertainment in the city.)

NEW YORK SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL—Free performances of a revived production of the Brecht-Weill **THE THREEPENNY OPERA.** Philip Bosco is the dreaded Captain Macheath, and Ellen Greene is his faithful, traitorous Jenny. The first of two Beaumont Theatre productions being presented in the Delacorte Theatre this summer. (Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Closes Sunday, July 24. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

DAMROSCH PARK, Lincoln Center—Richard Franko Goldman and Ainslee Cox conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Concerts. (Wednesdays, Fridays, and Sundays at 8; through Sunday, July 31.)

WOLLMAN RINK—The Dr Pepper Central Park Music Festival, Wednesday, July 13: Richie Havens and the Persuasions... Friday, July 15: Southside Johnny & the Asbury Jukes and Ronnie Spector... Monday, July 18: The Tammy Wynette Show... Wednesday, July 20: Kenny Rankin... Friday and Saturday, July 22-23: Judy Collins. (Evenings at 6:30; through Saturday, Aug. 27. For information about tickets, call 240-8870.)

JONES BEACH THEATRE—A revival of **FINIAN'S RAINBOW,** with Beth Fowler. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call 516 221-1000.)

WALKING TOUR—"Brooklyn Heights," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York, Sunday, July 17, starting on the steps of Borough Hall, Brooklyn, at 2:30. For information, call 534-1672.

DEEP BREATHING—The roadways in Central Park are closed to automobiles in favor of strollers and bicyclists from 10 to 4 Mondays through Fridays, and from 7 to 10:30 Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, as well as all day Saturdays and Sundays.

FERRAGAMO RIDES AGAIN!



High-stepping, rich, supple Italian leather in vintage cognac by Salvatore Ferragamo. 185.00. Shoe Salon

Neiman-Marcus

Dallas, Texas and all other N-M locations. Please add 2.45 for postage, insurance and handling. Send to: Dallas, Texas 75201

Opel makes news.



The results of the Buick Opel 5-Car Showdown are in! Opel finishes...uh...2nd.



A lot of car makers compare their car to other cars.

We compare our car *with* other cars.

In a daring, fender-to-fender competition called The Buick Opel 5-Car Showdown. In it, we pitted our Opel against four better known competitors in point-by-point, side-by-side, independently supervised tests of acceleration, cornering flatness, parking-lot maneuverability, pulling power, gradability, and a few other areas. In short, some of the things you'd like to know when you go out to shop for a car.

It was a bold move. After all, what if we didn't win?

Well, to make a long story short—we didn't. When all the tests were completed and all the figures tallied up, Opel finished second, right behind VW Rabbit. You can imagine how thrilled we were. But look at it this way: in order to finish second overall, we had to beat Toyota Corolla, Datsun B-210, and Subaru DL in a number of instances. (And in some areas, we beat VW, too, as you'll see.)

Which is a victory. And not just a moral one.

You see, we know Opel is a little dynamo of a car. But apparently no one else did. Because it seemed that whenever anyone went out looking for a practical little import, they looked real hard at the other cars in the Showdown. But hardly ever at ours.

So we wanted to show that Opel could hold its own against its famous

competitors. That it should definitely be considered when you wander out to shop.

In other words, we were confident Opel was good enough to take on this competition.

Opel announces 4-doors.

Then we went one step further. And made Opel good enough to take on your family. By offering you our new, just-introduced-in-this-country Opel 4-door Sedan.

After all, if you've got a family (or maybe some friends you like taking along on spirited spins around the countryside), you need to carefully examine a car's ins and outs. So we gave you two more.

Easy come. Easy go.

Final Test Results	VW Rabbit	Buick Opel	Toyota Corolla	Subaru DL	Datsun B-210
(Showdown Point Summary)					
Interior Noise	5	5	5	5	5
EPA Interior Room Estimates	5	3	4	2	1
EPA Trunk Capacity Estimates	5	3	2	4	1
Pulling Power (30mph 3rd gear)	3	5	4	2	1
(55mph 4th gear)					
Parking Lot Maneuverability	3	5	4	2	1
EPA Mileage Estimates	3	2	4	4	5
Estimated Range	2	3	5	5	4
Maintenance Stops* (Recommended)	5	3	4	2	4
Acceleration (0-55mph, 20-35mph)	5	4	3	2	1
(30-70mph)					
Gradability*** (30mph 3rd gear)	5	4	3	3	2
(55mph 4th gear)					
Cornering Flatness**	4	5	3	4	5
Steering Quickness	5	5	5	4	5
Grand Total	50	47	46	39	35

*The less frequent the number of visits over 37,500 miles of normal driving, the higher the score. The number and type of inspections, adjustments and replacements would vary by visit.

**Based upon opinion that less lean is preferable to more lean.

***Includes vehicle weight.

In California, Opel placed second on an overall basis. Individual test results vary from those shown above.

See your Buick Opel dealer for complete details.

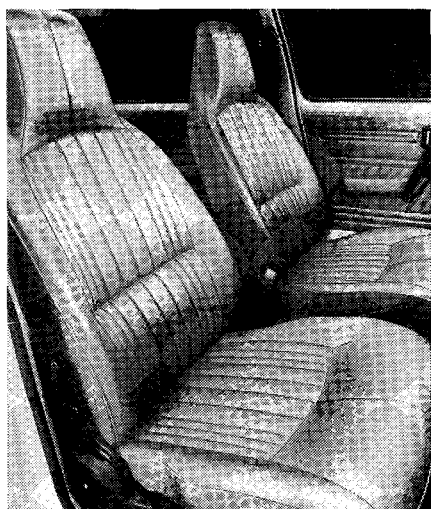


Opel makes sense.

You can learn a lot from a test drive.

Or even a test-sit.

That will let you experience our body-contoured vinyl seats. Seats tailored for comfort and good lateral support. With seatbacks that adjust.



It'll show you—in one quick glance—how easy it is to read Opel's well thought-out instrument panel, and reach Opel's well-placed controls.

And it will reveal (most abundantly) Opel's thick, standard pile carpeting (one more way this small car lives up to its Buick name). Perhaps even startle you with an amazing sight in small cars these days: a real glove compartment . . . that locks.

What you will most certainly notice first, though—if you happen to be sitting in the driver's seat of an Opel Deluxe Coupe—is that you're not just looking at a bunch of warning lights. But gauges. A tachometer right next to the speedometer. An oil-pressure gauge. An ammeter. An electric clock with a second hand. All standard. To let the enthusiast in you keep a close eye on the kind of response you're getting from that gutsy 1.8 litre dynamo under the hood.

But to really feel how Opel goes on the road, you should really feel it. On the road.

And, oh, what a feeling.

Opel performs.

Indeed it does. As the 5-Car Showdown will testify. First of all, in tests of cornering flatness and steering quickness, none of the competitors out-ran Opel. And in tests of acceleration and gradability, only the VW Rabbit (a car much ballyhooed for its fuel-injected engine) was able to nose out our Opel for top honors.

Opel's strong showing in these areas isn't surprising when you consider its own accoutrements. Like the dynamic overhead-cam, 4-cylinder hemi engine. Four-coil-spring-suspension. Front stabilizer bar. Rear track bar. Floor-mounted, full-synchronized, short-throw, 4-speed manual transmission (with 5-speed and automatic available). Rack-and-pinion steering. And lots more.

Nevertheless, it still may surprise you. But then, up to this point, maybe you haven't considered Opel.

Maybe you should.

More than just mileage: range.

When you do consider Opel, you'll find it quite considerate of you. With EPA mileage estimates of 36 mpg on the highway and 23 mpg in the city. (The actual mileage you get will vary depending on the type of driving you do, your driving habits, your car's condition and available equipment. Estimates lower in California.) But don't stop there.



You won't have to. Because with Opel's 13.7-gallon gas tank (largest of any of the cars in the Showdown, by the way), it's estimated range is about 350 miles.

(By the way, this range estimate is a function of both gas tank capacity and miles per gallon, and is based on multiplying the EPA combined estimate, which is 27 mpg, by gas tank capacity. Actual range may vary.)

The best news of all.

If by now our intrepid little Opel is beginning to sound like an intriguing proposition, let us suggest you hurry to your Buick Opel dealer for further consultation.

Not only will he give you a brochure with complete details on the 5-Car Showdown, he'll be happy to provide you with one of those revealing test-drives we mentioned.

And, of course, he'll show you how very affordable Opel is to buy.

Come on, now. Any car with this much going for it is at least worth considering, isn't it?



BUICK OPEL

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

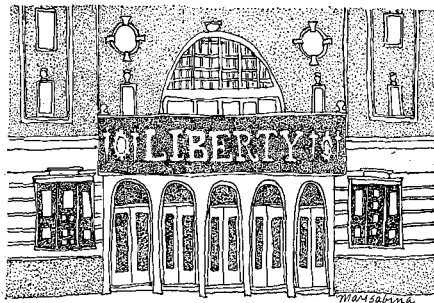
EAST SIDE

- ART**, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Black Sunday."
- ST. MARKS CINEMA**, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through July 19: "Jaws" and "Take the Money and Run."
From July 20: To be announced.
- GRAMERCY**, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
"Annie Hall."
- MURRAY HILL**, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Star Wars."
- 34TH ST. EAST**, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Deep."
- EASTSIDE CINEMA**, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"A Bridge Too Far."
- SUTTON**, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
Through July 14: "We All Loved Each Other So Much."
From July 15: "The Last Remake of Beau Geste."
- TRANS-LUX EAST**, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"New York, New York."
- FINE ARTS**, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Annie Hall."
- PLAZA**, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through July 16: "Cria!"
From July 17: "In the Realm of the Senses."
- BARONET**, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Pardon Mon Affaire."
- CORONET**, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Other Side of Midnight."
- 59TH ST. EAST**, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Savage Is Loose."
- D. W. GRIFFITH**, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Nasty Habits."
- CINEMA I**, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
July 13: "Jabberwocky."
From July 14: "I Never Promised You a Rose Garden."
- CINEMA II**, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
Through July 14: "Exorcist II: The Heretic."
From July 15: "Orca."
- COLUMBIA I**, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"A Bridge Too Far."
- COLUMBIA II**, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"A Bridge Too Far."
- BECKMAN**, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through July 17: "Exorcist II: The Heretic."
From July 18: "La Grande Bourgeoise."
- 68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE**, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Cousin, Cousine."
- LOEWS TOWER EAST**, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The Deep."
- 72ND STREET EAST**, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through July 19: "Black Sunday."
From July 20: "3 Women."
- TRANS-LUX 85TH ST.**, Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through July 21 (tentative): "Annie Hall."
- U. A. EAST**, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"A Bridge Too Far."
- LOEWS ORPHEUM**, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Star Wars."
- LOEWS CINÉ**, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Sorcerer."
- 86TH ST. EAST**, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through July 14: "Rollercoaster."
From July 15: "Orca."
- R.K.O. 86TH ST. TWIN I**, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Through July 19: "The Rescuers."
From July 20: "Darby O'Gill and the Little People" and "The Many Adventures of Winnie the Pooh."
- R.K.O. 86TH ST. TWIN 2**, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"The Island of Dr. Moreau."

WEST SIDE

- WAVERLY**, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Cousin, Cousine."
- RENOIR CINEMA**, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Square. (873-8702; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through July 14: "The Man from Maisinicu."
July 15-20: "Loose Ends."
From July 21: "Strongman Ferdinand."
- 8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE**, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
"Nasty Habits."

THE MOVIE HOUSES



S • M • T • W • T • F • S						
			13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21		

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

- GREENWICH**, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Annie Hall."
- QUAD CINEMA**, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "3 Women."
Theatre 2: Through July 19: "The Rescuers."
From July 20: "Darby O'Gill and the Little People" and "The Many Adventures of Winnie the Pooh."
Theatre 3: "High Street."
Theatre 4: "The Island of Dr. Moreau."
- GUILD**, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"For the Love of Benji."
- MUSIC HALL**, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"MacArthur."
- ZIEGFELD**, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"New York, New York."
- PLAYBOY**, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through July 19: "Black Sunday" and "Harold and Maude."
From July 20: To be announced.
- LITTLE CARNEGIE**, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Homage to Chagall—The Colours of Love."
- PARIS**, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Black and White in Color."
- CINEMA 3**, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
Through July 16: "Man on the Roof."
From July 17: "Cria!"
- PARAMOUNT**, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through July 17: "We All Loved Each Other So Much."
From July 18: "La Grande Bourgeoise."
- CINEMA STUDIO**, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Stroszek."
- EMBASSY 72ND ST.**, B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through July 19: "Nasty Habits."
From July 20 (tentative): "Man on the Roof."
- LOEWS 83RD TRIPLEX**, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through July 19: "The Rescuers."
From July 20: "Darby O'Gill and the Little People" and "The Many Adventures of Winnie the Pooh."
Theatre 2: Through July 14: "The Deep."
From July 15: "Orca."
Theatre 3: "The Deep."
- NEW YORKER**, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through July 14: "Effi Briest."
From July 15: "We're Not the Jet Set."
- OLYMPIA**, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through July 19: "Black Sunday" and "The Shootist."
From July 20: "King Kong" and "The Big Bus."

REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres are showing revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

- BLEECKER ST. CINEMA**, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Through July 14: "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie" (1972), in French, directed by Luis Buñuel, with Fernando

Rey, Stéphane Audran, and Delphine Seyrig; and "The Ruling Class" (1972), directed by Peter Medak, with Peter O'Toole and Arthur Lowe.

- July 15-16: "The Conformist" (1970), in Italian, directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Jean-Louis Trintignant, Stefania Sandrelli, and Dominique Sanda; and "Contempt" (1964), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Brigitte Bardot, Jack Palance, Fritz Lang, and Michel Piccoli.
- July 17-18: "8½" (1963), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, Sandra Milo, and Claudia Cardinale; and "Juliet of the Spirits" (1965), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Giulietta Masina.
- July 19: "Pit of Loneliness" (†) and "The Killing of Sister George." (†)
- July 20-21: "Women in Love" (1970), directed by Ken Russell, with Glenda Jackson, Alan Bates, and Oliver Reed; and "Mahler" (1976), directed by Ken Russell, with Robert Powell.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

- July 13: "Sally of the Sawdust" (1925), directed by D. W. Griffith, with W. C. Fields, Alfred Lunt, and Carol Dempster; and "Million Dollar Legs" (1932), directed by Edward Cline, with W. C. Fields, Jack Oakie, Ben Turpin, and Andy Clyde.
- July 14: "Our Hospitality" (1923), directed by Buster Keaton and Jack G. Blystone, with Mr. Keaton, Natalie Talmadge, and Joseph Keaton; and "Grandma's Boy" (1922), directed by Fred Newmeyer, with Harold Lloyd.
- July 15: "Love and Anarchy" (1973), in Italian, directed by Lina Wertmüller, with Giancarlo Giannini; and "Nights of Cabiria" (1957), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Giulietta Masina.
- July 16: "Deliverance" (†); and "Sometimes a Great Notion" (1972), directed by Paul Newman, with Mr. Newman, Henry Fonda, and Lee Remick.
- July 17: "Eléna et les Hommes" (†) and "Senso." (†)
- July 18: "Easy Living" (†) and "Jeannie." (†)
- July 19: "The Lost Weekend" (†) and "A Foreign Affair." (†)
- July 20: "The Sun Shines Bright" (†); and "Stagecoach" (1939), directed by John Ford, with Claire Trevor and John Wayne.
- July 21: "Kid Brother" (1927), directed by Ted Wilde, with Harold Lloyd; and "The Circus" (1928), directed by, and with, Charlie Chaplin.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through July 14: "The Story of O" (1975) and "Emmanuelle" (1974), both films in French, directed by Just Jaeckin (both X-rated).

- July 15-16: "And Now for Something Completely Different" (1972), selected skits from the BBC-TV series "Monty Python's Flying Circus;" and "Monty Python and the Holy Grail" (1975), performed by the BBC-TV Python team.
- July 17-18: "The Damned" (1969), directed by Luchino Visconti, with Dirk Bogarde, Ingrid Thulin, and Helmut Berger; and "Death in Venice" (1971), directed by Luchino Visconti, with Dirk Bogarde.
- July 19: "Now, Voyager" (†) and "Beyond the Forest." (†)
- July 20-21: "The Bicycle Thief" (1949), in Italian, directed by Vittorio De Sica; and "Open City" (1944), in Italian, directed by Roberto Rossellini, with Anna Magnani.

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

- July 13: "Goodbye, Mr. Chips" (1939), directed by Sam Wood, with Robert Donat and Greer Garson; and "Mrs. Miniver" (1942), directed by William Wyler, with Greer Garson, Walter Pidgeon, Dame May Whitty, and Teresa Wright.
- July 14-16: "Anchors Aweigh" (1945), directed by George Sidney, with Frank Sinatra, Kathryn Grayson, and Gene Kelly; and "On the Town" (1949), directed by Stanley Donen and Gene Kelly, with Mr. Kelly, Frank Sinatra, Betty Garrett, and Ann Miller.
- July 17-19: "Mutiny on the Bounty" (†) and "San Francisco." (†)
- From July 20: "Easter Parade" (†) and "The Band Wagon." (†)

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Through July 16: "Flash Gordon in the Purple Death from Outer Space" (1940), directed by Ray Taylor, with Buster Crabbe, Carol Hughes, and Frank Shannon, a feature film taken from the twelve-episode serial "Flash Gordon Conquers the Universe," and "Just Imagine." (†)

July 17-19: "Things to Come" (†); and "The Day the Earth Stood Still" (1951), directed by Robert Wise, with Michael Rennie, Patricia Neal, and Hugh Marlowe.

From July 20: To be announced.

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

July 13: "The Lady Eve" (1941), directed by Preston Sturges, with Barbara Stanwyck, Henry Fonda, Charles Coburn, and Eugene Pallette; and "Sullivan's Travels" (1941), directed by Preston Sturges, with Veronica Lake and Joel McCrea.

July 14: "Ministry of Fear" (1945), directed by Fritz Lang, with Ray Milland, Marjorie Reynolds, and Dan Duryea; and "Scarlet Street" (1946), directed by Fritz Lang, with Joan Bennett, Edward G. Robinson, and Dan Duryea.

July 15-16: "Theodora Goes Wild" (†) and "The Awful Truth." (†)

July 17-18: "Christmas Holiday" (†) and "Lady on a Train." (†)

July 19: "Souls at Sea" (†) and "Spawn of the North." (†)

July 20-21: "Three Wise Girls" (1932), directed by William Beaudine, with Jean Harlow and Mae Clarke; and "Virtue" (1932), directed by Eddie Buzzell, with Carole Lombard and Pat O'Brien.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

ROY AND NIUTA TITUS AUDITORIUM, Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—

July 14 at 2:30: "The Trap" (1922), directed by Robert Thornby, with Lon Chaney and Irene Rich. . . . July 14 at 6: "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" (1923), directed by Wallace Worsley, with Lon Chaney and Ernest Torrence. . . .

July 14 at 8:30: "The Shock" (1923), directed by Lambert Hillier, with Lon Chaney and Virginia Valli. . . .

July 15 at 2:30: "Poker Faces" (1926), directed by Harry Hollard, with Edward Everette Horton. . . . July 15 at 6: "Le Drame de Shanghai" (1938), in French, directed by G. W. Pabst, with Louis Jouvet; no English subtitles. . . .

July 16 at noon: "Man of a Thousand Faces" (1957), directed by Joseph Pevney, with James Cagney, Dorothy Malone, and Jane Greer. . . . July 16 at 2:30: "The Ice Flood" (1926), directed by George B. Seitz, with Viola Dana. . . .

July 16 at 5: "Poker Faces." . . . July 17 at noon: "Bedtime for Bonzo" (1951), directed by Frederick de Cordova, with Ronald Reagan, Diana Lynn, and Bonzo the

Chimp. . . . July 17 at 2:30: "The Goose Woman" (1925), directed by Clarence Brown, with Louise Dresser, Jack Pickford, and Constance Bennett. . . . July 17 at 5: "The Letter" (1929), directed by Jean De Limur, with Jeanne Eagels and Herbert Marshall. . . . July 18 at noon: "Hobbies Across the Sea" (1939), directed by J. B. Brunius and Georges Labrosse; and "Moses Soyer: Painting in a Low Voice" (1967), directed by Sidney Meyers. . . . July 18 at 2:30: "The Cohens and Kellys" (1926), directed by Harry Pollard, with Charlie Murphy and George Sidney; French and Flemish inter-titles only. . . . July 18 at 6: "The Cloud Dodger" (1928), directed by Bruce Mitchell, with Al Wilson. . . . July 19 at noon: "Hobbies Across the Sea" and "Moses Soyer: Painting in a Low Voice." . . . July 19 at 2:30: "Hoopla" (1933), directed by Frank Lloyd, with Clara Bow. . . . July 19 at 6: "His People" (1925), directed by Edward Sloman, with Rudolph Schildkraut. . . . July 21 at 2:30: "The Cloud Dodger." . . . July 21 at 6: "The Great Circus Mystery: Episodes 1-4" (1925), directed by Jay Marchant, with Joe Bonomo; Czech inter-titles. . . . July 21 at 8:30: "The Great Circus Mystery: Episodes 5-10." (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.

IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

ANNIE HALL—Woody Allen's newest film—very funny, very close to his own bone. The hero, called Alvy Singer and played by Mr. Allen, is a skinny redhead whose anxieties are not small ones. His beguiling girl is played by Diane Keaton, for whom Mr. Allen has written a splendidly funny and loving part. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/25/77.) (Gramercy, Fine Arts, and Greenwich. . . .) Trans-Lux 85th St.; through July 21, tentative.)

THE AWFUL TRUTH (1937)—A classic screwball comedy about one of old Hollywood's favorite subjects: the divorced couple who almost bed down with new mates but get back together. Irene Dunne and Cary Grant are the sparring partners, and Ralph Bellamy plays just about the same role he later played in "His Girl Friday." Irene Dunne's way with a quip is to smile brightly and wring it dry, but she's at her best here. Joyce Compton is the girl whom Dunne parodies, and the cast includes Claude Allister, Esther Dale, Cecil Cunningham, and Alex D'Arcy. Leo McCarey's direction is first-rate. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 15-16.)

THE BAND WAGON (1953)—The Comden-Green script isn't as consistently fresh as the one they did for "Singin' in the Rain," but there are few musicals as good as this one, starring those two great song-and-dance men Fred Astaire and Jack Buchanan. The plot, about a movie star (Astaire) trying for a comeback on Broadway and falling in love with a ballerina (Cyd Charisse), is a relaxed excuse for some good revue numbers, such as "Triplets," with Astaire, Buchanan, and Nanette Fabray, and, at the end, the "Girl Hunt" dance, parodying Mickey Spillane, with Astaire as the detective and Miss Charisse as the ladies in his life. With Oscar Levant, in a good role for a change. Vincente Minnelli directed; the songs are by Howard Dietz and Arthur Schwartz. (Regency; starting July 20.)

BEYOND THE FOREST (1949)—Consistently (though inadvertently) hilarious; there's not a sane dull scene in this peerless piece of camp. This is the melodrama in which Bette Davis tosses her black wig and snarls the line "What a dump!"—which Edward Albee took for the opening of "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" An evil Emma Bovary, she's a sloven married to a Midwestern doctor (Joseph Cotten), whom she treats abominably; every time she has a chance, she surrenders herself with hysterical enthusiasm to the hot-eyed embraces of a Chicago magnate (David Brian). Her obsession is to blow town, join her lover, and be a fancy, kept woman; she nearly obsesses the sound track with variations of "Chicago, Chicago." The director, King Vidor, seems to be inventing his own brand of hog-wild Expressionism; covered with droplets of erotic sweat, Davis shakes her ample hips, kills an old man (Minor Watson), plunges down a mountainside to end an unwanted pregnancy, and dies within

sight of a choo-choo pulling out for Chicago, Chicago. Max Steiner music cues her every stormy mood. With Dona Drake, Ruth Roman, and Regis Toomey. The screenplay is by Lenore Coffee, from a novel by Stuart Engstrand. (Cinema Village; July 19.)

THE BIG BUS (1976)—This slapstick satire of disaster movies is full of gags that seem potentially hilarious, and the script, by Fred Freeman and Lawrence J. Cohen, may have looked really promising, in an all-out sophomoric-surreal way. But only a very few of the gags get their laughs—and when slapstick goes flat, the effect is grim. Right from the start, the tone is uncertain; the director, James Frawley, doesn't stylize the clichés he's parodying, so they remain clichés. Intermittently, some of the actors come through. Joseph Bologna and John Beck are the drivers of the nuclear-powered bus on its maiden run from New York to Denver. Bologna is a remarkably easy, unactorish actor; at times, he's like a smaller Sid Caesar, when Caesar was in his prime, or like a dead-pan Alan Alda, and the long-chinned Beck knows how to use his dumb-lug face for amiable stupor. But the heroine, Stockard Channing, has a voice that's harsh and abrasive, and it's hard to know how one is meant to respond to her smug whimsicality, or to her eyebrows, or to her crumpled lower face. With Bob Dishy, who wins at least a smile from the audience, and Lynn Redgrave, José Ferrer, Sally Kellerman, Ruth Gordon, René Auberjonois, Howard Gould, Larry Harman, Ned Beatty, and Richard Mulligan. (Olympia; starting July 20.)

BLACK AND WHITE IN COLOR—Directed by Jean-Jacques Annaud; at first anecdotal, then ironic and sharp and charming. The scene is West Africa in 1915, when the local French and German garrisons learn that they are at war. The hero is a good-looking, decisive French geographer called Hubert (Jacques Spiesser), who turns a tribe into a pukka regiment. In French. (5/23/77) (Paris.)

BLACK SUNDAY—What if a terrorist Black September group were to try to blow up the eighty thousand-odd spectators and the President at a Super Bowl game in Miami? Robert Shaw plays, very well, an Israeli tracking down the assassins; an emaciated Bruce Dern plays one of the would-be killers. The effect of this best of the batch of what-if films is So what? Directed by John Frankenheimer. (4/4/77) (Art. . . .) 72nd Street East, Playboy, and Olympia; through July 19.)

A BRIDGE TOO FAR—A film too long. Inaccurate, to boot. About Arnhem in the Second World War, with a list of stars of whom only Laurence Olivier is worth your ticket money. (6/20/77) (Eastside Cinema, Columbia I, Columbia II, and U.A. East.)

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY (1944)—The screenwriter Herman J. Mankiewicz took Somerset

Maugham's novel of the same name, changed the setting from France to New Orleans, and turned it into a vehicle (more solid than most) for Deanna Durbin, who had outgrown her singing adolescent heyday. Though a bit chubby-cheeked (maturing child stars are rarely lucky in their bone structure), she's not objectionable in the role of a young singer from Vermont who marries a no-good charmer (Gene Kelly), scion of an old Creole family. The husband murders a bookmaker, and the wife blames herself for not having been a stronger influence on him; the director, Robert Siodmak, and his associates seem to take the melodrama and the sentiments unduly seriously. The wife is forced to sing in a dive, but this film was made in the days of the Code, and we have to accept her word that she is leading a degraded life, since what we see is peachy clean. Durbin gets to sing "Always" and "Spring Will Be a Little Late This Year," but Kelly neither sings nor dances. With Richard Whorf, Gladys George, Gale Sondergaard, and David Bruce. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 17-18.)

COUSIN, COUSINE (1976)—Jean-Charles Tacchella's cheerful film about a big family and two Rabelaisian apostates within it. In French. (68th St. Playhouse, and Waverly.)

CRIAL—A moving Spanish film, set in Madrid, with Ana Torrent as a nine-year-old called Ana. Her mother and her adult self are both played with great beauty by Geraldine Chaplin. Carlos Saura directed, and wrote the screenplay himself. Surrounded by deaths—of her mother, her father (discovered by her in bed with her mother's best friend), her guinea pig—the child has a delicate sense of play; there is a marvellous scene in which she and her sisters dress up and make up and talk as they imagine grownups do when alone together. In Spanish. (6/6/77) (Plaza; through July 16. . . .) Cinema 3; starting July 17.)

DARBY O'GILL AND THE LITTLE PEOPLE (1950)—From the Disney studios, with Albert Sharpe, Janet Munro, and Sean Connery; directed by Robert Stevenson. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin I, Quad Cinema, and Loews 83rd Triplex; starting July 20.)

THE DEEP—Don't plunge. From the Peter Benchley novel, with Robert Shaw, Jacqueline Bisset, and Nick Nolte; directed by Peter Yates. (7/4/77) (34th St. East, Loews Tower East, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

DELIVERANCE (1972)—A man's man of a film—written by James Dickey from his own best-selling novel, and directed by John Boorman—about four early-middle-aged men who go canoeing in Georgia in search of the vanishing countryside and of their own lost athleticism. In a crass way, the film embalms every male myth that ever weighted an analyst's couch. Jon Voight, Burt Reynolds, Ned Beatty, and Ronny Cox play in the movie, which is beautifully photographed in almost monochrome.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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matic color. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 16.)

EASTER PARADE (1948)—There's not much comedy and not much invention in this oversize M-G-M musical, but Fred Astaire and Judy Garland finally get to their great number, "A Couple of Swells." With Ann Miller and Peter Lawford; Lola Albright may be glimpsed as a hat model. Charles Walters directed; the score, by Irving Berlin, includes "It Only Happens When I Dance with You." (Regency; starting July 20.)

EASY LIVING (1937)—Manic congestion, written by Preston Sturges from a Vera Caspary story, directed by Mitchell Leisen. Secretaries, millionaires, jokes, sight gags, furies, attacks of cool sense; there are always three things going on at once. Ray Milland is funny as a rich boy working in an Automat, and Jean Arthur plays a gutsy, pretty girl who earns a few bucks a week at an improving magazine called the *Boy's Constant Companion*. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 18.)

EFFI BRIEST (1974)—The best and most elegant of all the films by the young West German prodigy Rainer Werner Fassbinder. Set in a small German town stamped with the Prussian determination of the Bismarck period. Effi is played by Hanna Schygulla, a member of Fassbinder's phenomenal acting troupe. Here she plays a girl of seventeen who is married off to a baron with a face like a knife edge (Wolfgang Schenck). Fassbinder has an interesting attitude toward Effi, whose beauty and vivacity he communicates, but he also knows that she is ambitious in puny ways that run along the tracks of Prussian convention. In German. (6/27/77) (New Yorker; through July 14.)

ELÉNA ET LES HOMMES (1956)—Jean Renoir made this love-carnival film, set in France in the eighteen-eighties, in color and with an expensive international cast—Ingrid Bergman, Mel Ferrer, and Jean Marais. American audiences never got a chance to judge it properly, because it was released here in a botched, dubbed version called "Paris Does Strange Things." Marais spoke in a gravelly baritone so far from his own voice that audiences laughed. Ferrer seemed weak even for Ferrer, and the picture had little besides Bergman's astonishing, ripe beauty to recommend it. The French version has considerably more, although it is far from a success. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 17.)

EXORCIST II: THE HERETIC—With Linda Blair, Richard Burton, Louise Fletcher, and Max von Sydow; directed by John Boorman. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cinema II; through July 14. . . .) (Beekman; through July 17.)

A FOREIGN AFFAIR (1948)—This deliberately cynical political farce by the team of Charles Brackett (producer) and Billy Wilder (director) often seems on the verge of being funny, but the humor is too clumsily forced. (The next picture Brackett and Wilder made was "Sunset Boulevard," the jump was enormous.) As Phoebe Frost, a spinster congresswoman from Iowa investigating the morale of the American forces in Occupied Berlin, Jean Arthur looks far from her best; she hasn't much to do but look primly shocked at corruption, and then, turning womanly, get into a glittering evening gown, put a flower in her hair, and go after an Army captain—lacklustre John Lund. It's a formula that suited her better some years earlier, and so Marlene Dietrich, as Phoebe's rival—worldly-wise Erika von Schlutow, former mistress of a high-ranking Nazi and now a singer in a cellar called the Lorelei—comes off rather better, though her songs are unmemorable. With Millard Mitchell, and, in a bit part, Freddie Steele. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 19.)

FOR THE LOVE OF BENJI—Directed by Joe Camp. (Guild.)

LA GRANDE BOURGEOISE—With Catherine Deneuve and Giancarlo Giannini, directed by Mauro Bolognini. In French and Italian. (Beekman, and Paramount; starting July 18.)

HAROLD AND MAUDE (1971)—The love story of Harold (Bud Cort), almost twenty, and Maude (Ruth Gordon), almost eighty. Directed by Hal Ashby. (Playboy; through July 19.)

HIGH STREET—With Annie Cordy and Mort Shuman, directed by André Ernötte. In French. (Quad Cinema.)

HOMAGE TO CHAGALL—THE COLOURS OF LOVE—A

documentary, directed by Harry Rasky, with narration by James Mason. Joseph Wiseman is the voice of Marc Chagall. (Little Carnegie.)

I NEVER PROMISED YOU A ROSE GARDEN—With Bibi Andersson and Kathleen Quinlan, directed by Anthony Page. (Cinema I; starting July 14.)

IN THE REALM OF THE SENSES—With Eiko Matsuda and Tatsuya Fuji, directed by Nagisa Oshima. In Japanese. (Plaza; starting July 17.)

THE ISLAND OF DR. MOREAU—With Burt Lancaster and Michael York, directed by Don Taylor. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, and Quad Cinema.)

JABBERWOCKY—An agreeably deranged English film, directed by Monty Python's Terry Gilliam, with Python's Michael Palin playing a dim-looking youth called Dennis Cooper. It is set, vaguely, in the Middle Ages, which is to say in the middle of demolition, muddle, and mayhem. Highly recommended. (5/9/77) (Cinema I; July 13.)

JAWS (1975)—Don't bite. (St. Marks Cinema; through July 19.)

JEANNIE (1943)—This English comedy is a small joy, and it doesn't turn up nearly often enough. Barbara Mullen gives a lovely, delicately toned performance as the Scottish peasant who might have been a prim, lonely spinster forever if she hadn't come into an inheritance and taken a trip to prewar Vienna. The surrounding material isn't in a class with Mullen (who was actually American-born), but it's inoffensive, with Michael Redgrave as a British businessman, Albert Lieven as a rotter count, Wilfrid Lawson, Googie Withers, and Kay Hammond. Directed by Harold French from a play by Aimee Stuart. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 18.)

JUST IMAGINE (1930)—Perhaps the only sci-fi musical comedy ever made, this is set in New York fifty years in the future, which is now just around the corner—1980. It's an oddly tacky concoction: papier-mâché skyscrapers soar into the painted heavens, stop-and-go signs refer to the traffic of airplanes, J-21 (John Garrick) and RT-42 (Frank Albertson) are both suitors for the hand in marriage of LN-18 (Maureen O'Sullivan), and J-21 pilots a rocket ship to Mars. This picture was fairly shameless in what it threw together; what helped to make it a hit were the painfully broad antics of the Swedish-accented yokel comic El Brendel in the role of Singleo, a Rip van Winkle character who had died in 1930 and was revived in 1980. The script and the songs are by Lew Brown, B.G. De Sylva, and Ray Henderson; David Butler directed; Seymour Felix choreographed. With Mischa Auer, Marjorie White, and Hobart Bosworth. (Thalia; through July 16.)

THE KILLING OF SISTER GEORGE (1968)—An English comedy about lesbianism, starring Beryl Reid, playing a jolly, butch woman in music-hall style, and Susannah York, as her beautiful, lyric chum, acting in another style altogether. The play was good, slithering skillfully between the mockery of television sweetness and bitchy humor, but the specious seriousness of the picture wrecks the comedy, and its attack on conventionality seems pretty hollow. (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 19.)

KING KONG—Colossal, silly, touching, a marvelous Classics Comics movie (and for the whole family). It can stand in one's affections right next to the original version. John Guillermin directed, from Lorenzo Semple, Jr.'s script; with Jeff Bridges, Jessica Lange, and Charles Grodin. (1/3/77) (Olympia; starting July 20.)

LADY ON A TRAIN (1945)—Ugh. A murder mystery that starts from a Leslie Charteris story but never gets anywhere you'd want to go to. Made in the period when the former child star Deanna Durbin was turning into a fairly substantial young matron, the film casts her as a girl who witnesses a murder from a train that is nearing Grand Central and who becomes involved with the friends and relatives of the victim, as well as with a mystery-story

writer. (Has that gimmick ever worked?) The film betrays an obvious uncertainty about how the public wants to see its Deanna. One minute she is just a little girl in pigtails lost in a great big raincoat, and the next minute she is a many-curved siren crooning "Give Me a Little Kiss, Will You, Huh?" in a strange, guttural manner evidently intended to indicate that passion has got a stranglehold on her. In addition, the cameraman photographed her from so many angles that at any particular moment it's hard to determine whether she is lying down or standing up. Charles David directed; with Ralph Bellamy, Edward Everett Horton, George Coulouris, Dan Dur-yea, and Patricia Morison. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 17-18.)

THE LAST REMAKE OF BEAU GESTE—With Ann-Margret, Marty Feldman, Michael York, Peter Ustinov, and James Earl Jones; directed by Mr. Feldman. (Sutton; starting July 15.)

LOOSE ENDS—Directed by David Burton Morris and Victoria Wozniak. (Renoir Cinema; July 15-20.)

THE LOST WEEKEND (1945)—Charles Jackson's novel about a well-brought-up, frustrated, dipsomaniacal writer who goes on a five-day binge that lands him in Bellevue was turned into an unusually daring popular melodrama by the writing team of Charles Brackett (who produced) and Billy Wilder (who directed); in the leading role, Ray Milland, reprieved from his usual lightweight leading-man roles, surprised the public with his tautness and irony. The picture lacks fluidity, and the slowly paced scenes seem overcalculated, with each colorful character and tense vignette standing out too sharply; everything is nailed down to a meaning for us. The picture lacks imaginative resonance; what it has is the Brackett-and-Wilder specialty—a distinctive cruel edge. And there are some famous sequences: the hero's lust for a drink during the opening aria of "La Traviata," his long, plodding walk along Third Avenue in an attempt to hawk his typewriter when the pawnshops are closed for Yom Kippur. With Frank Faylan as a spiteful, supercilious male nurse, Howard Da Silva as a harsh-voiced bartender, Jane Wyman as a *Time* researcher, Doris Dowling as the girl who says "natch," and Philip Terry as the hero's brother. Filmed partly on location in New York and in Bellevue. Academy Awards: Best Picture, Best Actor, Best Screenplay. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 19.)

MACARTHUR—A blockbuster film that is an act of homage to egocentricity and battle hunger. Gregory Peck plays the General perfectly: his skill at reproducing the characteristics of a noisy, obtuse, brave, Red-baiting man makes the actor and subject seem uncannily matched. At West Point, stripped of his command, the General has some moving moments: you feel that without war this authoritarian man is made inert and void. (7/11/77) (Music Hall.)

THE MAN FROM MAISINICU—A Cuban film, directed by Manuel Perez. In Spanish. (Renoir Cinema; through July 14.)

MAN ON THE ROOF—Based on a Maj Sjöwall-Per Wahlöö book. With Carl-Gustaf Lindstedt, directed by Bo Widerberg. In Swedish. (Cinema 3; through July 16. . . .) (Embassy 72nd St.; starting July 20, tentative.)

THE MANY ADVENTURES OF WINNIE THE POOH—From the Disney studios. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Quad Cinema, and Loews 83rd Triplex; starting July 20.)

MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY (1935)—Charles Laugh-ton is Captain Bligh—corrupt and sadistic, but a great sailor; Clark Gable (looking a little tubby in white pants) is Fletcher Christian, leader of the mutineers; Franchot Tone is the pivotal character—the officer who goes back to England to stand trial. Some of the thirties bits-of-business of the minor characters are tediously simpleminded, but it's a stirring sea adventure in the big Metro manner. Frank Lloyd directed. (Regency; July 17-19.)

NASTY HABITS—At its best, a movie of high wit and inspired silliness. Adapted from "The Abbess of Crewe," Muriel Spark's 1974 Watergate travesty set in a convent, the film features a coiffed little wolf pack—Glenda Jackson as Nixon, Geraldine Page and Anne Jackson as Haldeman and Ehrlichman, and, in an inspired bit of casting, Sandy

Dennis as their flunky, John Dean. The script tapers off toward topicality and obviousness, but Michael Lindsay-Hogg's directing has a balmy gracefulness to it. With Edith Evans. (2/21/77) (D.W. Griffith, and 8th St. Playhouse. . . . Embassy 72nd St.; through July 10.)

NEW YORK, NEW YORK—A piece of cheek, pilfering the title of a famous Bernstein-Comden-Green song. It begins on V-J Day; Liza Minnelli is a struggling singer, Robert De Niro is a struggling saxophonist, both parts written so as to represent the Hollywood chestnut that ruthlessness is necessary for success. The best thing about this movie is De Niro's firm, swift performance. Directed by Martin Scorsese, who made the fine "Mean Streets." (7/4/77) (Trans-Lux East, and Ziegfeld.)

NOW, VOYAGER (1942)—A campy modern tear-jerker variation on the Cinderella story: a psychiatrist (Claude Rains) enables the sexually repressed, neurotically dowdy Bostonian Charlotte Vale (Bette Davis) to become an attractive, confident woman. The scenarist, Casey Robinson, adapted the novel by Olive Higgins Prouty, the genius of kitsch who also wrote "Stella Dallas;" both novels are about the glories of female self-sacrifice. A couple of the most quoted bits in film history come from this movie: Paul Henreid lighting two cigarettes and tenderly handing one to Davis, and her parting line to him: "Don't ask for the moon—we have the stars." The best scene may actually be Charlotte's brisk dismissal of her priggish suitor, played by John Loder. The score, by Max Steiner, aims right for the jugular; the director, Irving Rapper, is just barely competent, and the action plods along, yet this picture is all of a piece, and if it were better it might not work at all. This way, it's a crummy classic. With Gladys Cooper, Bonita Granville, Lee Patrick, Ilka Chase, Charles Drake, and Franklin Pangborn. (Cinema Village; July 19.)

ORCA—With Richard Harris and Charlotte Rampling, directed by Michael Anderson. (Cinema II, 86th St. East, and Loews 83rd Triplex; starting July 15.)

THE OTHER SIDE OF MIDNIGHT—A fatuous, money-spinning film from a fatuous, money-spinning book about a girl called Noelle Page (Marie-France Pisier), who rises from lowish life in Marseilles to becoming the most famous and best-dressed film star in France. A huffy girl, he huffs amuse—temporarily—a Greek millionaire (Raf Vallone), who paints terrible paintings on his private island and gives her a plane as a birthday present; this allows her to get her own back on an old flame called Larry (John Beck), a pilot who stood her up in the old days in Paris and married—the dastardly man—another woman, who is rather nice and has fewer costumes. The dialogue and the plot are so dull that the film chiefly embeds itself in the memory as a dialogue between women's clothes. (7/11/77) (Coronet.)

PARDON MON AFFAIRE—With Jean Rochefort, Victor Lanoux, and Claude Brasseur; directed by Yves Robert. In French. (Baronet.)

PIT OF LONELINESS (1951)—Called "Olivia" in France; the American title for this study of lesbianism was an obvious attempt to connect it to the popular novel "The Well of Loneliness." Edwige Fenech and Simone Simon play teachers who try to win more than their share of affection from their students. The film is serious, not exploitative, but it doesn't compare with that other study of lesbianism at school, "Mädchen in Uniform." Born in 1908, the director, Jacqueline Audry, worked her way up from script girl and made a series of popular films, such as "Mitsou" and the French non-musical version of "Gigi;" she was more deft at light comedy than at this sort of earnest sensitivity. Colette did the script, from the English novel "Olivia." In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 19.)

THE RESCUERS—A full-length animated film from the Disney studios. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Quad Cinema, and Loews 83rd Triplex; through July 19.)

ROLLERCOASTER—Directed by James Goldstone, a film that rolls along suavely on the innate terror that people have about rides in amusement parks. George Segal is a safety inspector called on to investigate catastrophes caused by bombs laid on roller-coaster tracks. There's a certain amount of Hitchcockian suspense in broad-daylight chases among holiday-making crowds. In Sensurround. (6/20/77) (86th St. East; through July 14.)

SAN FRANCISCO (1936)—Jeanette MacDonald, courted by Clark Gable, comes carolling out

of the appalling San Francisco earthquake in one of her most famous and effulgently absurd scenes. (Regency; July 17-19.)

THE SAVAGE IS LOOSE (1974)—George C. Scott, Trish Van Devere, and John David Carson, as their son, are shipwrecked on a jungle island, and so is the audience. Agonizing. (59th St. East.)

SENSE (1955)—Luchino Visconti on the Risorgimento. Farley Granger gives a wet performance in a part that Visconti wanted Marlon Brando to play, but Alida Valli has languorous splendor, and the intellectual spread of the film is very fine. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 17.)

THE SHOOTIST—In this movie that aspires to be a classic, the setting is a Nevada town in 1901, and John Wayne is a legendary Western gunslinger suffering from cancer. He wears a noble hat and acts with dignity, but the script, by Miles Hood Swarthout and Scott Hale, is a mechanical demonstration of how greedy and unfeeling the townspeople are, and Don Siegel's directing lacks rhythm—each scene dies a separate death. Lauren Bacall is unnecessarily tight-faced as a widow; as her adolescent son, Ron Howard overdoes the anguish of learning to become a man, and as the town doctor who treats Wayne, James Stewart talks too loudly, as if he thought we'd all gone deaf. With Richard Boone, Sheree North, Scatman Crothers, Hugh O'Brian, Richard Lenz, and Harry Morgan. (Olympia; through July 19.)

SORCERER—With Roy Scheider, directed by William Friedkin. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews Ciné.)

SOULS AT SEA (1937)—Swashbuckling action film, based on a trial for a crime on a sailing ship in the early nineteenth century. The director, Henry Hathaway, can't get the confused script elements to mesh, and the sentimental manipulation is cloying; this is the unlamented type of movie in which a mortally wounded tough guy steals back to die with his sweetheart and slips a wedding ring on her finger. However, Hathaway gets all the panic and fury he can out of the slave trade, a mutiny, a fire at sea, and a crowded lifeboat. The three principals are Gary Cooper, George Raft, and Frances Dee, and the huge cast includes Henry Wilcoxon, Olympe Bradna, Robert Cummings, Joseph Schildkraut, Harry Carey, Porter Hall, and George Zucco. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 19.)

SPAWN OF THE NORTH (1938)—Entertaining action melodrama, dealing with Russian predators becoming involved in the salmon-fishing industry. The script shows the happy hand of the wizardly Jules Furthman, especially in the friendship and rivalry of the two heroes (Henry Fonda and George Raft) and their dealings with the heroine (Dorothy Lamour). Directed by Henry Hathaway, this film has many of the elements usually associated with the lusty, romantic movies of Howard Hawks, which Furthman also worked on. Handsomely produced, it includes a surprising sequence: a documentary montage, very well done, showing how the salmon industry

works. The other elements are all commercially calibrated in a frank, likable way, with John Barrymore, Akim Tamiroff, Lynne Overman, and Vladimir Sokoloff strutting their stuff in a cast that also includes Louise Platt, Fuzzy Knight, Duncan Renaldo, and a good-natured trained seal. (Remade in 1954 as "Alaska Seas.") (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 19.)

STAR WARS—A film, written and directed by George Lucas (of "American Graffiti"), about an interstellar war in a galaxy inhabited by tiny, chattering, evil beings, by Tennial creatures of high individuality (a henna-dyed wolf-man, snakes with the look of mathematicians), by a gold-plated robot, and by a computer that looks like a mixture of hair-dryer and mailbox. Witty and fun, with spectacular optical effects. (6/13/77) (Murray Hill, and Loews Orpheum.)

STRONGMAN FERDINAND—Directed by Alexander Kluge. In German. (Renoir Cinema; starting July 21.)

STROSZEK—With Bruno S. and Eva Mattes, directed by Werner Herzog. In German and English. (Cinema Studio.)

THE SUN SHINES BRIGHT (1953)—John Ford returns to the Irvin S. Cobb stories that he filmed in "Judge Priest," starring Will Rogers, in 1934. At one point, Ford said that this remake was his favorite picture, but the film doesn't feel right to a viewer—not the way the earlier version did. As the fair-minded, humorous Kentucky judge who defends a black man accused of rape, circa 1905, Charles Winninger can't get the character across the way Will Rogers did, and the actors never seem to blend with the period setting. Everything's a little stiff and creaky. With a large cast, including Stepin Fetchit, Arleen Whelan, Clarence Muse, Russell Simpson, Slim Pickens, Mae Marsh, James Kirkwood, Dorothy Jordan, Jane Darwell, Grant Withers, and Patrick Wayne. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 20.)

TAKE THE MONEY AND RUN (1969)—Woody Allen as a sweetly incompetent gangster with gentle manners and an inability to write holdup notes that anyone can read. (St. Marks Cinema; through July 19.)

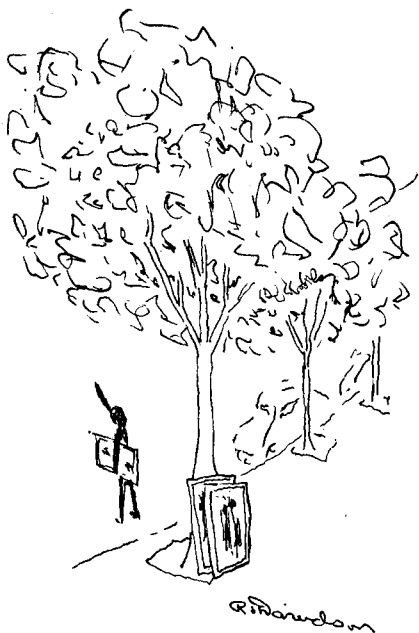
THEODORA GOES WILD (1936)—Irene Dunne was better in comedy than in her smug, sacrificial roles, and in this movie and "The Awful Truth" she was at her best. She's too bright—she's almost shrill in her brightness—and she does something clever with her teeth that makes one want to slap her, but she has energy, and this comedy about a small-town girl who writes a best-seller and charms a city sophisticate (Melvyn Douglas) has a corny vitality that almost passes for wit. It was a hugely successful popular entertainment. Richard Boleslavski directed, from Sidney Buchman's screenplay. With Thomas Mitchell and Spring Byington. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 15-16.)

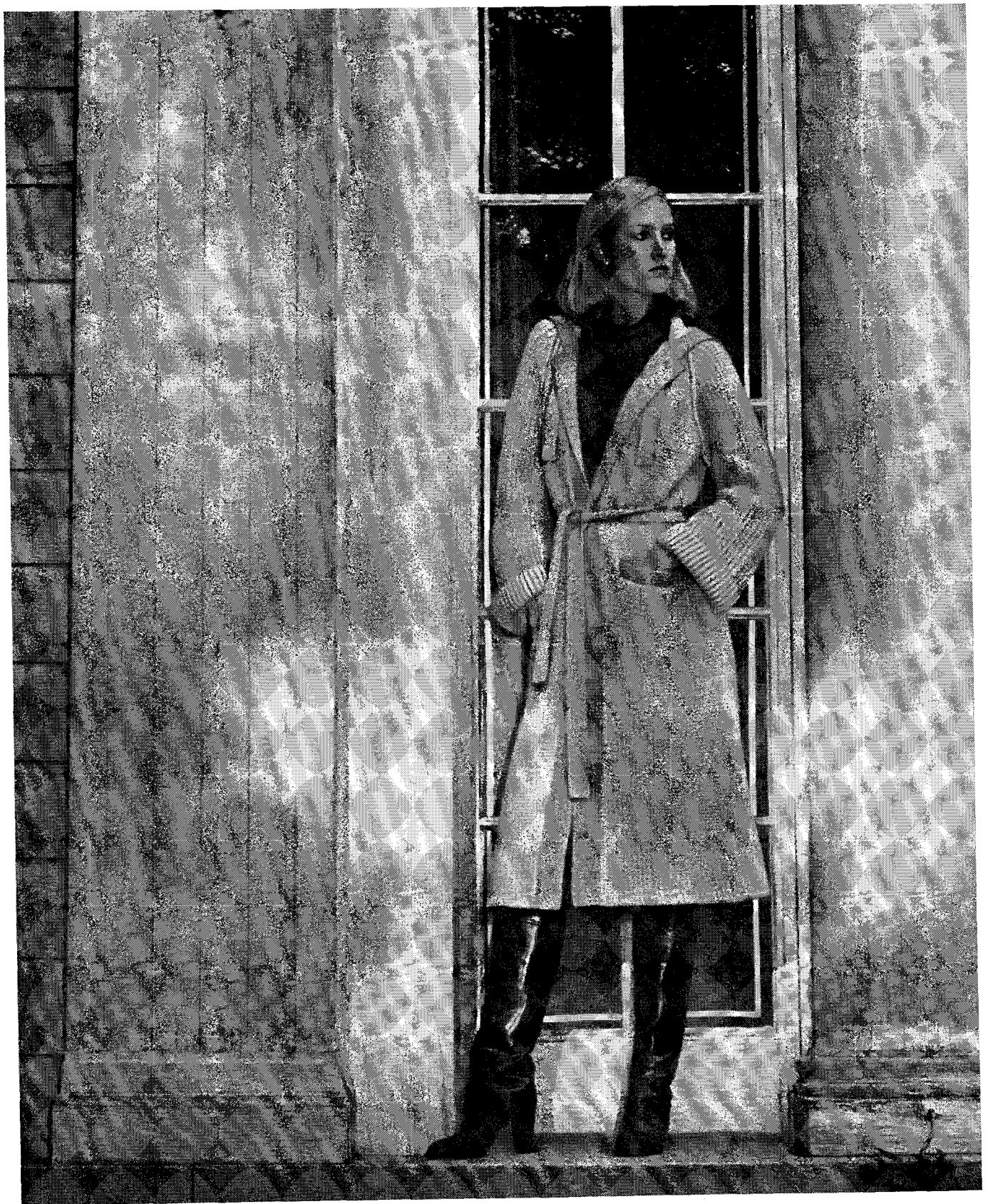
THINGS TO COME (1936)—The most elaborate science-fiction movie ever made in England until "2001." H.G. Wells wrote the tendentious screenplay, the celebrated designer William Cameron Menzies directed, Georges Périnal was the cinematographer, and Arthur Bliss wrote the score. It's a handsome movie, with great costumes and some wonderful howlers in Raymond Massey's and Ralph Richardson's dialogue and acting. (Thalia; July 17-19.)

3 WOMEN—Robert Altman's dream film about three women whose identities merge, one into another, and flow together. Shelley Duvall plays a beautiful know-it-all girl who is an attendant in a health spa for the aged. Sissy Spacek plays the novice she breaks in, and Janice Rule plays a silent artist who paints lunging profile figures on the sides of swimming pools. (4/18/77) (Quad Cinema. . . . 72nd Street East; starting July 20.)

WE ALL LOVED EACH OTHER SO MUCH—An Italian film by Ettore Scola that is a comic commemoration of some of the reasons we find Italians congenial: bombast, the gift for abusive, lifelong friendship, puff-chestedness, dignity in making gaffes, a talent for chaos, a genius with babies, intense solemnity about professionalism. Vittorio Gassman plays a well-heeled lawyer, Nino Manfredi plays a hospital orderly, Stefano Satta Flores plays a film buff blanché and bespectacled from all the films he has watched. In Italian. (6/6/77) (Sutton; through July 14. . . . Paramount; through July 17.)

WE'RE NOT THE JET SET—A documentary about a Nebraska farm family, directed by Robert Duvall. (New Yorker; starting July 15.)

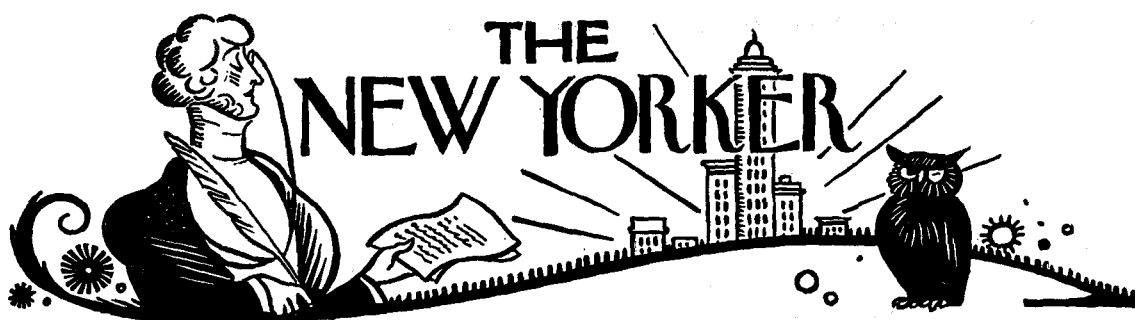




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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

V LADIMIR NABOKOV's most recent novel, on one of its last pages, invites us, "Imagine me, an old gentleman, a distinguished author, gliding rapidly on my back, in the wake of my outstretched dead feet, first through that gap in the granite, then over a pinewood, then along misty water meadows, and then simply between margins of mist, on and on, imagine that sight!" This man had imagined death so often, from Luzhin the chessmaster's fall into a chasm of "dark and pale squares . . . at the instant when icy air gushed into his mouth" to Cincinnatus C.'s false beheading ("A spinning wind was picking up and whirling: dust, rags, chips of painted wood, bits of gilded plaster, pasteboard bricks, posters; an arid gloom fled") and to the reported demise of Mrs. Richard F. Schiller, née Dolores Haze, yclept *Lolita*, while "giving birth to a stillborn girl, on Christmas Day 1952, in Gray Star," and on to the death by gunshot of the poet John Shade and by "time-and-pain" of Van Veen—Nabokov had imagined death so often, so colorfully and variously and searchingly, that we felt him to be exempt, having already passed through, into that Switzerland he inhabited as a chocolate-box province of immortality, the last and most playful of his exiles. His death, at the ripe age of seventy-eight, comes too soon, too coarsely—an ugly footnote to a shimmering text, reality's thumbprint on the rainbow.

Posterity's judgment can sort out the best: in English, "*Lolita*," perhaps, and, in Russian, "*The Gift*" ("Дар"). What matters now is that the least of his writings offered a bygone sort of delight: a sorcerer's scintillant dignity made of every sentence a potentially magic occasion. He wanted the reader to share his extraordinary intimations; this generosity gave even his scholarly dissertations and diatribes a certain spa-

ciousness, a giddy other dimension. He lived in the world, and more peripatetically and traumatically than many of us, yet in his art declined to submit to the world; rather, he asked that the world submit to the curious, spotty evidence of its own mimetics, its streaks of insane tenderness, its infinitely ingenious interior markings. Few minds so scientific have deigned to serve the gods of fancy; with his passion for precision and for the complex design, he mounted for display the crudest, most futile lurchings of the human heart—lust, terror, nostalgia. The violence and violent comedy of his novels strike us, in the main, as merely descriptive, the way the violences of geology are. He saw from a higher altitude, from the top of the continents he had had to put behind him.

Though some of his asides sounded arrogant, and even peevish, his life in its actions demonstrated immense resilience and a robust optimism. Few men who have lost so much have complained so little. He brought to America the body of a forty-one-year-old man of genius in his native language, but offered no excuse of exhaustion; the same active mind that entertained his insomnia with the invention of chess puzzles now turned to inventing himself anew, as an American writer. That he succeeded, and taught us new ways to use our language and to experience our milieu, is perhaps less remarkable than his willingness to try, when a hundred college Slavic Languages Departments held shelter against the raging of the strange democratic culture whose uncoded quirks swarmed about him.



On page 53 of "*Lolita*," as Humbert Humbert's love-fever comes to a boil, there is a sudden list of forty names, beginning

Angel, Grace
Austin, Floyd
Beale, Jack

and ending

Williams, Ralph
Windmuller, Louise.

It is, the author explains, "a poem, a poem, forsooth!" It is one of *Lolita*'s class lists; it is, with the odd chiming of its relentless alphabetization of fuzzy, budding souls, the class list all Americans have been part of. We have sat in those classes, Nabokov had not; yet it was he who put one into literature, along with so many other comic, correct details of his adopted "lovely, trustful, dreamy, enormous country." His patriotism won him few friends in our literary establishment, but it gave his American novels the fervor of the explicit. His most gracious compliment to the United States was to merge it, in "*Ada*," with the Russia of his memory to make one paradisiacal Antiterra.

His prose was festive, though his characters were doomed. Now he has joined them, in that state he so often imagined—sometimes as the blackest of blacknesses and at other times as a transformation as harmless and amusing as that from chrysalis to butterfly. In his youthful novella "*The Eye*," the hero shoots himself and reports, "Some time later, if one can speak here of time at all, it became clear that after death human thought lives on by momentum." Nabokov's momentum originated at the beginning of the century and should continue to its end and beyond. Gentleman, aesthete, metaphysician, wit: the words to describe him have an old-fashioned ring. The power of the imagination is not apt soon to find another champion of such vigor. He was one of the last delegates from the nineteenth century; he takes with

him the secret of an undiscourageable creativity, he leaves behind a resplendent oeuvre.

The Quark

ANYONE who *really* wants the latest word on the quark, we can report, should go not to a lamasery in Nepal, or even to a large elementary-particle accelerator, but to Aspen, Colorado. It's not that the quark has been spotted in Aspen but, rather, that its—or, better, their, since it is now conjectured that there are at least twelve quarks—creator, Professor Murray Gell-Mann, who is a forty-seven-year-old Nobel Prize-winning physicist, and whose home base is the California Institute of Technology, has been spotted there. This is hardly surprising, for Gell-Mann and his family have been spending part of every year since 1967 in that small, eccentric, and extremely attractive community; indeed, in 1971 the Gell-Manns and another couple from Caltech bought a house in the town. The house, which dates from the Aspen silver boom, was built in 1893 and, when they bought it, was Shocking pink on both the inside and the outside. In Aspen, it is customary to paint all the Victorian-style houses in some striking color. This house is now Colorado-sky blue, at least on the outside, and has a slightly lopsided appearance. Gell-Mann himself, we can state on the basis of a recent visit with him, is of medium height, has curly graying hair and a very penetrating gaze, and gives the impression of possessing a vast amount of enthusiasm, intelligence, and energy.

Our visit with Professor Gell-Mann took place in an office at the Aspen Center for Physics. The center, founded in 1961, was the inspiration of two Caltech products: Michael Cohen, who is now a professor of physics at the University of Pennsylvania; and George Stranahan, a former physics professor who now lives near Aspen and describes himself as “an alfalfa farmer.” Stranahan is an heir to the Champion sparkplug fortune, and his family had a home in Aspen. He provided some of the funds for the center's first building (there are now two buildings)—a handsome, Herbert Bayer-designed one-story cement-block affair known as Stranahan Hall. The center, which is a non-profit organization, pays no salaries to its physicist and astrophysicist visitors, but it now accommodates some three hundred of them each summer, in groups of about

seventy. The scientists come from all over the world. (This summer, for the first time, a large group has come from the Soviet Union.) There are no students and no formal classes, but there are endless discussions at the blackboards, in the offices, and on the grass outside the buildings. The center is only a few blocks from the Gell-Mann house, and our conversation with Gell-Mann took place just after a seminar of his to which he had ridden on a red bicycle—bicycles being ubiquitous in Aspen in the summer.

Before asking Professor Gell-Mann how he was led to the quark, we asked him how he was led to Aspen. “It happened in 1964,” he told us. “I was invited to come here as a consultant to the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, which was then conducting a summer study on many subjects, including possible restraint of anti-ballistic-missile deployment. I came up here with Margaret, my wife; Nicholas, our son, who was then a year old and is now about to enter high school; our daughter Lisa, who was then seven and is now going into her senior year at Yale; a babysitter; and a beagle.” We later learned that Margaret Gell-Mann, who is British, had, as an undergraduate student of classics at Cambridge, taken part in a dig at Mycenae, where she turned up—an incredible stroke—the first tablets found there inscribed in Mycenaean Linear B: a major archaeological discovery. “We fell in love with the town, and spent all our spare time hiking and going on picnics with the physicists at the center,” Professor Gell-Mann continued, “but we weren't able to get back here until three years had passed.”

It was also in 1964 that Gell-Mann's two papers on the quark appeared. Shortly before that, Gell-Mann and an Israeli physicist, Yuval Ne'eman, had independently invented a scheme for classifying the many varieties of new particles that were then being discovered—a scheme that Gell-Mann called “the eightfold way.” The particles in this scheme fell into families of one, eight, and ten members. During the

spring of 1963, while Gell-Mann was visiting M.I.T., he realized that the scheme could be greatly simplified if one assumed that all particles so far discovered were thought of as being made up of three fundamental building blocks—three particles together with their anti-particles. Then, in March, a discussion he had with Professor Robert Serber, of Columbia, during a visit to New York stimulated him to work out the details. What he discovered was that the three building blocks—or objects, as he called them—would have to have quite unconventional properties. All other elementary particles have electrical charges that are simple whole-number multiples of the charge on the electron, but these things would have to have charges that were fractions—one-third and minus two-thirds—of the electron's charge. Gell-Mann recalls a phone conversation, several months later, with Victor Weisskopf, who is now a professor emeritus at M.I.T. and was then the director of the CERN nuclear laboratory in Geneva, during which he asked Weisskopf whether the people at CERN could look for fractionally charged particles. Weisskopf reacted as if Gell-Mann had gone out of his mind. As it happened, the idea of the same objects was just being thought up, independently, by a young American theoretical physicist at CERN—a former Caltech student (he is now a professor there) named George Zweig.

Now, as to the name. For a while, Gell-Mann did not give them a name. Zweig called them “aces” and the particles made out of them “deuces” and “treys.” But Gell-Mann had a *sound* for them, and it came out something like “quark”—which, by the way, he pronounces to rhyme with “stork,” while many of the European physicists pronounce it to rhyme with “ark.” The sound was given an orthography and an etymology by a stroke of serendipity. Gell-Mann had been leafing through and studying “*Finnegans Wake*” ever since 1939, when his brother bought a first edition of it. And in late 1963, while leafing through it once again, he came across the phrase “Three quarks for Muster Mark!” That did it: now the three objects had a name to go with the sound. But where did Joyce get the word? Gell-Mann, one of whose hobbies is historical linguistics, told us what some of the theories are. Certain Teutonic scholars have noted that *Quark* is the German word for “cottage cheese,” and that it traces back to the Late Middle High German *Twarc*, which, in turn, traces back to the Slavic





"Marguerite, you have a cruel laugh."

(творог in Russian)—perhaps cognate with the Greek τυρός and probably a semantic parallel with the Italian word for cheese, *formaggio*, which came from the Vulgar Latin word *formatum*, or something made in a "form." They speculate that Joyce might have come across a grocery-store sign in Zurich "*Drei Mark für Muster-Quark*" ("Three marks for a model cottage cheese") and transposed *Mark* and *Quark*. A famous reference to "quark" is a phrase from Goethe—"Getretner Quark wird breit, nicht stark" ("Cottage cheese that has been stepped on becomes flattened out, rather than strengthened"), which is a comparison, unfavorable, between cottage cheese and steel. In any case, Joyce scholars think that "quark" is the sound made by the four gulls that mock King Mark in the book, and Gell-Mann thinks that Joyce may also have had a pun in mind on "quark" and "quart," since the book is the dream of a publican—a bartend-

er. Whatever its origin, the name has now become part of the language. There is even, in a projected television series, a pilot of a spaceship (an interplanetary garbage scow) who is called Adam Quark.

Oh, by the way, do quarks exist? When we asked Gell-Mann, he told us that this depends on what is meant by "exist." They have been looked for, unsuccessfully, in accelerator experiments, in cosmic rays, and in seawater, and this spring a group of physicists at Stanford University created a flurry of excitement by reporting some preliminary evidence for them in tungsten. If they do exist, as observable laboratory objects, they have certainly been elusive. Most physicists feel that they are probably permanently confined in the particles they compose. Predictions made on the basis of the quark theory have been consistently confirmed by experiment. Since Gell-Mann wrote his original paper, proposing the existence

of just three "flavors" of quarks—the "up," "down," and "strange" quarks—a new one, called "charm," has been added, and each "flavor" comes in three "colors," for a total of twelve quarks.

While we were in Aspen, we heard a rumor that there was evidence for yet a new "flavor" of quark. (The number of "colors" always remains at three, so "threeness" is still a feature of the theory.) We asked Gell-Mann what he thought about the rumor. "I think I will wait a little bit," he said. "When it comes to experimental rumors, I have never been much of an ambulance chaser."

The Two

WE count on our readers to goad us into action. On receiving a letter from a subscriber that went "What ever happened to the new two-dollar bill that was introduced with so



*"Miss Cranston, cancel all my appointments for this afternoon.
I'm going to try to get on top of cruise missiles."*

much Bicentennial hoopla last year on Thomas Jefferson's birthday? Has anybody seen one since?" we at once took the shuttle to Washington and shuttled the inquiry straight to James A. Conlon, who was then the director of the well-guarded Bureau of Engraving and Printing, which, in full view of seven hundred and fifty thousand gawking tourists a year, spews forth all the paper money—about three billion crisp greenbacks every twelve months—that any of us have, or owe. We discovered that Mr. Conlon, who retired from the Bureau this summer after more than thirty-five years (he began as an apprentice plate printer), is the father of our country's latest two-dollar bill, the first one having been introduced in 1776, and the penultimate one having been discontinued in 1966, because, except among some two-dollar bettors at New England race tracks, there was little discernible traffic in it.

"I first proposed to the Secretary of the Treasury way back in 1969 that we issue a new two," Mr. Conlon told us. "I mention this only to indicate how long we thought about the project and the degree of seriousness we attached to it. The idea arose from our continuing analyses of how and for what purposes our citizens use our currency. In our research, one thing stood out startlingly: seventy-five per cent of

all cash transactions in the United States involve amounts of less than one dollar. That proved that there was a high demand for low-denominational currency. Most major purchases nowadays, of course, are done by check or credit card. The Bureau used to print five-hundred-, one-thousand-, five-thousand-, and ten-thousand dollar notes, but we haven't turned out anything bigger than a hundred since 1946. Looking at the entire currency picture, moreover, we were impressed by the fact that Canada has been using a two-dollar bill very successfully. It would be difficult to find two peoples in the world more alike than Canadians and Americans. If the two-dollar bill worked so well there, we reasoned, it had an excellent opportunity to work here, and to diminish the tremendous volume of ones in circulation. We were then printing about one billion eight hundred million one-dollar notes a year, and we reckoned that if half of them could be supplanted by twos, we could eventually reduce the total volume of bills in circulation—at the moment, there are eighty billion dollars' worth of them out—by about fifteen per cent. That would mean a saving to the government of about six million dollars a year. So, after a good deal more research, including a feasibility study at the Harvard Busi-

ness School which was quite encouraging, we got the go-ahead from the two parties principally concerned—the Treasury Department and the Federal Reserve System. By April 13th of last year, we had two hundred and fifty million notes in twos in the pipeline. Our ultimate goal is to have one billion eight hundred million dollars' worth of them in circulation—at a four-hundred-million-note-a-year clip."

We said we wondered where they all were.

"We knew that the average citizen would use the two once it was introduced," Mr. Conlon went on. "The question was, how would he get it? The startling fact is that he doesn't ordinarily get his low-denomination money from a bank. He relies on retail merchants for that. Retail stores are the crux and the focal point. They must decide to use the two. Unfortunately, not enough of them have yet done so. Some seem to think there's no room in their cash registers. Nonsense. The same companies that make our registers make registers for Canada, and there has been no problem about finding space for twos up north. In any event, there was no way we could mandate the use of the two. It had to be voluntary. For a while, I was beginning to feel like a male Carry Nation. In New York, I stopped in at the Hilton one night for a cup of coffee and I gave the cashier a two. He accepted it, but he didn't put it in his cash register. He put it on top. I asked why. 'I give these to the manager, when I get them, and he takes them to the bank,' the cashier said. 'Why not give it to the next customer who needs change?' I asked. 'People don't like them,' he said. I said, 'How do you know? Tell you what. Next guy who comes in with a ten-dollar bill, let me ask him, "Would you mind if the cashier gives you a two in change?"' He said O.K., and I did. Unhappily, the next guy was non-English-speaking."

Did Mr. Conlon happen to have a two on him?

"I had several this morning," the

director said, pulling out his wallet, "but I used three of them to buy a six-dollar item. Ah, here's another!" He passed it across, saying, "When you look at this aesthetically, it's rather a nice bill, isn't it?"

Examining Gilbert Stuart's portrait of Jefferson on the face, and John Trumbull's painting of the signing of the Declaration of Independence on the back, we had to concur. It was the first of the Bicentennial twos we had laid eyes on.

"Notice that it's not brand-new," Mr. Conlon said triumphantly. "It's been used and used. People often ask, 'How long does a dollar bill last?' The poor things get folded, spindled, mutilated, snapped, crumpled, doused in beer, and stuffed among cosmetics in ladies' purses. The wonder is that they last as long as they do, which is nearly twenty months. The closest document to a dollar bill, in terms of use, is the road map, which has an endurance of a mere three hundred unfoldings and foldings. A dollar bill has a folding endurance of four thousand. That's because it's made not of paper but of seventy-five per cent cotton and twenty-five per cent linen. But to get back to the two. Right at the moment, we're kind of psyched up again about it. In mid-February, the Federal Reserve Bank out in Oregon initiated what we call the Portland Plan. It got together with some of the big retail people and talked with them, and persuaded them to give the two a shot. By the end of March, Portland had increased its use of the two by two thousand per cent. The evidence is very heavy that the two could be useful to stores everywhere—fewer bills to handle, fewer to count. We just have to continue to massage the factors that we feel can influence the use of it. If they don't have a problem with it in Canada, why should we have one? We give twos at our Credit Union in the Bureau to people who cash checks, but we need the coöperation of the retailers—and, yes, of the banks, too. The commercial banks, I'm sorry to have to say, have to date been less than enthusiastic. When people write us that they can't find a two at their bank, we suggest that they make their wishes strongly known. There is nothing more potent in this country than citizen demand. But it will take time for the two to catch on. I don't care what people say—it has maintained as positive a rate of growth in the past twelve months as any other denomination of currency. Take it from me, the two is in there plugging."

Back in New York, we went around

to our branch of the Chase Manhattan, grandly wrote a check for a hundred dollars, and asked a teller for two twenties, three tens, two fives, and ten twos. "I don't have any twos," she said. Did anybody in the bank have any? She said she would check. She found one teller with one two. We went around to Gristede's to buy a can of coffee, tendered one of our twenties to the checkout woman, and asked if she had any twos. She shook her head. "I'd be glad to give you one if I had any," she said, "but I haven't seen one since coffee was three dollars, and I'm not even sure they're issued anymore."

Nothing in Mind

A YOUNG woman who lives in Chelsea writes:

I have a friend who comes from the

Midwest, and he is very upset about two things: that soon most cars may come only in economy size, and that soon he may not be able to afford the gasoline even for these economy-size cars. My friend likes to drive around for no reason at all in a big car that uses up a lot of gasoline. When he gets into his car and drives off, he isn't going to the hospital to visit a friend, or going to the beach for a day of swimming and sunning, or going to the shopping mall to do some shopping, or even going somewhere to see some historic natural wonder. When he gets into his car and drives off, he heads for a highway; then, when he is far enough away from the city, he finds a less travelled back road, and then he drives and drives at about fifty miles an hour for hours; then he takes another road back to the highway and he comes



"It comes with the shoes and wig. The dog is extra."



CHRISTIANSON

"It's agreed, then. We open a window."

home. My friend calls this cruising. Sometimes he will say to me, "I'm going cruising. Wanna come?" I always say yes. I like to do it, too, but I would never get up by myself and go off in a car with no destination in mind.

When my friend goes cruising, he takes with him a six-pack of Schaefer beer in the party-bottles size and an eight-pack of Miller beer in the pony size. The beer is always very cold. He takes these particular brands of beer because he has noticed that these are favorites among the Spanish-speaking people on the block where he lives. He keeps remarking about the difference between these people and the people he's seen in the television commercials for Miller and Schaefer beer. In the car, he never speaks except to swear at a careless motorist, or to point out something that is interesting to him and that he thinks will interest me, too. He turns on the car radio or puts a tape in the tape deck the moment he gets into the car, and the music is never off until he gets home again. He sits behind the wheel with his legs slightly apart, his right foot on the accelerator, the leg crooked at the knee and resting sidewise on the seat, his right hand looking as if it were casually holding the wheel, his left hand on the armrest. He can afford to look this relaxed because the car has power steering.

When I am in the car with my friend, I think of other times I have

been in cars with people just for the fun of driving. When I was little, my mother would say, "We are taking a motorcar trip to..." and she would name some place hours away from where we were. Then we would pile into the car and drive to the place and turn right around and come home again. At the time, my mother was in love with religious music, especially if it was sung by Jim Reeves, and she would turn the car radio to a radio station that played religious music, mostly sung by Jim Reeves. On the night of my sixteenth birthday, my godmother and her husband took me for a drive in their gray Hillman (an English car), and on the car radio I heard the disc jockey say that my mother had requested that "Happy Birthday Sweet Sixteen," by Neil Sedaka, be played in honor of me. I didn't know what to make of it, hearing my name on the radio, but what was worse was that my mother would think that just because I liked rock and roll I liked Neil Sedaka. Then, when I was in my early twenties, I had a boyfriend who would take me for long drives in the country, and while we were driving he would play over and over, on the tape-deck machine, the song "A Whiter Shade of Pale," by Procol Harum. Afterward, we would go to bars that had electric-blue-lighted jukeboxes. I have known, in fact, many boys who like to drive around and listen to tapes or to the radio and drink beer.

I have never known any girls who did this. Not even one.

My friend from the Midwest has told me about some of his driving adventures. He says that he once drove around the state of Wyoming with a friend for five days with only eight dollars between them, plus his friend's father's oil-company credit card. He says that the state of Wyoming is the best for driving. He says that he knows every driving inch of the old logging roads in the state of Michigan. He says that driving around in the summer in an air-conditioned Buick in the flatness that is Nebraska is the only boring thing he has found to be a complete pleasure. He says that stretches of Ohio were made for driving around with nothing in mind. It is the memory of these things that makes him hate a future of economy cars and gasoline shortages. He curses the modern age and people with too many children. In the meantime, he continues to drive around for no reason at all in his big car that uses up a lot of gasoline. Just the other night, a nice summer evening, we went for a drive up around the Woodstock area. Suddenly, on the car radio we heard "I Heard It Through the Grapevine," by Marvin Gaye. My friend turned to me and he smiled, because he knows that I know that this is one of his super-favorite driving songs. At the end of the song, he turned around and we came home.

A SUMMER WITH NO END

MAY 12TH:

I AM having a difficult time with Ma. Today she says that she wants to leave the Home before the end of the week. I tell her what I heard about Mrs. Brier, who is eighty-one and still lives in Ma's old apartment building, on Undercliff Avenue, in the west Bronx. Mrs. Brier woke up one night and found a thief standing at the foot of her bed. When she sat up, he ran farther into the dark apartment. Mrs. Brier screamed and then jumped out onto the fire escape, crying for help.

Ma tells me that yesterday the Burns guards put her on the seventh floor north, in the room with the vegetable people, and then took ten dollars to bring her back out, even though Mr. Seligman, the director of the Home, has put "No Tipping" signs all over. I ask Ma what the vegetable people are like. She shudders and says, "Dreadful, Leon. The end of the line."

Ma says the Home is full of "illegals"—stray old people who sneak in off the streets. You can't tell who is who, she says, because the illegals walk around smiling and saying "Good day" and "How do you feel?" At dinner last night, she says, there was trouble: six people at a table that seats only three. "Who to feed?" says Ma. "Some of the illegals go in and out of the kitchen, carrying trays and imitating the waiters. 'Have a little extra,' they urge. Seligman is half crazy stamping papers. The Burns guards arrest the ones who are definitely outsiders. They drive them away by car and deposit them near Webster Avenue. Seligman's son, Meyer, came up for a food check, to get us to eat less. He says bread crusts must be eaten before we touch anything else."

We walk outside into a sunny day. "The old are disappearing from hunger," Ma says.

"You're ninety-two, Ma, and you'll live forever," I tell her.

We run into Mr. Kessler, a tall octogenarian, who is feeding the birds in the little park behind the Home. He stands there covered with sparrows. His coat pockets are full of bread crumbs, and he offers them to the birds a pinch at a time.

Ma introduces us. He

calls her Drezze, her nickname from the Old Country.

"Mr. Kessler," she says, "graces our table with anecdotes and stories, entertaining us as we eat."

He returns the compliment. "Your mother possesses an unusual amount of charm. Her manner is vivacious, and her whole personality belongs to a woman of gentle birth and good breeding."

Ma smiles as we move on. "Mr. Kessler," she says, "reminds me of your father."

MAY 19TH:

WHEN I arrive at the Home today, a Burns guard tells me that Ma left her room yesterday morning and took a taxi to her old apartment on Undercliff Avenue. She tried to open the door with her key, which no longer fit, since the lock was changed three years ago. Ma was befuddled when she found a family living in the apartment. A squad car delivered her back to the Home, and her social worker took her to the infirmary, where she was given sedation.

I tell Ma that the streets in her old neighborhood in the west Bronx are deserted, that people won't go out in the middle of the day for fear of being robbed, maimed, or even murdered. But Ma misses her friends of many years and her old life. She is convinced that she has come to the Home to die.

"One limps, another shakes and coughs," she says, "this one is blind, and that one can't swallow."

At noon, I take Ma out to eat at the Pancake. The waitress, Susan, tickles her under the chin and calls her But-

tercup. Ma does have a sunny look, like the late Maurice Chevalier: a fixed smile and sky-blue eyes.

Ma tells me that there was an announcement over the loudspeaker system and from now on it is forbidden to call the Home the Old Age Home. Everybody has to call it the Citizens' Rest Haven, she says. This worries her. She whispers to me that the streets are full of "outsiders"—homeless old people loaded high with bedding, waiting to sneak into the Home. The doctors here are in collusion with the Department of Health, she says, and for a fee they countersign medical certificates for the outsiders, to insure quick entry into the Home.

"There are new arrivals from Brownsville," she says. "Everybody is getting moved up a floor. The second to the third, and the third to the fourth, and so on. A lightning count was taken Monday. Still there is the same four hundred. Leon, what happened to a whole floor of people?"

"They've joined the cavalry, Ma."

MAY 28TH:

AFTER the Friday-night service in the chapel, Rabbi Bernstein speaks: "It's the popular thing today to consider the old as 'throwaways.' Those of us in sanctuary here in the Home, off the remorseless streets, thank God for His goodness. Our brothers and sisters on the outside did not ask to be homeless. They are and will remain part of our family, and we will not rest until they are housed and taken care of. Amen."

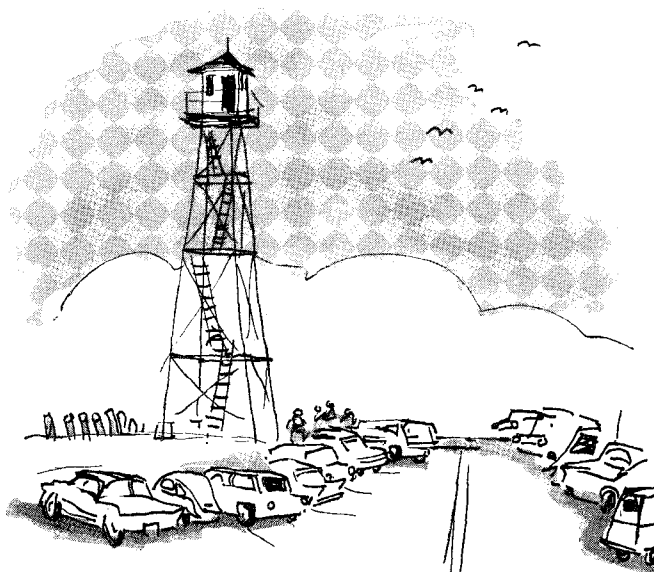
"In Europe," Ma tells me afterward, outside the chapel, "there was a great family connectedness. A parent could become a child in all innocence, and a child could become a parent.

People came together by their last name."

I embrace Ma. Her new roommate, Mrs. Landau, comes forward, puckering her lips for a kiss. I have great hope that she and Ma will be compatible. Mrs. Landau turns to Ma and says, "Drezze, tomorrow they are going to evacuate the Home."

Ma overwhelms her with questions: "Where to? On foot? The sick as well? Those who cannot walk?"

I take Ma by the arm, and we walk to the cafeteria, in the basement. There she introduces me to two new residents, Mr. and Mrs. Stein, who smile at Ma and



R. Mac Millan



"That's a lie I just told you. I don't have fuel injection. I just wish I had fuel injection."

ask, "How do you feel?" Ma tells me that they were outsiders who brought letters of recommendation from a Brooklyn congressman. "Now," she says, "dozens of outsiders are coming in their underwear with recommendations from God knows who."

When Ma and I go up to the lobby, Mr. Kessler is there, surrounded by a group of people. He breaks away to greet us. He is dressed in a sports jacket, a plaid shirt, and a bow tie.

"It's the new style," he says, seizing both Ma's hands and shaking them heartily. "Drezzle, you don't feel disposed to take a brisk walk over to Fordham Road? I know a steakhouse where we can have a red-hot chop for dinner and a glass of good wine."

Ma excuses herself graciously, saying, "Another time, maybe."

JUNE 19TH:

"THE Burns guards," Ma tells me, "bored holes in the back wall. They pass large amounts of food through the holes to Seligman's son, Meyer, who comes in a pickup truck. When they catch sight of Seligman him-

self, they shout a warning, and Meyer drives off. Later, he sells the food back to Seligman at twice the price."

Ma leans forward and lowers her voice. "The illegals are demanding clothing from everybody. At the least sign of opposition, they threaten to go to Seligman. Frightening, if true, since Seligman could turn on the legitimates and throw us out of the Home. Some of the illegals also had their names changed for a price. After three or four changes, they got their original names back again."

We are walking in the corridor, and Ma looks around to make sure we are not overheard. She tells me that one of the waiters beat Mr. Resnick over the head with a tray at two o'clock in the morning, shouting, "You have diamonds! Where are they hidden?"

When we get back to the room, Mrs. Landau, Ma's roommate, is watching "All in the Family." She turns to tell us about a rumor that the Home is serving horsemeat for dinner.

"The mood here is very bad," says Ma. "Seligman grows restless. The so-

cial workers say he is going to sell the Home to the government for a highway project."

Ma went to the beauty parlor this morning. She had a mudpack on her face and a henna rinse, and she looks very strange with orange hair. We run into Mr. Kessler, and he does not seem to notice any difference in her appearance. On leaving, he shakes hands with her and says, "Pray you, Madame, remain as you are."

JUNE 23RD:

THE weather is sunny, and the elderly from the Home are out in front, packing the sidewalk behind the gates, opening and closing their folding chairs. It is a windy day, and they have to sit quickly once their chairs are open. One woman is caught in a gust and plunges into a hedge. The old people settle in, cranelike, grumbling about the

tight fit and the changing neighborhood. Ma is at her window, and I wave to her as I approach the Home.

When I enter her room, Ma complains that the night nurse ordered her to dance on one leg for bed-wetting. Ma had been hiding bread on a high shelf in the closet, but the nurse miraculously climbed up and ate it. "What are we to do?" Ma moans, pressing her hands to her cheeks. "Are we to dole out bread to everyone and anyone?"

Ma confides that she found Mrs. Kroll from Lafontaine Avenue in bed next to her last night. "It's not the first time. I'm not even sure that it's Mrs. Kroll every night. I never see her, but I know her back and her feet. She wraps herself in my blanket and shoves me. I push her with my knees. I take hold of her ankles and place them far over, to get her feet out of my face. My sleep is very light, and now I am awake and now I am asleep."

I help Ma to get ready for a stroll on the terrace. She puts on a hat with a wide brim and a gauze veil for protection from the sun. I hadn't realized

how tiny and thin she has become. I have to pull up her stockings five times on our way to the terrace.

We pass a large woman in an Empress Eugénie hat and a flared coat trimmed with monkey fur. "That's Mrs. Gelb," says Ma. "She's been here a whole year without discovery. She was carried in through a side entrance for a price. Once inside, she was on her own." Ma points to a group of old women sitting on chairs on the terrace, facing away from each other. "They are here since 1954, on special papers, and are allowed to remain. Those who are still on the street are eating out of garbage cans."

JUNE 25TH:

"LAST night was terrible," Ma says, shaking her head. "They threw Resnick out of the window along with his chair."

I ask her who Resnick is, and she doesn't know.

"Today," she says, "was worse than yesterday. A group from Flatbush arrived in a truck. Ten had broken limbs from the ride. Seligman wept at the sight and received them with coffee and cake. Everybody is giving them presents."

At the Friday-night service, Rabbi Bernstein speaks of the sorrowful condition of the old and says that all elderly poor should be eligible for food and shelter. During his sermon, Ma whispers to me that the social workers say Rabbi Bernstein is looking for trouble with his "everybody is equal" routine.

Ma is upset tonight. Back in her room, she points out the window to a brick wall that is under construction. I explain that they are enlarging the Home to add another three hundred beds for some of the destitute old people trying to get in. But Ma is convinced that the brick wall means something awful. "Leon, they say Seligman is poisoning the soup to speed us up and make way for the outsiders."

Mrs. Landau comes in. She turns on the TV with a firm hand.

"Life goes on, Drezzele," she says. "The Burns guards are on duty, postmen deliver the mail, newspapers come out daily, telephone services continue, garbage is collected. This will be a summer with no end." Ma has stopped listening to her.

JULY 7TH:

WHEN I see Ma today, she is wearing Mrs. Landau's teeth, which are too large for her gums and give her a strangely stern appearance. With one hand to her mouth, Ma says that more Burns guards have been hired and that they make daily raids on the increasing number of illegals. "This morning, Leon!" she says. "Barricades everywhere! Exits blocked! A fruitless chase—the illegals hid in the basement."

Ma is afraid that if she complains about her health or looks sickly, she will be killed outright.

We pass by the leathercraft room on the third floor south. A number of women are in there, cutting, weaving, gluing, sewing. The room is a mess

of chopped and tangled pigskin leftovers.

"From morning to night they're making leather clubs and whips," says Ma.

There are a lot of faces to kiss at the Home today. There's Rosie, an old friend of Ma's, to kiss, and some new ones—Sylvia, Mary, and Lilly. I kiss a Mrs. Harris, a woman in her eighties, with a large pink face, who has come up sighing about old times: "When we were all considerate of each other's feelings sitting down to a meal. When handing food to a neighbor was of greater importance than eating ourselves."

After Ma and I are alone again, she says, "You forgot to kiss Seligman and the Burns guards."

JULY 10TH:

MA is in bed again today. She hardly recognizes me at first. When she is sure it's me, she says, "Some of the social workers are supplying the illegals with clothing and linen and a little money to get started again, but somewhere else. Only last Sunday, outsiders from the Grand Concourse were received very warmly by Seligman and a committee of social workers. But then the next day five busloads arrived from Brooklyn. Three hundred and fifty—all were turned away. Burns guards were shoving them back into the buses. Leon, the sight was unforgettable. In the end, the poor will be without a place to lay their heads."

My brother Ronald arrives at the Home in a blue serge suit, a white shirt with a button-down collar, and a black tie. His wife, Doris, wears a tan gabardine suit and a pink kettle-shaped hat, which give her a safari appearance.

"I am a woman over ninety, Hazel," Ma tells her. "So many women wander into self-doubt at a much earlier age, but I took good care of myself."

Ma has Doris mixed



"And what is your opinion of yourself?"

up with Ronald's first wife, Hazel, and Ronald is upset. "It's Doris, Ma, Doris, not Hazel, Ma, Doris."

"Hazel, I used to put Ronald's shoes and pants on until he was twelve years old."

JULY 14TH:

MA is all set for running away today. Some load she has ready: a satchel, bedding, pocketbooks, and, on top, pictures of the whole family from forty years ago. The stuff clanks every time she tries to lift it. She says she is fed up looking at old people. "The outsiders stand near the front entrance and wait for someone to have pity on them. You look out the window and see faces. Some are lying down because they are too weak to stand. Some of them sing in the courtyard. They are hoping for tossed coins. At night, Leon—the cries of the hungry! Seligman walks around in boots and talks like a dictator. He says that the dollar is falling and soon we'll have to pay in foreign currency. Some of the Burns guards dress in civilian clothes and lounge around in the lobby. Then suddenly they dash into the dining room and seize people sitting down to a meal and throw them out on the street."

I assure Ma that she is ten times safer in the Home than out of it. I read

her a headline from the *News*: "ELDERLY BRONX WOMAN FLEES MUGGER, BREAKS BOTH LEGS."

JULY 21ST:

MRS. LANDAU had a stroke on Sunday and is in the infirmary. When I go up to see her, she is fighting for breath. Her face is yellow and covered with sweat, like a wax mask beginning to melt. She wants to tell me something, but she can't.

Ma has told me that Mr. Kessler is now seen walking around with Mrs. Klingman, who used to be a high-class tailor and is putting suits together for him. Today they promenade past us in the lobby. Mr. Kessler is in possession of a jacket, trousers, and gloves of rough fabric in striking colors. Mrs. Klingman is heavy with jewelry, and has given herself a complete overhauling: dyed black hair, powder and rouge, and violet eyelids. Ma shrugs and says, "Hers is the triumph of the woman of eighty when she lets herself loose, may she burn!"

Ma remains sitting in her room this afternoon—bent and thin, her head drooping.

"At the end of the world, when the ram's horn is blown, they'll turn into mice," she says. When I don't ask who, she continues. "There is a new decree. Women may not have hairdos

or wear high heels or slacks. But there are those whom Seligman favors. These people live in luxury—all others may perish. Everywhere you turn, there are beggars. A large group arrived from Hunts Point this morning, looking for an opportunity to smuggle themselves in."

JULY 28TH:

MRS. LANDAU died on Monday, and Ma has a new roommate, Mrs. Benson. She is a stout woman in a wheelchair. Her hands are muffled in mittens to prevent thumb-sucking, and because of some impediment she cannot speak. Her pale-gray eyes beam with a steady benevolence that is not put into words.

I get permission to take Ma to the Pancake. She has become incontinent, so her Chinese nurse, Miss Ling, takes her to the john and diapers her with a large sheet. Ma doesn't like the handling she gets, and she calls my sister's name. "Marion! Marion!" she cries in a hoarse voice. "Help me!" Marion is in Miami and doesn't hear her. I reassure Ma that she'll feel better once we get out. This may be the last time she will be able to leave the Home.

One of the relatives visited Ma yesterday, and "Drezze's sinking fast" went over the telephone lines to members of the family. Tonight the calls come from all over. Uncle Sidney phones to say what a marvel Ma was in the old days: "Roses in her cheeks, Leon. As you know, she's my favorite girl in the whole family." Aunt Harriet phones: "Leon, it was only last week I spoke to Drezze." My sister Marion phones from Miami. "I hear that Ma is sinking fast," she says. I reassure her: "Ma walked around the Home three times with me this afternoon. She's young in spirit, with all her moles, wrinkles, and whiskers. Ma is fine. Really, Marion."

AUGUST 4TH:

TODAY I find Ma in bed, napping. "Arise!" I shout. "It's the dawn of a new day!"

She is annoyed by my sudden arrival. "Ah, reptile," she says, "I



W. S. Jew

Holiday

often wonder who you take after. Certainly not your father or me." Then she shifts to an intimate tone of voice to tell me that Seligman's son, Meyer, removed the silverware from the dining room and that at dinner last night she had to pluck at the steaming potatoes with her fingers. She says that she went down to talk to Seligman about this but was told that the director does not talk to the residents, as a matter of principle.

Ma tells me that the elderly who crowd the street outside the Home this week are very polite. "They say 'Ladies and gentlemen, may we have something to eat?' and 'Thank you' and 'God bless.' If they didn't stick out their hands, Leon, you would never guess they were beggars. Everyone looks after themselves first and foremost. I am afraid to walk outside the room. And when we go to eat, we march in rows of six. Speaking is forbidden."

There is a suffocating smell in Ma's room, and when I leave the Home I rush into the open air.

AUGUST 8TH:

MA has been moved into the infirmary. She doesn't recognize me, and calls me Ronald—my brother's name.

A bell rings, and as if at a command signal most of the old people in the infirmary speak at once. Amid the clamor of voices, each of which is raised louder and louder, Ma and I cry out to hear one another. After a few minutes of such exercise, Ma is voiceless, and we are compelled simply to sit without speaking. Such a visit is torture.

AUGUST 18TH:

MA has been moved into the infirmary again. Her face is black-and-blue from a fall she took the day before yesterday. "The social workers are letting outsiders into the Home in batches," she tells me. "They let in one batch, wait a moment, let in another batch, counting them off, mostly in groups of twelve. Seligman is issuing



"So how was the Edgar Willoughby Classic?"

meal tickets. He's giving orders at the entrance. A striking figure. From a social worker the outsiders get a splash of soup each. They sit down on the sidewalk and slurp it, smack their lips, poke one another, and spill soup all over. Some clap their hands in wonder and say 'God bless.' But what about us? The mood in the Home is very bad. It is only Wednesday, and the food for the week is already eaten. Seligman sent the social workers on food missions to buy on credit."

Ma is white as a sheet and is all upset. She looks as if she hasn't slept.

"The illegals keep getting in, more of them every day. And the crowd outside . . . I see people fall. One woman gets up with a cry, the others lie where they are. The mob presses over them, treading on them. They scream for food. They're crazy! At least a hundred of them . . . Seligman is out like a shot to speak the truth. 'Make way! Make way!' He pushes through the crowd. 'I have no illusions about the future,' he shouts. 'We here in the Home know only too well the wickedness of your instincts for eating, your terrifying appetites. We have done our best, tried everything, now we are at

the end of our rope. We ourselves are out of food. Now you must count on yourselves alone. Count on us no longer, we beg of you. The Home and I are at the end of our patience. There is nothing more to eat.' Nobody moves. Poor Seligman shrieks at the top of his lungs that there is no food and no shelter.

"They get Seligman from behind. He is still resisting. . . . It's shameful. Even so, he throws kisses to those of us watching from the windows of the Home. We understand him. The outsiders push and shove and bark like dogs. . . . Seligman is waving his arms, working himself up into a frenzy. He is going to say something. His words sound tortured. . . . It's unbelievable. The Burns guards have come out, laughing. They are turned loose on the mob. They grab the ones that are shouting the loudest. The horde breaks down the gates, bending the bars, ripping them out of the cement. They storm the door, they flood into the entrance, they move about on all fours. . . . I feel them coming, pressing up against the glass doors of the lobby, a pack of old faces. . . ."

—LOU MYERS

RED~TAIL HAWK AND PYRE OF YOUTH

1

Breath clamber-short, face sun-peeled, stones
Loose like untruth underfoot, I
Had just made the ridge crest, and there,
Opening like joy, the unapprehensible purity
Of afternoon flooded, in silver,
The sky. It was
The hour of stainless silver just before
The gold begins.

Eyes, strangely heavy like lead,
Drew down to the .30/30 hung on my hand
As on a crooked stick, in growing wonder
At what it might really be. It was as though
I did not know its name. Nor mine. Nor yet had known
That all is only
All, and part of all. No wind
Moved the silver light. No movement,

Except for the center of
That convex perfection, not yet
A dot even, nameless, no color, merely
A shadowy vortex of silver. Then,
In widening circles—oh, nearer!
And suddenly I knew the name, and saw,
As though seeing, coming toward me,
Unforgiving, the hot blood of the air:
Gold eyes, unforgiving, for they, like God, see all.

2

There was no decision in the act,
There was no choice in the act—the act impossible but
Possible. I screamed, not knowing
From what emotion, as at that insane range
I pressed the cool, snubbed
Trigger. Saw
The circle
Break.

3

Heart leaping in joy past definition, in
Eyes tears past definition, by rocky hill and valley
Already dark-devoured, and with the bloody
Body already to my bare flesh embraced, cuddled
Like babe to heart, and my heart beating like love:
Thus homeward. But nobody there. So at last
I dared stare in the face—the lower beak drooping,
As though from thirst, eyes filmed.
Like a secret, I wrapped it in newspaper quickly
And hid it deep
In the ice chest.

Too late to start now.

4

Up early next morning, with
My father's old razor laid out, the scissors,
Pliers and needles, waxed thread,
The burlap and salt, the arsenic and clay,

A roll of steel wire, and glass eyes gleaming yellow—oh, yes,
I knew my business. And at last a red-tail—

Oh, king of the air!

And at that miraculous range.

How my heart sang!

Till all was ready—skull now well scraped
And with arsenic dried, and all flesh joints, and the cape
Like a carapace feathered in bronze, and naturally anchored
At beak and at bone joints, and steel
Driven through to sustain wing and bone
And the clay-burlap body built there within.
It was molded as though for that moment to take to the
air—though,
In God's truth, the chunk of poor wingless red meat,
The model from which all was molded, lay now
Forever earthbound, fit only
For dog tooth, not sky.

5

Year after year, in my room, on the tallest of bookshelves,
It was regal, perched on the bough-crotch to guard
Blake and "Lycidas," Augustine, Hardy, and "Hamlet,"
Baudelaire and Rimbaud, and I knew that the yellow eyes,
Unsleeping, stared as I slept.

Till I slept in that room no more.

6

Years pass like a dream, are a dream, and time came
When my mother was dead, father bankrupt, and whiskey
Hot in my throat while there for the last

Time I lay, and my heart
Throbbled slow in the
Meaningless motion of life, and with
My eyes closed I knew
That yellow eyes somewhere, unblinking, in vengeance stared.

Or *was* it vengeance? What could I know?

Could Nature forgive, like God?

7

In the lumber room that night, late,
I found him—the hawk, feathers shabby, one
Wing bandy-banged, one foot gone sadly
Askew, one eye long gone—and I reckoned
I knew how it felt with one gone.

And all relevant items I found there: my first book
of Milton,
The "Hamlet," the yellow, leaf-dropping Rimbaud, and a
book
Of poems friends and I had printed in college, not to
mention
The collection of sexual Japanese prints—strange sex
Of mechanical sexlessness. And so made a pyre for



"I think this sluggish inventory is getting to me. Today I can barely keep my eyes open."

The hawk that, though gasoline-doused and wing-dragging,
Awaited, with what looked like pride,
The match.

8

Flame flared. Feathers first, and I flinched, then stood
As the steel wire warped red to defend
The shape designed godly for air. But
It fell with the mass, and I
Did not wait.

What is left
To do but walk in the dark, and no stars?

9

Some dreams come true, some no.
But I've waked in the night to see
High in the late and uncurdled silver of summer
The pale vortex reappear—and you come,
And always the rifle again swings up, though

With the weightlessness now of dream,
The old .30/30 that knows
How to bind us in air-blood and earth-blood together
In our commensurate fate,
Whose name is a name beyond joy.

10

And I pray that, in some last dream or delusion,
While hospital wheels creak beneath
And the nurse's soles make their *squeak-squeak* like mice,
I'll again see the first small, silvery swirl
Spin outward and downward from sky-height
To bring me the truth in blood-marriage of earth and air—
And all will be as it was
In that paradox of unjoyful joyousness,
Till the dazzling moment when I, a last time, flinch
From the regally feathered gasoline flare
Of youth's poor, angry, slapdash, and ignorant pyre.

—ROBERT PENN WARREN

FIREFLIES

MY wife is editor of a professional journal for one of the colleges at the university where I teach. The people—deans, other administrative officers, secretaries—who work on the floor where she has her office have a congenial and coöperative relationship, and enjoy gathering occasionally during lunch hour or at the end of the working day to celebrate any of a variety of events in any of their lives: a marriage, a departure for a new job, a trip abroad, a birthday, the first day of spring after a hard winter. One afternoon early this spring, a former administrator stopped by for such a celebration. As the group was having refreshments at the large table in the conference room, this professor, a man not given to personal reminiscence, began to tell his neighbor about a bicycle trip he had taken with another student in 1936 in Germany. He was speaking quietly, but, either because of a lapse in the general conversation or because of the nature of his story, everybody listened.

The story was a simple one, told in a matter-of-fact voice, of what he and his companion saw and did bicycling through Germany the summer following the remilitarization of the Rhineland. Perhaps in retelling his account

I am altering it in accordance with my own feelings and experiences, and it is likely that the people at the party, the younger as well as the older, did much the same thing. The curious power of certain stories comes from some unconscious invitation in them to the listener to participate, to imagine himself an aspect of the teller.

These two students, the professor-to-be and his friend, had come to Germany to see the castles on the Rhine, the Black Forest, and the picturesque towns of the travel posters, but what they actually saw had little to do with quaintness or charm. In every town the buildings displayed swastikas on banners; loudspeakers in every town square amplified shrill voices and martial music; the major streets were congested with parades and the movement of military personnel and equipment. On their handlebars they had attached small American flags to identify themselves as visitors; their bicycles, so decorated, became part of the parades, were caught in the middle of convoys. In a populous town, they sat on their bicycles in the back of a crowd listening to Hitler give an impassioned speech in shouted words that they couldn't understand but that turned everybody except them into what

seemed a single body, a single answering voice. Once, they rode through the gates, oddly open, of a camp for prisoners; guards rushed at them with rifles, forcing them back.

How do two young Americans respond to such nationalistic frenzy, to an evil they can barely comprehend? In Germany, the towns and villages nestle in the valleys, are rarely built upon the hills, as in Italy. Most castles on the Rhine have their towns far beneath them, and from the walls and windows of the towers one can see colored roof tiles and tiny spires beside the curving, glittering river. Those two boys would tour, say, some castle; then, removing their flags from the handlebars, they would hold them defiantly aloft and coast down the hill into the town, speeding through marketplaces and central squares. As they sped past the crowds and the swastika-decorated buildings, they sang together, as loudly as they could, the opening words of national songs of their own country—"O beautiful for spacious skies,/For amber waves of grain," or "Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's early light,/What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?"—and, careering around processions of armored cars and troop carriers, they shouted "Heil Roosevelt!" to the soldiers, and then they pedalled furiously

away, up the opposite hill. Usually they stayed in a farmer's barn or camped on the heights above a town. Never that summer did anyone pursue them, never were they molested or questioned, never—except for that moment they had inadvertently strayed into the concentration camp—were they threatened. As they sat by their little cooking fire, as they stared at the stars from their sleeping bags, they spoke to each other of what they had seen, of what they had done that day. And so each day went, that summer.

MY wife told me the story some days after she had heard it, as we were sitting at the kitchen table following a late supper. She was interested es-

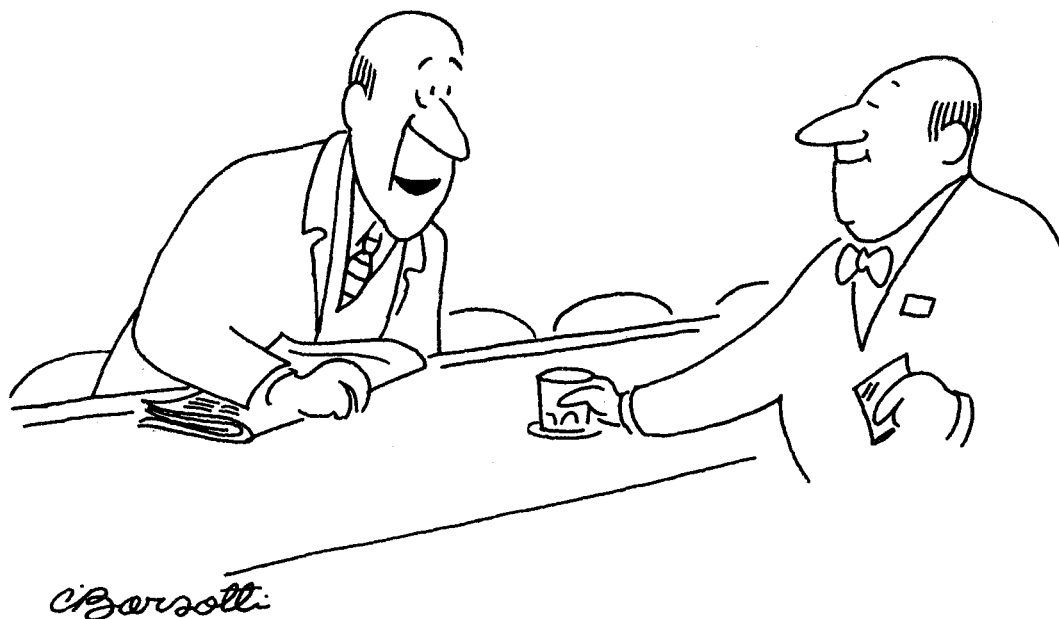


"Now, we all know that 'profits' has become a dirty word."

pecially in the effect it had made on the whole group—deans and secretaries, younger people as well as older ones. I listened intently to the story myself. I said that it held some of the qualities of those fairy stories set in far-off times in which a virtuous youth enters a region of dark enchantment but is protected by his innocence and certain talismans and magic words. As we idly made other speculations about the story, about its relation to dreams we'd both had, the windows began to darken, and the table, which I had made out of thick, mellowed planks nearly a century and a half old, reflected the glow of the lamp hanging above it. I was glad to be sitting with my wife at that table in that old

farmhouse of ours—the house in which we had raised our three sons, two of whom were already out in the world, one editing news film for a Philadelphia television station and the other working the night shift in an Ithaca factory. I wanted our sons to find fulfillment, to be content with their lives; and at the same time I wanted them to return to their childhood selves and their childhood innocence, to be sitting here at the table with us. I had all the conventional thoughts that occur to parents, including the wish that the world were better than it is. That was the effect of the story upon me.

I WENT to high school in a village in northern Ohio, about fifteen miles southwest of Cleveland. I could recite the names of all the members of the Roosevelt Cabinet like a litany, and I still can. In the eleventh grade, I wrote a paper for my civics class in which I proposed an immediate end to the Depression by a total price freeze, to be accompanied by the release of a large amount of currency and the imposition of income and inheritance taxes designed to prevent that new money from ending up in the pockets of the fortunate few. My teacher wrote on my paper, "Well, why not?" I was living in those years with an uncle and aunt, and worked evenings and Saturdays in my uncle's gasoline station, which sold ice and hamburgers as well as petroleum products. I had a recurrent dream in which President Roosevelt and Secretary Morgenthau, having heard of my proposal, came to visit me in the gas station. So that we would



"Ah, John, you're a mind reader."

have more time for our conference, my two guests helped me with my tasks; while I pumped gasoline, President Roosevelt made hamburgers and Secretary Morgenthau put fifty-pound blocks of ice on automobile bumpers. After we finished our discussion, President Roosevelt smiled at me and said to Secretary Morgenthau, "Well, why not?"

Our village of three thousand inhabitants had a symphony orchestra, sponsored by the W.P.A., made up of professional musicians and anyone else who could play an instrument. The players came from the village and other communities in our part of the county. They practiced in the high-school auditorium, and I sometimes sat in the back of that nearly empty room to listen to them. Normally, they played Beethoven and Mozart, but there was one elderly woman in the village who found so much delight in realizing an old fancy of hers—to sing "Flow Gently, Sweet Afton" with a full-size orchestra—that the conductor always obliged, at least at rehearsals. Her voice was untrained and full of tremolo effects, but what I remember best from such moments is not her singing. What I remember best, beyond her obvious pleasure, is the absolute benignity and sense of well-being on the faces of the musicians who were helping her in the realization of a preposterous dream. I suppose an event of that sort was possible only in the Depression years; I realized even then that it wouldn't have happened had it not been for the W.P.A. But that it could take place at all affected my feelings toward myself,

my village, and—for I was young and knew precious little about other events beginning elsewhere—the community of man.

IT is early July, the season of fireflies. Even on overcast nights the country sky is riddled with comets, meteors, flashing stars, gauzy nebulae. Fireflies have the evocative power of certain aromas and fragments of tunes: they are what reminded me of my adolescence, which in turn reminded me of the story I had heard earlier this year. Standing on my porch, grasping the iron railing by the step and looking at the fireflies above the clover field, at the constellations receding above the clover, the fierce stars washing harmlessly past my speeding position on the porch to bob and diminish in the cosmic wake, I think that the magic of our talismans, the truths that perilously sustain us, the inviolability of our virtue are always a consequence of the power of our imagination. I also think this: Nostalgia is roused in us less by the memory of what once actually was than by the memory of what once was possible in our dreams.

—JAMES MCCONKEY

PARADISE IN HEATHWOOD, leisure and relaxation can be yours in this beautiful 4 bedroom, 2½ bath home. This home features an entrance foyer, living room, with pompous false fireplace, dining room, kitchen with built-ins, dinette area and den with doors opening to patio on back lawn.—*Adv. in the Rock Hill (S.C.) Evening Herald.*

But we don't relax easily.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

HUMAN RIGHTS

IN governing, it is almost always difficult to translate an idea into a policy, and then to find the means for implementing the policy. Obviously, this is more difficult with some ideas than with others. In attempting to place human rights at the center of his foreign policy, Jimmy Carter has got hold of an idea that is very powerful but also very complex, so the difficulty here is notable. It is complex because, among other reasons, the idea of human rights means different things to different people. A human-rights policy, it has already been discovered, will be hard to implement, because the advocacy of human rights as an aim of foreign policy can collide with other, contradictory aims. In trying to balance those conflicting aims, the government can end up taking a stand based on morality while trying to get across the idea that morality is relative. Another problem, of course, is that injecting the idea of human rights into the conduct of our foreign policy involves us in the most sensitive internal affairs of other nations.

An argument can be made, and is made by several officials of the Carter Administration, that the mere espousal of human rights is a policy, and an important departure from previous policy—that our standing for something compatible with our own best traditions is beneficial both to us as a nation and to our place in the world. But they realize that the dedication to the principle of human rights must be more than rhetorical if it is to be given credence either domestically or abroad. For this is an issue about which large numbers of Americans have deep feelings, and one that many of their political representatives try to inject in government policy—and sometimes exploit. It is an issue that, meaning different things to different people, produces odd but potent political alliances. And so, throughout our government, officials have been struggling to wrestle an idea into policy. “Human rights is the most complicated foreign-policy question before the government,” one foreign-policy official recently told me. “No one knows what the policy is, yet it pervades everything we do.” Another official, who has done a good deal of the wrestling, told me, “There is a great obsession that we ought to be able to state a human-rights policy and have it be almost self-executing, to find an intellectual framework and have it produce almost automatic results. I’m now

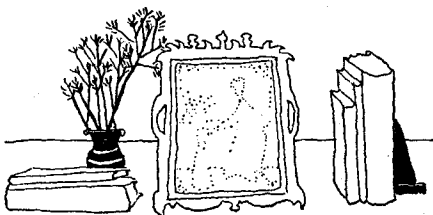
convinced that’s not possible. There’s no question that human rights was stated as a principle before anyone thought about it in operational terms as a concrete policy.”

In retrospect, there seems a certain inevitability to Jimmy Carter’s adoption of what he terms an “aggressive” and “determined” position on human rights, but the public was not prepared for it, and neither, in a sense, was Carter. Human rights became an important part of American foreign policy in 1977 through the coinciding of a moment in history, events in other nations, the legacy of a previous Administration and a desire to stand apart from that legacy, and the personal nature and political acumen of Jimmy Carter. The issue of human rights, as such, was not a prominent one in Carter’s campaign for the Presidency; he talked about it during a Democratic issues forum in Louisville in late 1975, and there were some references to it in a speech on foreign policy in Chicago the following March. But what might be termed the spiritual antecedents of the theme did recur in Carter’s routine talks to the voters. Carter presented himself as a healer, a leader who would make us feel better about ourselves, and the wounds to the national psyche which he habitually referred to included not just Watergate but also Vietnam, Cambodia, Chile, C.I.A. misconduct. He said again and again that it was possible to set a higher “standard of ethics and morality and excellence in politics,” and he spoke of a number of qualities, including “patriotism” and “love of our land,” as “a reservoir waiting to be tapped.” Speech after speech ended with the sentence “We still live in the greatest nation on earth.” To the extent that he spoke of relations with the Soviet Union, his main theme was that while he thought détente a good idea, “every time we have had a tough negotiation with the Soviet Union we have lost or come in second best.” Among the negotiations he would list was the Helsinki agreement of 1975 (“We ratified the Rus-

sian takeover of Eastern Europe”). He said that he “would be very much tougher in the future in our negotiations with the Soviet Union.” He talked about our having arrayed ourselves against our “natural allies” in Vietnam, Cambodia, and Angola. He criticized Secretary of State Henry Kissinger’s diplomacy.

A number of those who had gathered to give foreign-policy advice to the Carter campaign were foreign-policy liberals who were disturbed by what appeared to them to be an excessive degree of realpolitik, if not amorality, in the Kissinger foreign policy—a willingness to accommodate any regimes that seemed to accommodate what were considered our strategic interests. This view of our foreign policy as lacking a moral base was troubling, as it happened, not only to the critics on the left, who saw it as leading us to embrace repressive right-wing regimes, but also to those on the right, who saw it as resulting in too much deference to the Soviet Union. And timing was important. One of the President’s foreign-policy advisers said to me a couple of weeks ago, “There was a genuine feeling even before the campaign began that the previous Administration didn’t care very much about human rights. At another time, that might not have mattered so much. Eisenhower didn’t, either. But we were coming out of Vietnam. That experience produced a number of people who felt that the war was a serious mistake who at the outset had felt it was the right thing to do. And then they saw that we weren’t advancing any positive values. There was a widespread feeling that we would like to get our bearings again. Watergate. Chile. The inquiry into the C.I.A.’s role in assassinations. There was the feeling that there was no moral underpinning to our government. That created a vacuum, and an environment where this issue would be very important.”

Moreover, as Jody Powell, Carter’s press secretary and close adviser, put it in a conversation we had recently, the debate between Ford and Reagan over détente during the struggle for the Republican nomination “was not unobserved by us.” He continued, “It became clear that the problems Ford was having with détente were wrapped up in the issue that we gave up more than we got in our dealings with the Soviet Union, that we put constraints on ourselves that they didn’t put on themselves, that that made criti-

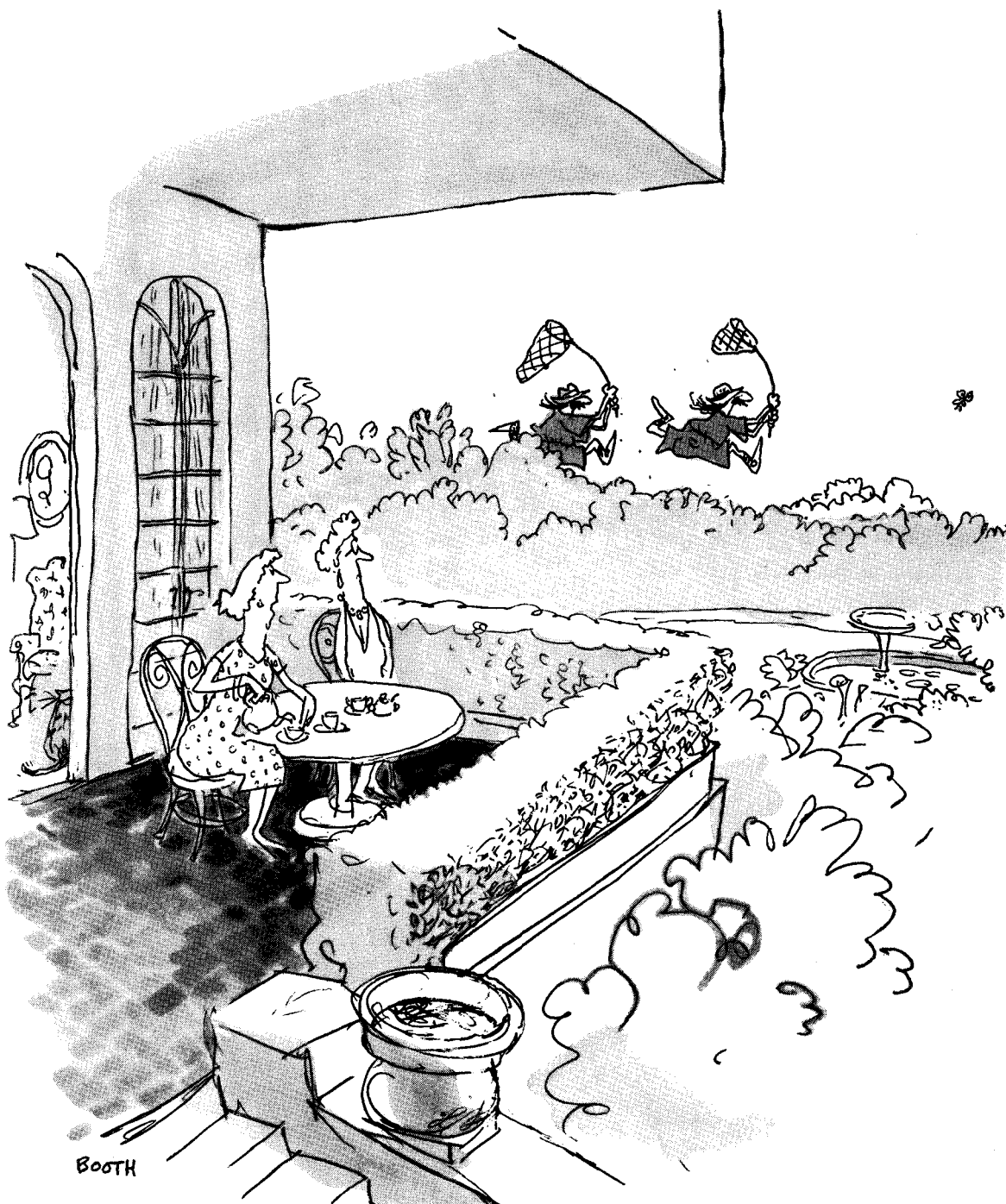


cism of regimes on the right more difficult, and that we can't criticize regimes that may change every four or five years anyway and muzzle ourselves with regard to Communism, the most active ideological force." Reagan, having himself fumbled about for the most advantageous point of attack against Ford, finally found it on the right flank of foreign policy: the negotiations over the Panama Canal, détente, arms-control agreements, the Helsinki agreement, and, most symbolic of all, Ford's refusal, on Kissinger's advice, to meet with Alexander Solzhenitsyn. Carter did give one speech devoted to the subject of human rights in the course of his fall campaign—at Notre Dame, in October—but he did not incorporate it as a continuing theme. It was not until the second debate between Ford and Carter—the one on foreign policy—that Carter moved closer to an embrace of the human-rights issue. The Carter people had deliberately shied away from making much of an issue of foreign policy in the fall campaign. The theory was that Carter's strength lay in domestic issues, while Ford, for all Kissinger's controversiality, had the upper hand, as

Presidents often do, on foreign policy. Their main concern as they prepared for the foreign-policy debate was that Ford not succeed in pushing Carter into a leftish position—in depicting him as someone who would leave us too vulnerable to our Communist adversary, and who was too relaxed about the rise of Eurocommunism. Moreover, the campaign strategists had been anxious all fall about Carter's presumed weakness in ethnic communities, and quite a bit of the candidate's time had gone into campaigning in them. And, finally, surveys by Patrick Caddell, Carter's campaign pollster, had shown that human

rights was an issue that united liberals and conservatives—that it seemed to be, Caddell now says, "a very strong issue across the board." In the preparation in San Francisco for the second debate, it was suggested by some of Carter's foreign-policy advisers (Zbigniew Brzezinski has claimed authorship of the idea) that Carter shift his emphasis from wholesale condemnation of the Helsinki agreement to an attack on the Soviet Union for not living up to that part of it which called for freedom of travel and of marriage between citizens of different states and for reunification of families. This was what was called

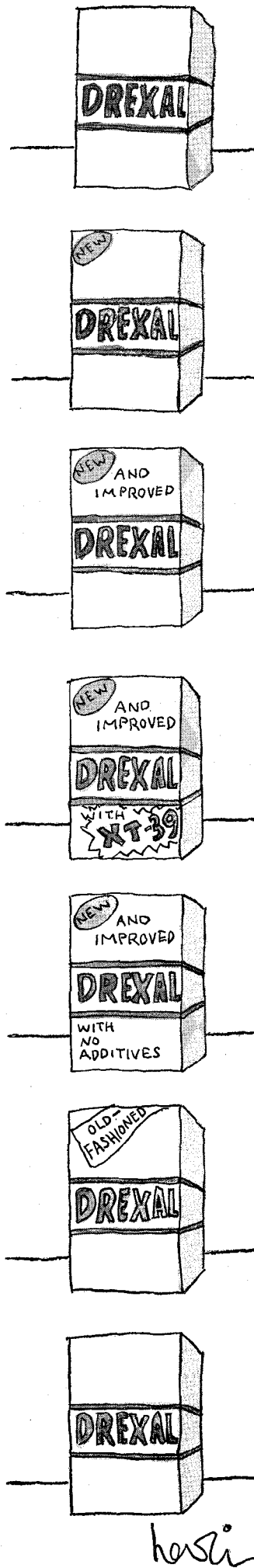
Basket Three of the Helsinki agreement, the first "Basket" having to do with security and with the recognition of postwar boundaries of Europe, and the second having to do with trade and scientific and technological exchanges. (The term derives from "*corbeille*," a French word meaning "basket," which the negotiators used in their deliberations.) According to a number of witnesses, it was in San Francisco that Carter first heard of Basket Three—a term that in the course of the debate he dropped on what must have been a puzzled nation as if he had been familiar with it for some time. But



"The Armentrout brothers never achieved much success in the business world, but they have caught lots of butterflies."

he knew what he was doing. "Basket Three" was a code phrase to many of those who cared about the issue of human rights as it pertained to the Soviet Union. One man who was a campaign foreign-policy adviser and is now in the Administration said to me recently, "Human rights was an issue with which you could bracket Kissinger and Ford on both sides. It appealed to Henry Jackson and others on the right in the sense that it applied to the Soviet Union and its treatment of Jews, and it appealed to the liberals in terms of Korea and Chile." (In his Notre Dame speech last fall, Carter pointed out not only that there were "Jews who want to leave the Soviet Union" but also that "there are five million Baptists in the Soviet Union who felt the pressure because of their religious commitments.") This adviser continued, "So it was a beautiful campaign issue, an issue on which there was a real degree of public opinion hostile to the Administration. That's actually how it started for Carter. I don't think the people who were putting the issue of human rights before Carter at the time realized how receptive he would be for personal reasons." Another of his then-and-current policy advisers told me, "It gave us a club that he could use against Ford for not enforcing it and against the Russians for not living up to it." Powell says, "The thing sort of evolved as opportunities presented themselves." Still, Carter did not make all that much use of the human-rights issue between the time of the debate and Election Day.

SOME officials now say that there seems to have been an assumption in the inner circle of the Carter group during the transition that human rights would be one of the themes of the Carter Administration. The people who had pressed the subject on Carter were brought into the Administration. While Cyrus Vance, who had been chosen as Secretary of State, was still in New York before the Inauguration, he saw the Soviet dissident writer Andrei Amalrik. "And there was talk then," says one of Vance's aides, "that our foreign policy had to draw strength from the moral feeling of the people, its innate sense of decency." Carter himself made a point of inserting language on the subject in his Inaugural Address—"Because we are free we can never be indifferent to the fate of freedom elsewhere," and also, "Our commitment to human rights must be absolute." Not long ago, I asked Powell when it became clear that human rights would be a major theme of the new



Administration, and he replied, "I can't put my finger on it, but it seemed an outgrowth of our basic assumptions. And if you think, as we observed in the campaign, that any form of détente, or getting a SALT agreement, had to be accompanied by something like this, then it was obvious we had to do something about it. I've been somewhat surprised at the Russian reaction on this—why they're going through such grief on it. What was carried through from the campaign into the Administration was the feeling that this country had been on the defensive for too long, and it was time to claim the offensive. Our SALT proposals were an attempt to do that, and the human-rights offensive certainly was. Both have a sort of psychological effect to them. This country had been back on its heels for so long. We got the impression from two years of travelling around the country of a feeling worse than ennui, of a feeling that time was working against us. That's a very debilitating position for dealing in any sort of relationship. What we're doing has been interpreted by some as Cold Warriorism, but it's not that at all. We're not embarked on a policy that is intended to threaten the Soviet Union's vital and fundamental interests. It's an attempt to alter the situation to a more balanced relationship. What nobody could predict was that an opportunity would present itself to make the point so dramatically so early."

The opportunity, of course, was the letter from Andrei Sakharov, the Soviet nuclear physicist and dissident leader, to President Carter, which reached the White House on January 28th. In his letter, Sakharov called Carter's attention to various deprivations of human rights in the Soviet Union, and asked for his help in the cases of several political prisoners. It will remain one of the accidents of history that the arrival on the scene of an Administration committed to reinjecting a feeling of moral purpose into our foreign policy, determined—as new Administrations are wont to be—to set itself apart from its predecessor, calculating that a moral component was essential to other foreign-policy purposes coincided with events elsewhere that forced the issue. The inclusion of Basket Three in the Helsinki agreement was having, for both East and West, unanticipated consequences. It got into the Helsinki agreement in the first place as a defensive response on the part of the United States and the Western European nations to continued Soviet pressure throughout the

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nineteen-sixties for a European security conference to settle the matter of postwar borders. The West finally agreed to the conference, one condition being that human rights be a part of the agenda. The Soviets accepted the condition apparently because they were confident that they could handle the matter, that it wasn't legally binding, and that, in any event, they were getting important things in return. But, as matters turned out, the Helsinki agreement provided a rallying point for the Soviet dissident movement, which had been demoralized and was divided into several factions. In the Soviet Union, Alexander Ginzburg, a writer, Yuri Orlov, a physicist, and others set up a group to monitor Soviet compliance with the Helsinki agreement, and it established links with nationalist groups in various parts of the Soviet Union, such as the Ukraine, Lithuania, Armenia, and Georgia (the Helsinki agreement also recognized "the legitimate interests" of cultural minorities), and with Jewish activists seeking to emigrate. Some people in our government think that the Soviet government views the nationalist movement as a far greater danger than the dissident movement and that this link appeared especially menacing. In early February of 1977, the Soviet government began arresting leaders of the Helsinki monitoring group, including Orlov and Ginzburg. (More recently, Ukrainian leaders of the monitoring group were convicted and sentenced to prison.) So it happened that the Soviet government cracked down on the revived dissident movement just as the Carter Administration took office. And Sakharov's letter was sitting on the President's desk, and had been released to the public.

"We had to define where we stood," says one of the President's foreign-policy advisers. "We were confronted with it right away. There were questions about whether we were going to respond. We recognized the fact that that question had a lot of overtones, was politically charged. Sakharov, in the wake of the political arrests, was concerned for his own safety, and we were, too. And so we wrote a letter, sent it to Sakharov, and said that he could make it public." The letter, which Sakharov made public in Moscow on February 17th, had been decided upon by the President, Brzezinski, and Vance after a number of meetings and several drafts. Care was taken to couch the President's response in terms of broad principles, to talk of "prisoners of conscience" rather than "political prison-

ers," to cast it in a wider framework than the Soviet Union. (In the meantime, in late January the State Department charged Czechoslovakia with violating the Helsinki accord by arresting and harassing signers of "Charter 77," a document petitioning the Czechoslovak government for the rights outlined in the Helsinki accord.) In early February, Carter sent signals both to the Soviet leaders and to the American public when he said at a news conference that he had "made clear directly in communication to Mr. Brezhnev and in my meeting with Ambassador Dobrynin [Anatoly Dobrynin, the Soviet Ambassador to the United States] that I was reserving the right to speak out strong and forcefully whenever human rights are threatened—not every instance, but when I think it is advisable." He went on, "This is not intended as a public-relations attack on the Soviet Union, and I would hope that their leaders could recognize the American people's deep concern about human rights. . . . I regret very deeply the fact that the Soviet Union has now incarcerated Mr. Ginzburg, who has been one of the leaders in the Soviet Union in representing the case of the dissidents. But I can't go in with armed forces and try to change the internal mechanism of the Soviet government."

One Presidential aide, speaking about the Sakharov letter, says, "Not to have responded would have caused us even greater problems. It would have said to the Soviet Union and the United States that we were going to behave the way the previous Administration behaved." Another says, "The Sakharov letter was dictated by Solzhenitsyn." Still another says, "We hadn't really thought through the overall policy of the extent to which we would respond to individual cases, or whether it would help. If it hadn't been for those arrests at the outset, I don't know how it all would have started. This hasn't been explained very well. They forced us." Still, the impact of the letter to Sakharov was so great as to have apparently taken the Administration by surprise. One of the President's closest associates says, "The Sakharov incident taught us how intense the feeling is on the subject."

Then there was the visit to Washington in early March by the dissident Vladimir Bukovsky, for which the White House conceived what it believed to be an adroit strategy of having him meet with Vice-President Mondale and only briefly with the President, and to avoid having his picture taken with the President. (Some Administra-

tion officials say that the meeting with Bukovsky, "downplayed" as it may have been, made the Soviet Union angrier than the letter to Sakharov did.) In March, Carter said in a speech to the United Nations, "No member of the United Nations can claim that mistreatment of its citizens is solely its own business." One foreign-policy official says, "I know there was no specific planning for a particular human-rights campaign or program, such as it is. I think then fate intervened—happencence things, letters—that blew the issue up unexpectedly. I'm persuaded they were not part of a deliberate attempt to seek out opportunities, but they drew such enormous attention and acclaim—especially from the right. That was useful. It gave the President maneuvering room." The Administration had to respond to previously enacted mandates by the Congress, and it also felt compelled to show that we weren't just picking on the Soviet Union. "The whole thing," says one of the President's foreign-policy advisers, "sort of acquired a dynamic of its own."

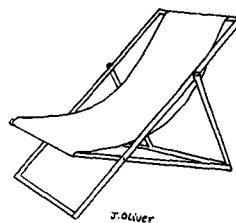
And it suited Jimmy Carter very well. A number of people I spoke with recently about the human-rights issue suggested that the importance of the moral streak in Carter should not be underestimated. He did go about his campaign quoting a line from Reinhold Niebuhr: "The sad duty of politics is to establish justice in a sinful world." (And he used it as an epigraph for his autobiography, "Why Not the Best?") One aide told me that Carter was influenced on this issue by "having seen heaven and earth move in the South as a result of the civil-rights movement," and another, who is very close to Carter, said that he was not asserting that there was an analogy to the civil-rights movement, but kept drawing such analogies. Carter himself drew the analogy in the Notre Dame speech on human rights last fall, saying, as he often said last year, "The best thing that ever happened to the South in my lifetime was the passage of the civil-rights acts." (It is doubtful that Carter could have become President if it hadn't been for those laws, which made it possible for a Southern politician to be acceptable nationally.) He went on to say, "The world looks for leadership. . . . I would like to see the world's leadership vacuum filled without domination but with inspiration from our own country." The human-rights issue

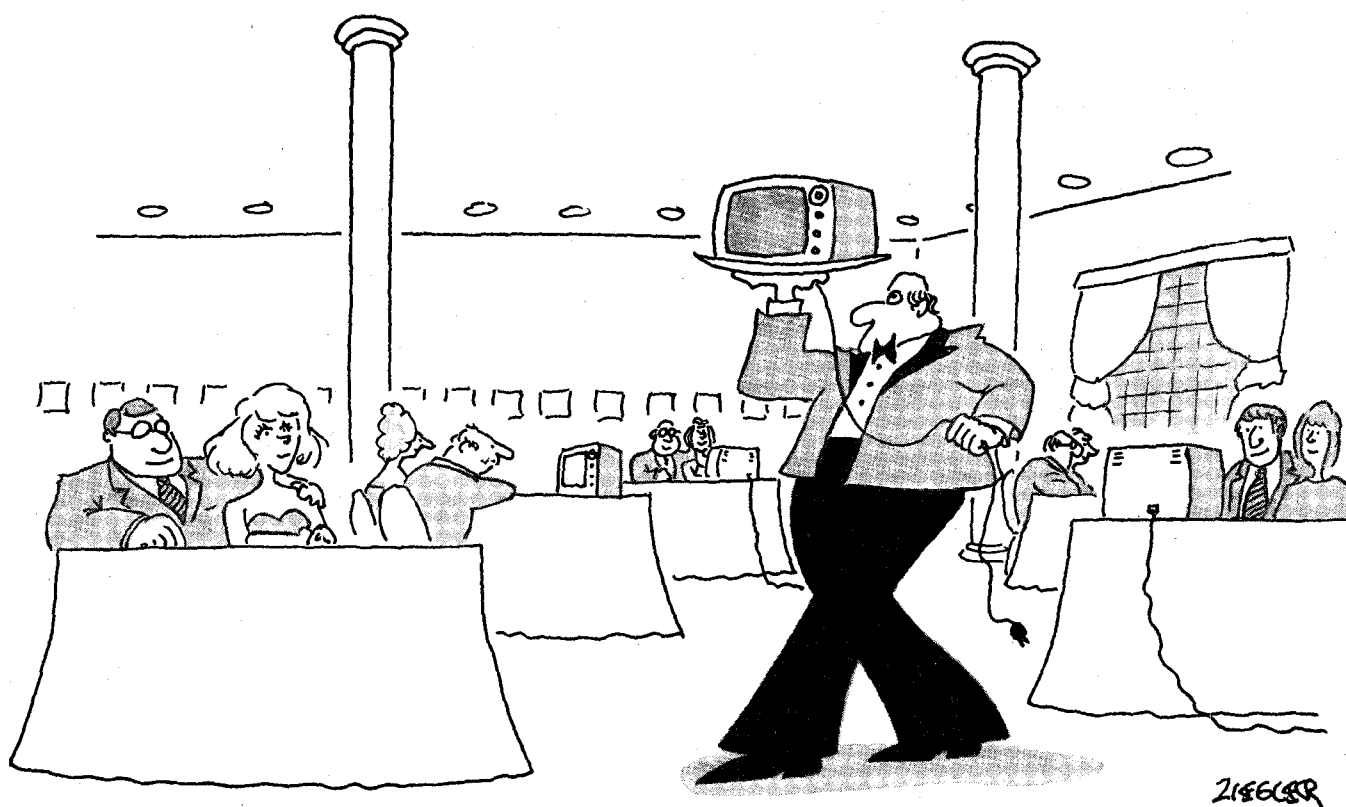
was a perfect prescription for making the country feel better about itself, as he had promised he would. Jody Powell says, "If we can't be for that, what the hell can we be for?" And the human-rights issue not only suited Carter the moralist and would-be leader of the world on the subject—it suited Carter the astute politician. "That's Jimmy's political shrewdness," one of his advisers told me. "The human-rights issue helps him with the Jews if he has to bring pressure on Israel; it helps him with the right; it helps him on the SALT issue; it helps him in the South; it helps him with the Baptists. And he also happens to believe in it. And he won't be deterred."

HAVING arrived, through a variety of circumstances, at a policy idea, the Administration's next problems were to define it, to find methods of implementing it, and to reconcile it with various conflicting goals. And all this was complicated from the outset by the fact that in recent years Congress, largely in reaction to Kissinger's policies, had begun the practice of enacting legislation to force human-rights considerations into foreign policy. It was also clear that, despite the fact that Jimmy Carter had seized upon the issue—in some instances, for the very reason that Jimmy Carter had seized upon the issue—many members of Congress, out of a variety of motivations, did not intend to relax their pressure on the executive branch for a strong human-rights policy. "Moreover," one State Department official said to me not long ago, "having got in so deeply on human rights vis-à-vis the Soviet Union, we had to respond to liberal pressure, and figure out how to formulate an approach on human rights elsewhere."

We figured that the best way to deal with the Congress was to preempt it, to prove our good intentions. But some of us realized from the outset the practical difficulties of weaving this value into the conduct of our bilateral relations."

One early set of decisions the newcomers faced was what to do about military assistance to various nations. For one thing, the Administration had to submit its proposed changes in the Ford budget for the next fiscal year by late February. In earlier years, Congress had ordered specific cuts in military assistance to Korea, Chile, and Uruguay on human-rights grounds, and had required the reduction or



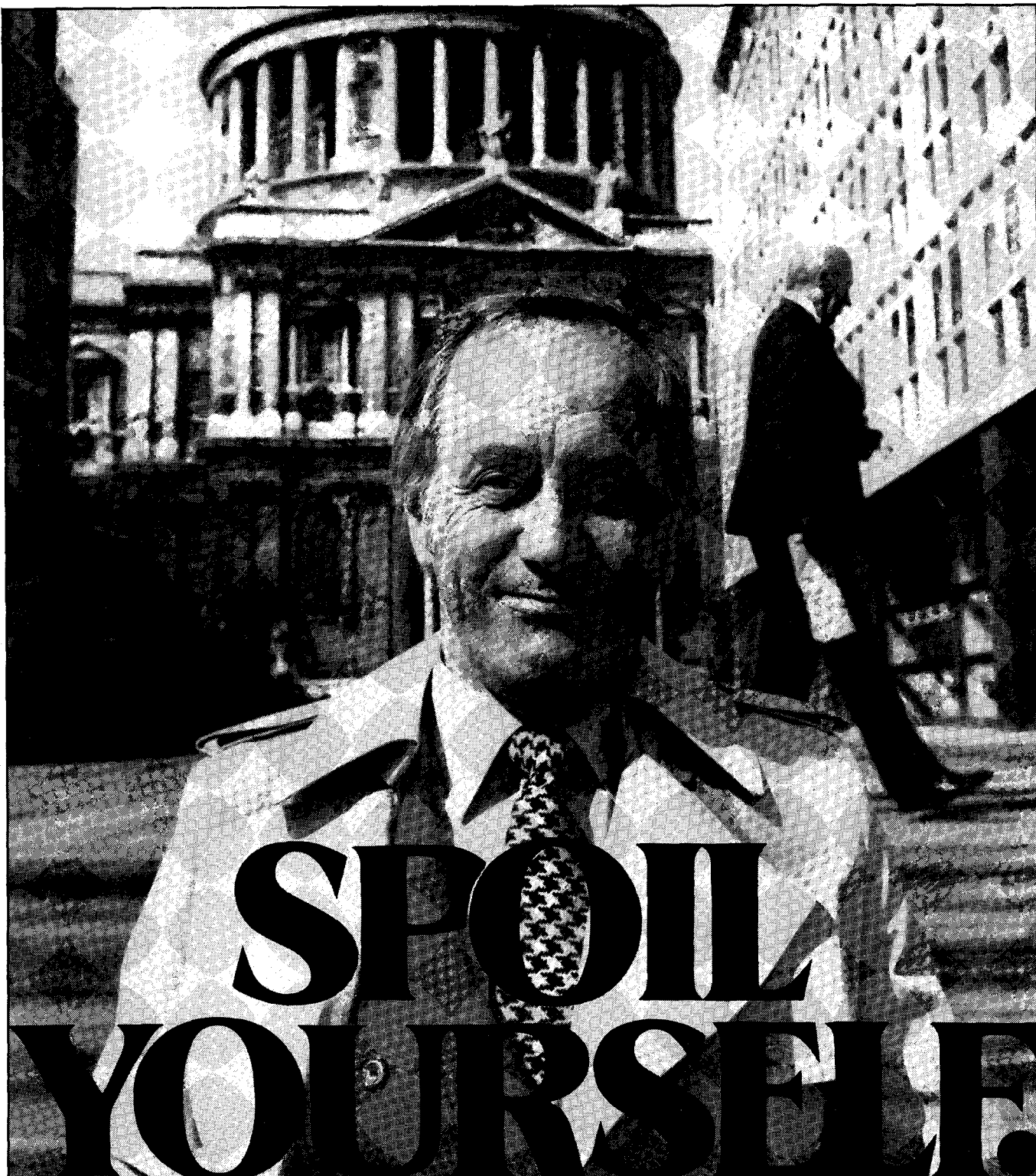


termination of military assistance and the termination of economic assistance to any country that consistently violated internationally recognized human rights. Last year, Congress required the State Department to file an annual report on the human-rights practices of each country that might receive military assistance, and it provided that by adoption of a joint resolution Congress could cut off military aid or arms sales to any government that engages in "a consistent pattern of gross violations of internationally recognized human rights." "We knew," one State Department official told me recently, "that Congress would come down hard on military assistance." The problem was that the new Administration had not yet arrived at a definition of what constituted violations of human rights, or figured out how to make the punishment fit the crime: how much to cut in retaliation for what sorts of violations. After a lengthy review, the Administration proposed cutting military assistance to only three nations: assistance to Uruguay and Ethiopia was eliminated—Congress was expected to eliminate aid to those countries anyway, so these cuts were considered "throw-aways"—and sales of weapons on credit to Argentina were cut in half. The cutting of military aid to several other countries was considered, among them a number of African nations (including Zaïre), Korea, the Philippines, and Brazil. "What happened," one State Department official who was involved in

this process explained to me, "was that if anyone, including one of the regional Assistant Secretaries or Habib [Philip Habib, the Under-Secretary of State for Political Affairs], put up a strong argument against zapping any of these countries, he won." Vance took the list of three, plus some alternatives, to the White House, and, though there was some concern on the part of the National Security Council staff that the list did not go far enough, the number of countries whose military aid was cut remained at three. As a result of these cuts, which were announced by Vance in late February, and also in reaction to the contents of the State Department report that had been mandated by Congress on the status of human rights in individual countries, a number of countries—Argentina, Brazil, El Salvador, Guatemala, and Uruguay—rejected our aid to them.

The problem of defining a human-rights policy remained. The question was, as one official has said to me, "How do you express this value in tangible terms?" Speeches are often useful vehicles for organizing the thoughts of policymakers and establishing policy, and so an attempt was made to pin down the policy in a speech to be given by Vance at the University of Georgia Law School on April 30th. After much deliberation and struggle, State Department officials arrived at a definition of human rights to be put forward in that speech. They decided upon three categories. The first, and

most easily decided upon, was "the right to be free from governmental violation of the integrity of the person"—that is, from torture and other inhuman and degrading treatment, arbitrary arrest or imprisonment, the denial of a fair public trial, and also "invasion of the home." The second went beyond that to include "the right to the fulfillment of such vital needs as food, shelter, health care, and education." This section was considered very significant, and it established grounds for aiding regimes that might be failing to live up to the criteria of the first category. One State Department official told me recently, "There is a moral obscenity in letting a child starve because its parents' government is abusing human rights." Another official said, more bluntly, "Including economic rights allows us to support aid to repressive regimes." The third category of rights was "the right to enjoy civil and political liberties—freedom of thought, of religion, of assembly; freedom of speech; freedom of the press; freedom of movement both within and outside one's own country; freedom to take part in government." When I asked a State Department official about the sweeping nature of this definition, he replied, "My analysis was that you had to define each of those as worth working toward and also recognize that they would come at different stages in different countries." In order to deal with such hard cases as Korea, the drafters considered listing as one of the human rights the right to live



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in peace, but then rejected the idea. Vance's speech, which is taken as the definitive word at the State Department and is therefore worth some attention, went on, "In pursuing a human-rights policy, we must always keep in mind the limits of our power and of our wisdom. A sure formula for defeat of our goals would be a rigid, hubristic attempt to impose our values on others. . . . We must be realistic. Our country can only achieve our objectives if we shape what we do to the case at hand." He then listed some questions that must be applied to each case, having to do with the kind, the extent, and the trend of the violations of human rights; with whether our actions would improve matters or make them worse; with whether we were "sensitive to genuine security interests, realizing that outbreak of armed conflict or terrorism could in itself pose a serious threat to human rights;" and with whether taking action against a government that violated human rights might penalize the poor and hungry who had no responsibility for their government's policy. "No mechanistic formula produces an automatic answer," Vance said.

But the exercise of defining the principle of human rights and raising questions about how to apply it did not provide the answers. One State Department official recently said to me, "We still haven't worked out our tactics very well yet." By all accounts, one of the most difficult questions in the early period was what to do in instances of development-loan applications made by various nations to multinational lending institutions. The United States had been encouraging the formation of such institutions, of which there are now six, and it channels about a third of its economic assistance to developing nations through them. The idea had been to spread to other nations some of the responsibility for such development assistance, to shift from the United States to international civil servants some of the burden of trying to change recipient nations' economic policies, and also to try to reduce the political freight that Congress had begun to attach to the increasingly unpopular bilateral foreign-aid program. But the banks, for the very reason that they were less subject to our control, were not very popular with Congress, either, and, inevitably, they did not remain immune to policy directives by Congress. Last year, Congress added language specifying that in the cases of the Inter-American Development Bank and the African Development Fund the United States was

directed to vote against loans to any country "which engages in a consistent pattern of gross violations of internationally recognized human rights," with the proviso that exceptions could be made if "such assistance will directly benefit the needy people in such country." (Actually, the United States does not by itself have the power to block loans by any of the six international institutions, except for loans made at the "soft terms" window at the Inter-American Development Bank. But matters are also settled in these institutions informally. Loans that might stir up too much fuss can be quietly shelved and never brought to a vote. And the United States, being a major contributor, is often considered by other members to have more power than it has votes.) The Administration was thus faced at the outset with the questions of how to meet that congressional mandate, establish its own good faith on the issue, and also ward off legislation—for which there was clear support in Congress—extending the human-rights proviso to our votes in the World Bank and the other international lending institutions. The existing restrictions on United States approval of multilateral loans has led to some fairly tortured reasoning within the executive branch. Last year, for example, the United States approved Inter-American Development Bank loans to Chile to provide a rural irrigation system and potable-water supply on the ground that those projects would benefit needy people, and voted against one that would have gone to the Bank of Chile for an industrial credit program; and at the same time the American representatives made sure that there would be sufficient votes to make the loan to the Bank of Chile. Early this year, the Carter Administration formed an interagency committee to devise a policy on how to

apply human-rights criteria to the various forms of American foreign assistance. The first issues arose in connection with loans by international finance institutions ("Iffies" in government parlance). One of the officials involved, speaking of the committee's deliberations, said to me recently, "Those discussions have shown how difficult it is." There was, for example, the problem of Ethiopia. The Ethiopian military regime, headed by Lieutenant Colonel Mengistu Haile Mariam, which overthrew Haile Selassie (long America's ally and beneficiary) in 1974, is generally agreed to be among the more brutally repressive regimes in the world. Ethiopia had applied to the World Bank for two loans—one for an irrigation project and one for a road-building program. The thinking among the government officials deliberating in the interagency committee was that while the human-rights policies of the Ethiopian government were about as bad as any in the world, and were getting worse, an irrigation project might well meet human needs. The road project presented more problems: if its purpose was to build high-speed highways capable of accommodating military forces, that would be one thing; if it resulted in roads by which farmers could get their produce to markets, that would be another. The policymakers concluded that the road project did have what one termed "a high country-road content." He explained, "You could argue plausibly that we should vote no, on grounds of their human-rights policy, or vote yes, on 'needy people' grounds." Some of those involved in the deliberations argued that there were still a number of Americans in Ethiopia and that we must, as one put it, "calibrate whether a no vote would have an adverse effect on Americans there." Our embassy in Ethiopia had said that it would be concerned for the safety of Americans there if the United States was too harsh on the Ethiopian government. The committee's decision was for the United States to abstain. The loans went through.

MEANWHILE, the Administration was trying to head off a congressional attempt to mandate the human-rights criterion for all the international finance institutions, in a bill authorizing funds for them. Representative Henry Reuss, a Wisconsin Democrat, who is chairman of the House Banking, Currency and Housing Committee, and in the past a strong supporter of human rights, tried to draft a hu-



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man-rights amendment that would give the Administration some leeway on the issue. But the Administration at first opposed even that amendment. Reuss received letters from Deputy Secretary of State Warren Christopher and from Zbigniew Brzezinski ("As we work to formulate a coordinated and comprehensive international effort, we would like to work closely with you and keep you fully apprised of our thinking. While our efforts to plan within the U.S. Government and to obtain support from other nations may take a bit more time, I am convinced that these efforts will result in an effective and sustainable policy"). What one State Department official termed "rather tense" discussions went on between the Administration officials and members of Congress. In the course of these discussions, the Administration found itself in a most awkward position: arguing for "flexibility"—a term that had for human-rights advocates an unfortunate resonance from the Kissinger era and was a red flag to Congress. For some members of the new team, this was simply a matter of assuming the apparently natural posture of executive officials. Several were genuinely concerned about our making a unilateral amendment to multilateral

compacts. Some worried that we might contribute to the politicization of international bodies that we had struggled to make apolitical. Some honestly felt that having greater flexibility gave them more leverage for pressuring loan applicants to improve their record on human rights. "Honest men can differ as to the best approach," says one of the new officials. "Frankly, this is an area where we are all feeling our way." When these officials said, as they did, that quiet pressure may be effective, they knew that this sounded like Kissinger's espousal of "quiet diplomacy"—a concept they had come to believe stood for doing nothing—and some felt wounded that they weren't being trusted to be different from their predecessors. "The hard thing is to get across to the liberals that it's really different," one of the new State Department officials says. "Give us time, give us the benefit of the doubt. It's us down here now."

"What we find here," says one House man, "is the usual Administration-versus-Congress argument, with the Administration saying 'Give us flexibility and we will go forth and do good' and the Hill saying 'We don't trust you bastards; we're going to write it into law.'" But there were those in Congress—like Donald Fraser,

a Minnesota Democrat and a leader of earlier fights to enact human-rights legislation—who felt that the new Administration should be given a chance. Finally, the Administration agreed to back the Reuss language, which it regarded as preferable to an absolute mandate to vote no on human-rights grounds. But on April 6th, Reuss's language was roundly beaten on the House floor, and replaced by a provision extending the human-rights mandate to all the international financial institutions. The amendment was sponsored by Herman Badillo, Democrat of New York, and Thomas Harkin, Democrat of Iowa. Harkin, who is thirty-seven, is a former congressional staff member who discovered the "tiger cages" in South Vietnam, and since being elected to Congress he has been a prime mover behind human-rights amendments.

This one was supported on the House floor by a coalition that included liberals dedicated to the cause of human rights and suspicious of the Administration's requests for flexibility, people who wanted to hoist Jimmy Carter on his own rhetoric, people who wanted to strike a pose, people who (according to their own explanations to me later) hadn't thought about it much one way or the other, conservatives (including some on the far right) who are opposed to any form of foreign aid, a few Democrats who represent districts where organized labor is particularly strong and who fear that foreign assistance leads to low-wage imports, and representatives (mainly from the South and the Southwest) who were seeking protection against the importation of palm oil, sugar, or citrus fruits. In order to insure passage of their amendment, human-rights advocates struck a bargain on the House floor, adding a proviso that United States representatives to international financial institutions must oppose any assistance for expanding production of palm oil, sugar, or citrus fruits if the expansion might result in competition with such crops in the United States.

On June 14th, the Senate debated

COME DINE WITH KINGS



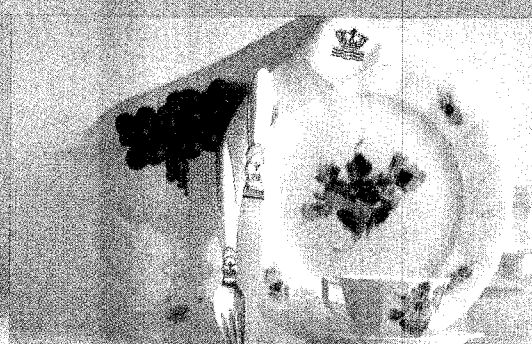
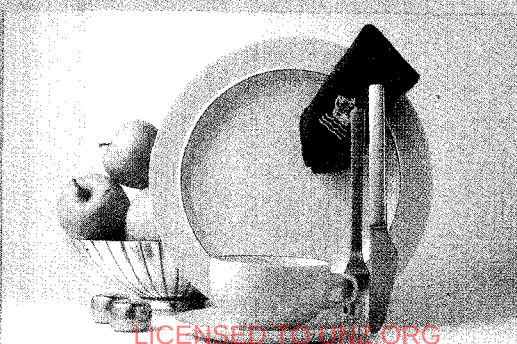
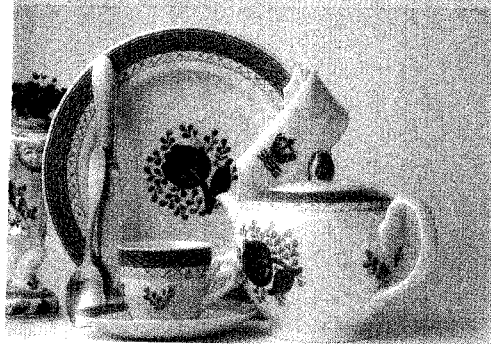
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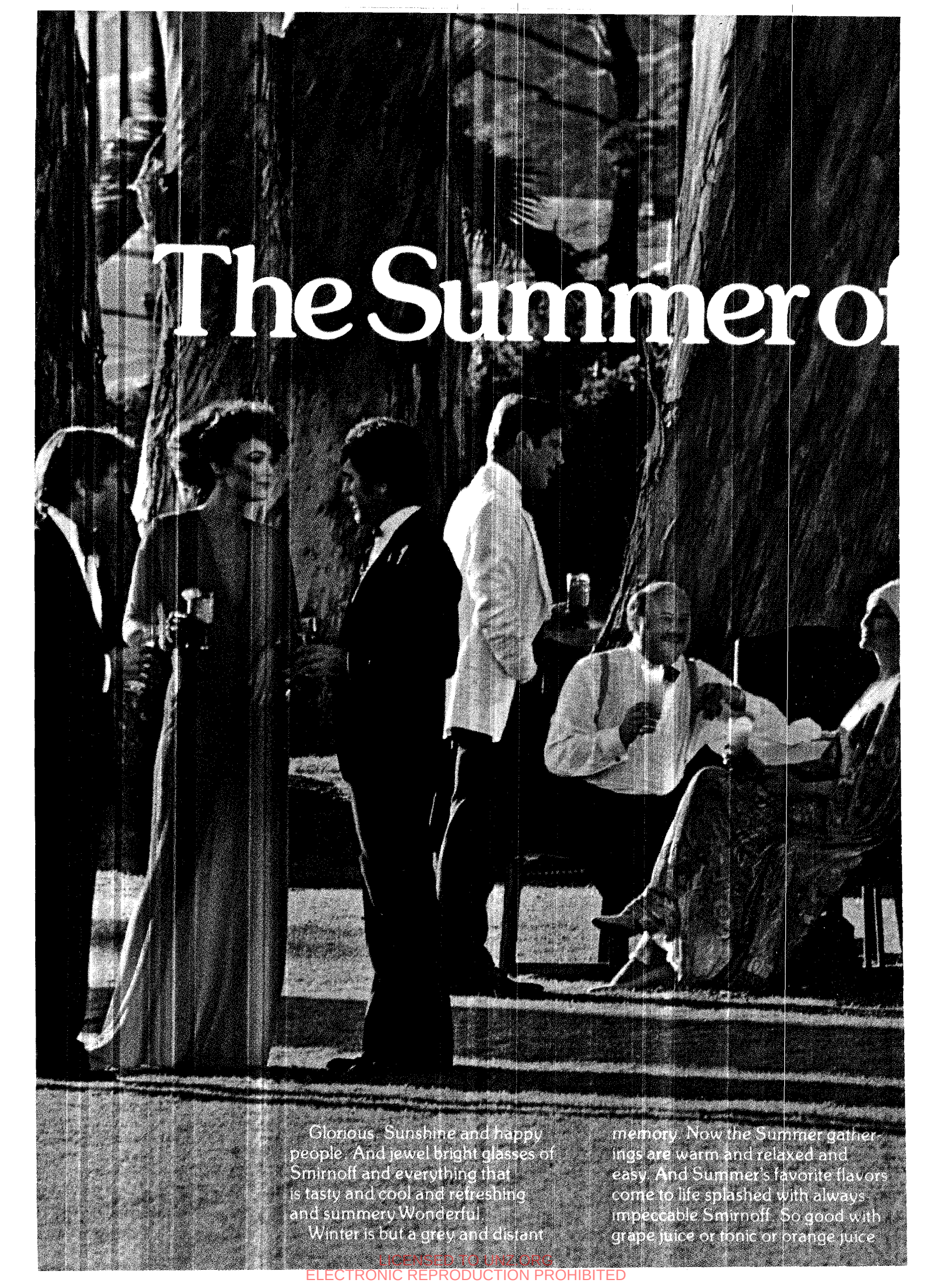
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the bill authorizing funds for the international financial institutions. The Senate Foreign Relations Committee had already deleted the Badillo-Harkin amendment mandating a no vote unless the project met "basic human needs," and had substituted the one the Administration had backed in the House. On the floor, Senator James Abourezk, Democrat of South Dakota, offered the stricter language that had been adopted by the House, and Hubert Humphrey led the fight for the Administration, which is depending on him to carry its burdens through what it is now clear will be a large number of foreign-policy battles. Senate leaders have warned Carter that his attempts to get a SALT agreement, negotiate a Panama Canal treaty, move toward more normal relations with Cuba and Vietnam, and seek ratification of the United Nations Genocide Convention are causing strains on the right and that the right will retaliate, and some urged him to get his priorities straight. (The Genocide Convention, outlawing genocide within nations, was drawn up in 1948 but has been opposed by conservatives as threatening a diminution of sovereignty and has therefore never been ratified by the United States. But it is considered the "granddaddy" of human-rights agreements, and the Administration wants it ratified.) In addition, there will be the usual range of difficulties with the routine legislation covering economic and military assistance. And so Humphrey, who has undoubtedly fought his last fight for the Presidency and is now waging a battle with cancer, is doing what he can for the man who ended his Presidential hopes. Moreover, Humphrey, like several of his colleagues on the Foreign Relations Committee, often tries to take what he believes to be the "responsible" stand—often a bipartisan stand—on foreign policy. Younger, more restive members of Congress, whom the Vietnam war and other events left almost incurably suspicious of executive authority, are

wary of any such "responsible" approach. And, just as other congressional committees appear to take on the coloration of the areas of government over which they have jurisdiction, the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, in the view of some members of Congress, conjures up a faint spectre of striped pants. While this characterization is not entirely fair—some of the stiffest opposition to the war in Southeast Asia came from the Foreign Relations Committee—it does carry some weight on Capitol Hill.

In the Senate debate, Humphrey explained that the new language instructed our representatives at all international finance institutions to "use their voice and vote to channel aid to countries that are not violating human rights" but that it did not "mandate a no vote." He explained, "It was the feeling of the committee that a mandated no vote is counterproductive." Then he went through the points in favor of his side of the argument, including many "talking points" that the State Department had forwarded to Capitol Hill for use in the debate. Humphrey said that the United States did not have enough votes to stop loans anyway. He said, "The committee said that mandated language which is

in the bill from the House is ineffective, that we feel our representative on these bank boards should be able to try to negotiate with the other members of the board, try to direct the funds to those countries that most need them in terms of the development of their economies, try to use the leverage we have to get some changes in the human-rights issue in the recipient countries, and it has worked in some instances." Carter had told members of Congress that when several new ambassadors from foreign countries presented their credentials to him at the White House, they gave him lists of political prisoners that their countries had released. He had also told a meeting of several members of Congress involved in foreign policy, according to some present, that Paraguay had reported an improvement in its treatment of citizens and had invited an international inspection team to check on this. He reported that Peru was going to release some prisoners and that it would not have agreed to do so if we had treated it too harshly. The President had also told the members of Congress that some foreign leaders say they can take more steps to improve human-rights conditions if our government does not pressure them so publicly.

Alan Cranston, the Senate Whip, told me on the day of the debate that he was less worried about the human-rights amendment than about Robert Dole's amendment to prohibit U.S. participation in any multilateral aid to Vietnam, Laos, or Cambodia. Vietnam is developing into an extremely emotion-ridden foreign-policy issue this year. As Cranston explained it, that's because "it's the first war we ever lost." One of the arguments in the debate was between those who say that Congress should not give a President so much discretion and those who say that this depends on who is President. Cranston said, "I was for being tough when we had an Administration that wasn't doing anything about human rights,



but now that we have an Administration that's really trying, if they want flexibility they should have flexibility."

Abourezk, on the other hand, explained in a conversation I had with him off the Senate floor that he was pushing for his amendment because the compromise language left too much latitude. He said, "The position of the President is that we are going to be very tough on governments that violate the human rights of their citizens. That's the announced stand. Announcing doesn't do much good unless you back it up. If you allow too much discretion to the bureaucracy, they tend to go along with their international friends and find some reason not to vote no. They're being very selective. It seems that while the President's words sound very beautiful, after the announcements nothing really happens." Abourezk, who is forty-six, is retiring from the Senate next year, after one term, and is inclined in any event toward bluntness. "Administration figures have other considerations," he told me. "While they talk a good game, their considerations are consolidating their power around the world. They'll say anything is strategically important. So they'll let human rights go by the board if necessary. It's not a question of not trusting them. It's a question of understanding their motives."

On the Senate floor, Abourezk, a stocky man with longish dark hair and dark-rimmed glasses, said that it seemed to him that his amendment was "the thing the Administration would want." He pointed out that four countries whose bilateral aid we have cut—Argentina, Chile, Ethiopia, and Uruguay—will receive funds from the World Bank, and asserted that this was "a complete contradiction [and] double standard which we ought not be engaging in." He said, "I think if the President enunciates a policy on human rights, the Congress ought to back him up and make certain the Administration is very serious about what they say is their policy."

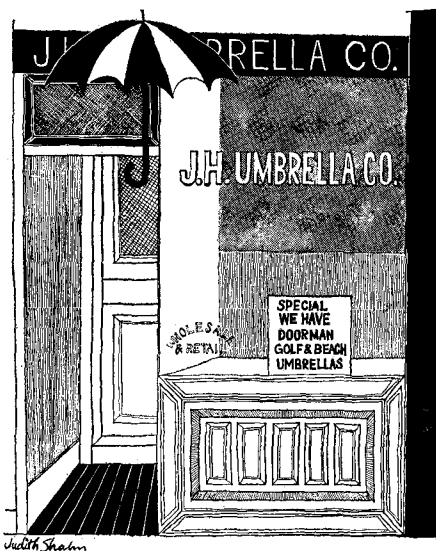
The vote on the Abourezk amendment showed the same coalition of right and left that had turned up in the House on the side of tough legislation on human rights, and it was a lot closer than had been anticipated. As the roll was called, Humphrey and Cranston began to look worried. The Administration had been expected to win easily. At length, the amendment was defeated, but by only seven votes. Jesse Helms, the very conservative Republican from North Carolina, who has ex-

pressed concern that the Administration has been too strict with right-wing regimes and not strict enough with left-wing ones, voted with Abourezk. So did a number of other conservatives, among them James Allen, of Alabama, and Harry Byrd, of Virginia, and Strom Thurmond, of South Carolina. Edward Kennedy, after several days of apparent indecision and a lot of importuning from both sides, voted no. Some Republicans voted yes in an apparent attempt to embarrass Carter. (The Dole amendment on loans to Vietnam, Laos, and Cambodia was adopted.)

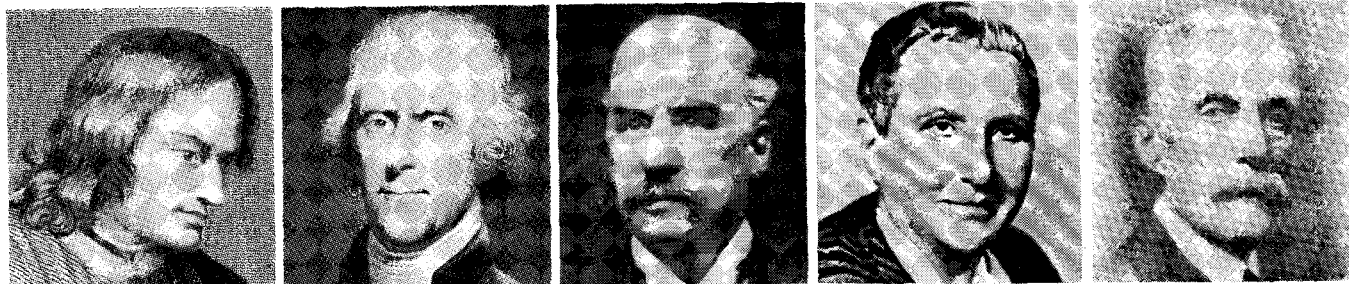
It was clear from this debate and from a number of other events on Capitol Hill that Carter, far from preempting Congress on the issue of human rights, had spurred it. At the same time that the Senate was deliberating the bill on multilateral aid, the House Appropriations Committee cut all military assistance for Nicaragua (a move that was opposed by the Administration, which lobbied, successfully, to reverse it on the House floor) and cut all remaining military credit sales to Argentina. (The Administration had sought only to reduce them.) In addition, the committee approved merely a small cut in military aid to the Philippines, having been persuaded by the State Department that the Philippines were cooperating in the human-rights effort. The committee also went beyond the Administration's wishes in cutting all credit sales to Brazil, Guatemala, and El Salvador, and prohibited any military or economic assistance to Vietnam, Laos, Cambodia, and Uganda. The full House went further still, and prohibited multilateral as well as bilateral assistance for Vietnam, Laos, Cambodia, and Uganda, and also Cuba, Mozambique, and Angola. The Senate, on the day after

its voting on the multilateral aid, eliminated all forms of military assistance and sales to Argentina (but, at the Administration's request, delayed the effectiveness of this action). Sponsors of that move agreed after discussions with the Administration to go after Argentina only, and not Nicaragua. The difficulty in making rational decisions on this issue is illustrated by the fact that a House committee member explained to me that his committee's action was based on its having more information on Nicaragua than on Argentina, while a Senate aide informed me that the Senate had acted as it had because it possessed more information on Argentina than on Nicaragua. (Most of the information on human rights which does not come from the government comes from church groups and such organizations as Amnesty International.) Also at the same time that the Senate was voting on the international finance institutions, a House subcommittee that had held a hearing earlier in the year on Indonesian treatment of the citizens of East Timor was holding a hearing, which induced a fistfight in the audience, over human rights in Taiwan. Burton Levin, the head of the State Department's Taiwan desk, told the subcommittee, "While reports of torture and harassment persist, they have been less frequent in recent years."

IN the midst of all this, the Administration was still searching for a human-rights policy. There had been a number of early setbacks, and some lessons had been learned. There was a deliberate attempt prior to Secretary Vance's first trip to Moscow—late in March, for the SALT talks—to moderate the rhetoric aimed at the Soviet Union, and the Soviets were also assured privately that our human-rights effort was not going to be directed solely at the Soviet Union, and that we did not intend to disrupt United States-Soviet relations. The President's public denunciation of Idi Amin's human-rights record in a February 23rd press conference was followed by an announcement by Amin that Americans would not be able to leave the country (the crisis was resolved rather quickly) and by silence about Idi Amin on the part of the President. There was the problem in mid-March of justifying the sending of military equipment to Zaïre, not simply because the action touched post-Vietnam nerves but because the best that the State Department could report about Zaïre's human-rights rec-



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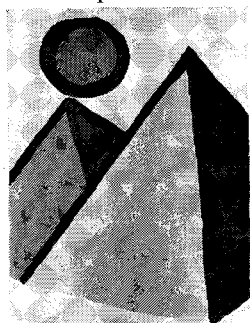
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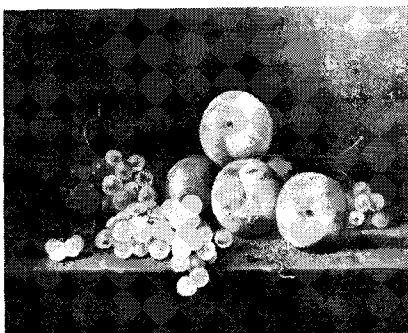
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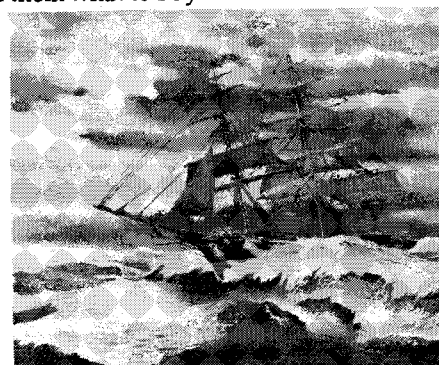
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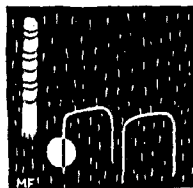
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ord was that "generally... after interrogation nonpolitical prisoners are not subject to repeated beatings." Early in his Administration, the President listed as one of the conditions for restoration of diplomatic relations with Cuba that Cuba return to "the former relationship that existed in Cuba toward human rights," but after officials got word to him that this seemed to suggest that the regime of Fulgencio Batista represented the good old days, he changed his way of talking about that matter.

Having, as one White House aide remarked to me, "drifted into the subject," the White House National Security Council staff ordered an inter-agency policy-review memorandum in May on human rights—Vance's speech notwithstanding. One White House aide said to me recently, "Vance's speech didn't advance the thinking within the Administration, but it helped people on the outside." A State Department man told me, "We've been totally ad hoc on the matter." Even the drafting of the request for the policy review took several weeks and was more difficult than such an exercise normally is: Administration officials spent an unusual amount of time trying to decide on the right questions to ask. The problem, as one member put it, was how to get beyond the philosophical questions, which would bring back abstract replies. The N.S.C. staff itself had a discussion at one of its weekly meetings of what human rights means in different parts of the world, of Confucian philosophy and Islamic philosophy and Latin-American cultures. One participant told me not long ago, "We came out that some things are obvious and there is a lot of gray area, that you have to work in the gray area, but you need flexibility." He went on, "It's pretty easy to say torture, political imprisonment, arbitrary murder violate human rights. Beyond that, you start getting into important political areas. Some say it begins at breakfast, it's having jobs. Then you get into arguments about trade-offs: liberty versus having a job. There is the question of whether emigration is a crucial human right. Even if you could establish a natural law of human rights—and there is a bit of natural law—there are other considerations of value to us: a country whose security is at issue. And there is also the problem of knowing whether what you're trying to do is going to be helpful. There is a problem in the whole notion that it's subject to anything other than an existential definition. It's a hard

problem for a bureaucracy to come to grips with. It's a hard subject for people to discuss collectively." The request for the policy-review memorandum was aimed at getting answers to such questions as: What, really, are our goals? What goals are realistic? What "time frames" should be considered? What tools do we have, and what are the pluses and minuses of using different kinds of tools in different contexts? What human rights do we care about? (One official says, "Whenever you draw up a list, someone has something to add.")

But, of course, the human-rights effort could not be suspended while the White House thrashed about to figure out what the questions were, let alone while the bureaucracy thrashed about to figure out the answers. "The hardest thing," one Administration official says, "was to get across to foreign countries that this was not a domestic political gimmick." Hence the continuing public statements by high-level officials, the attention given the subject by Mrs. Carter on her tour of Latin America in June. There were the continuing struggles—to an extent that had not been anticipated—with Congress. "The posturing in Congress forced our hand," one State Department man said to me recently. He acknowledged that not all "posturing" that achieves policy objectives is necessarily just "posturing," but he continued, "A member of Congress doesn't have to live with the consequences of, say, cutting off aid to the Philippines." And there was the problem of getting across to the bureaucracy that this was no passing whim of the President's. While officials at the top levels of the foreign-policy bureaucracy displayed some eagerness to, as one put it, "show that we are all on board," one gets varying reports on the receptivity down the ranks. It appears to differ from bureau to bureau in the State Department, the prime motivating force being the all but inevitable one of each bureau's wanting to protect its clients—in this case, the countries with which it works. "The State Department is a client-oriented building," one official told me recently (so are other departments' buildings, but that was not our subject), "and most people there don't want to have their clients beat up on. When it comes to questions of countries' internal controls, most ask, quite rightly, 'What good are these human-rights sanctions going to do in changing conditions in a given country?'" But some areas of the State



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Department have figured out, just as Washington lawyers often figure out, that the best course for their clients is not to resist but to cooperate as best they can—or, at least, give the appearance of cooperating as best they can—with government policy.

While the human-rights offensive involves just about everyone at the top levels of the State Department, the office with explicit responsibility for dealing with the issue is the office of Coördinator for Human Rights and Humanitarian Affairs, headed by Patricia Derian. Mrs. Derian, who grew up in Virginia, is a soft-spoken woman who came to national politics from a deep involvement in the civil-rights movement in Mississippi. Her office has been growing rapidly—last year it had two people and now there are ten—and this is the sort of thing, like her swearing-in by Carter himself, of which other bureaucrats take notice. One hears of attempts by some parts of the State Department to circumvent her, and there is a move on Capitol Hill to upgrade her status to that of an Assistant Secretary. ("We want to be sure that the other Assistant Secretaries talk to her," says a Senate aide.) A map behind her desk shows the number of refugees that are living in various countries around the world (two million, all of whom are receiving some sort of assistance). She attends high-level staff meetings and apparently has the prerogative of involving herself in just about any issue she chooses, and, naturally, she has a host of applicants, or supplicants, for her attention to specific human-rights problems around the world. One day recently she met with some women who represented the Northern Ireland Community of Peace People, a group trying to restore calm in their country. Sometimes she deals with the problems of reuniting particular families. For example, her office has concerned itself with the fact that the Soviet Union will not permit Rudolf Nureyev's mother to leave the country to visit him. When I asked Mrs. Derian not long ago to describe what, exactly, she and the Administration were trying to do, she replied, "The idea is to try to foster in what turns out to be a very repressive world an increased regard by governments for their citizens' human rights. Take torture. Torture should be unthinkable. On that matter, a goal that we have is to get into the conventional wisdom of the world the conclusion that torture is unacceptable in the same way that famine is unacceptable. Human rights

are civil and political and also economic. You don't think of them in terms of priorities but as all of them being on the same plane, moving at the same time."

THE difficulty in laying out a human-rights policy is that, as one Administration official puts it, "you're not dealing with a universe of enough of the same sorts of situations." It is this fact that draws such cross fire, and causes such confusion, on the subject—that gives the impression of inconsistency and encourages the idea that on this issue morality is indeed relative. There are the non-Communist countries, such as South Korea and the Philippines, that are heavily involved with us and over which we are presumed to have a good bit of what is commonly referred to as leverage. At the other end of the spectrum, there are such countries as Cambodia and North Korea, with which we have no relations and over which we have no leverage. There are the Third World countries in Africa and Latin America, which present varying kinds of problems among themselves. And then there is the Soviet Union, which is, in essence, a case apart.

The particular difficulty that the case of the Soviet Union presents has been evident in the fact that, as one of the President's advisers says, "Carter is all over the map on this one." His fluctuations have been attributed by Administration officials to a number of circumstances: that his advisers have differing views (Vance is depicted as more concerned with continuing a form of détente, and Brzezinski as having a more combative attitude); that Carter does not yet seem to have figured out how to balance his desire for a firm human-rights stand with his desire for a SALT agreement, and that there has been disagreement within the government over whether, or at what point, these two issues may be linked by the Soviets, even if they are not linked by us; and that there is also disagreement and some puzzlement within Administration councils over the cause-and-effect relationship between our human-rights activities and the continuing Soviet crackdown on dissidents. The President himself is said to be puzzled by this last question. When it comes up, Administration officials point out, somewhat defensively, that the dissidents continue to support our human-rights effort. (A trade-bill amendment by Senator Henry Jackson and Representative Charles Vanik in 1974 making the extension of benefits



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to the Soviet Union contingent on an increase in the emigration of Jews was followed by a Soviet rejection of the trade agreement and a decrease in such emigration.) One of the President's associates says that among the "mistakes" in the early period of our human-rights offensive was "to give the impression that it was an anti-Soviet policy." This man says, "Probably at the beginning we didn't realize the complexity of pursuing such a policy. It's very subtle, very complex. It has to be shaped to each society." The impression one gets from asking around the government is that while the connection between human rights and other objectives vis-à-vis the Soviet Union was considered at the outset, it was not considered very extensively.

Some officials began to argue fairly early not that the human-rights stand should be abandoned but that there had to be more careful thought about when the President himself would get involved, when the United States would say that it was concerned about Soviet actions, and how to avoid criticizing Brezhnev himself.

For some time, there was a view within the government that the human-rights offensive, as one official says, "implied a fundamental redefinition of the terms of the relationship" between the United States and the Soviet Union, and that this, plus the aggressively novel SALT proposal, which was put forward aggressively, did complicate the SALT negotiations. According to this view, the Soviets saw cause to wonder whether the whole purpose of our behavior was to put them on the defensive—and, according to the way some Administration officials talk, it was. But the prevailing view within the Administration—and the one that most officials were eager to impart—was that the human-rights effort would not affect the SALT negotiations. Then, in a talk with newspaper editors in late June, Carter suggested that it might be doing just that. "There has been a surprising adverse reaction in the Soviet Union to our stand on human rights," he said. "We have never singled them out. I think I have been quite reticent in trying to publicly condemn the Soviets." He said that his human-rights stand apparently "has provided a greater obstacle to other friendly pursuits, common goals, like in SALT, than I had anticipated." Carter has a way on occasion of simply saying what is on his mind, and in a sense he was stating the obvious. Still, a number

of Carter's associates were surprised at his remarks, and said that they did not represent the current conventional wisdom at the upper levels of his Administration. One official explains that while the human-rights policy has not affected the substance of the SALT negotiations, it has affected the "atmosphere," and that "there is a very elusive difference between substance and atmospherics but it is there." At the time of Carter's June remarks, the Administration was hoping that Carter and Brezhnev would meet before the



end of the year and that the meeting would not be dependent upon the reaching of a major agreement, such as SALT. At a press conference a few days later, Carter offered what aides described as "a clarification" of his

remarks to the editors. He said, "I see no relationship between the human-rights decision... and matters affecting... SALT negotiations." But a few days after that, Brezhnev made it clear that he was not interested in a summit until there was a SALT agreement.

"Linkage" between SALT and human rights could take a number of forms. While one of the (at least privately) acknowledged points of speaking out on human rights in the Soviet Union was to give the President "running room" on the right in the United States so that he could get approval of a SALT agreement, there was also the problem that if the Soviets responded with a crackdown on their dissidents, a SALT agreement might have more political difficulty here rather than less. Others argue that a SALT agreement would be more politically difficult to get approved under those circumstances if we were *not* taking a stiff position on human rights. Jody Powell says, "If our assumptions about public attitudes on SALT and détente are correct—and I think they are—if we are sitting with a gag in our mouth, that could make SALT more difficult on Capitol Hill." And the ultimate Russian reaction to our actions remains a matter of speculation. "No one knows how much latitude the Soviet Union is willing to give us," one official says.

Considerable push and pull within the government preceded a decision on how to approach the Belgrade conference of the thirty-five Helsinki signatories, the first phase of which began June 15th, to follow up on the progress on human rights made under the Helsinki agreement. The decision was, as

one official put it, "to have a frank exchange of views," but, as another said, "not to make too much of an issue of it." According to some officials, we have reached an understanding with the Soviet Union that we will state the human-rights principles and press for certain things, such as the reunification of families, but that neither side will raise such a fuss that the conference will fall apart. This country's overriding interest, the officials say, is to get in place a continuing Helsinki followup mechanism. Speaking of the Soviets' reaction, including their recent attacks on President Carter himself, one Presidential aide explained to me, "There is an element to this subject that can be described as ideological competition. What the Soviet Union is sensitive to is that for the first time since Vietnam we are in a position to compete ideologically with them." One theory within our government is that the Helsinki agreement, which just last year was an embarrassment to President Ford, has now become an embarrassment to Brezhnev, and that he is on the defensive about it within his government. Moreover, Carter himself talks publicly about competing with the Soviet Union for influence in various nations. I recently asked one foreign-policy adviser what, exactly, our goal was in terms of human rights in the Soviet Union. After some hesitation, he replied, "A great degree of responsiveness to certain moderate claims. We don't seek to make it a two-party democracy. We seek reunification of families, the right to marry foreign nationals, the right to leave the country, the right within certain limits to express opinions." Interestingly, when I asked him why we did not criticize the human-rights situation in China, he explained, "Human rights, to be an effective political process, has to have some domestic resonance in the country involved: there has to be a constituency for it within the country, and the regime has to be at a state where we could do something about it."

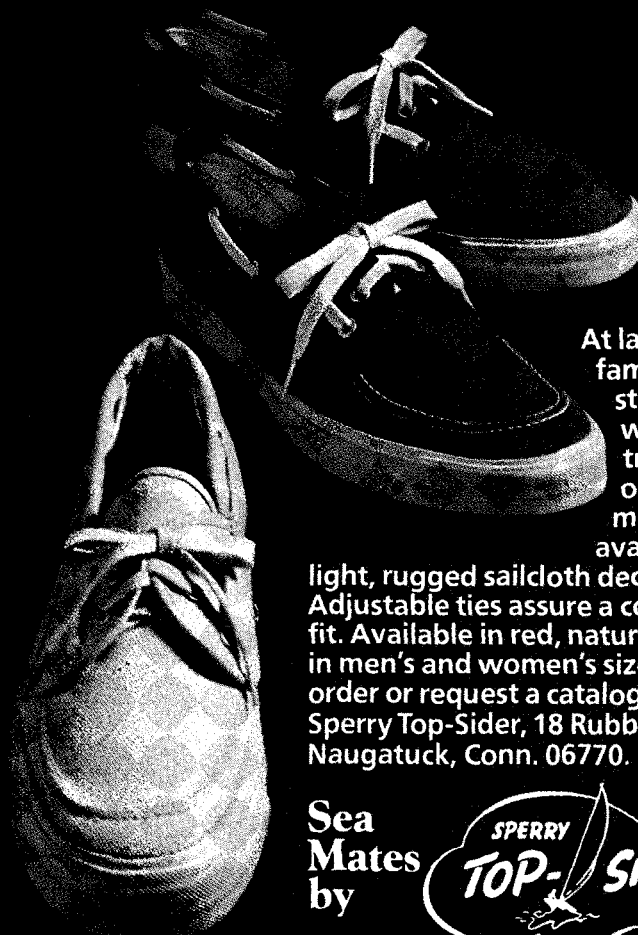
Dilemmas and internal debates have arisen over what to do in a number of other cases. In the case of Iran, the cause of human rights runs into the fact that the Shah is considered helpful to us in various ways: he helps us in meetings with the developing countries, he has a balanced position on the Arab-Israeli problem, and he acts with restraint on the matter of the price of oil. Moreover, Iran is considered important to us strategically against the Soviet Union. So, while the Administration decided

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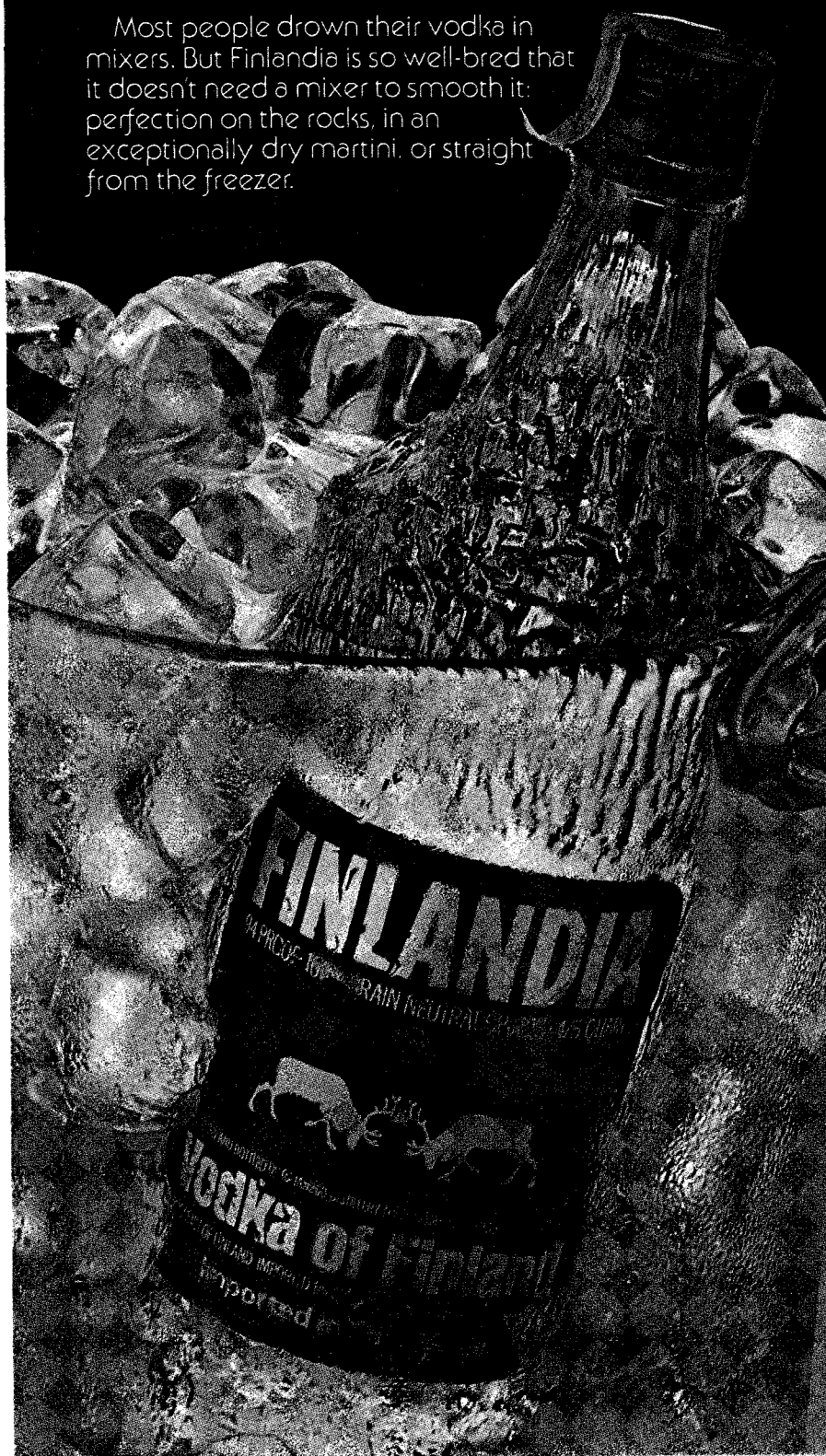
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early in the year that it would not produce F-18 fighter planes to sell to Iran, sales of other aircraft have continued, and in June it decided to go ahead with a plan to sell Iran sophisticated airborne radar equipment. Korea is described by officials as "a very tough case," because the Koreans are said to be particularly resistant to any sort of human-rights pressure, because the Administration has embarked on a policy of troop withdrawals which it has not linked to human rights, and because, as one official says, the South Koreans are considered better off under Park Chung Hee than in a war. As for the Philippines, some officials say—perhaps reflexively, the way officials have traditionally made such statements—that if we press too hard on them, they might throw us out of our base on Subic Bay; others say that this is not necessarily true but that the Marcos regime has shown some signs of cooperation with the human-rights effort and should be given time before we impose sanctions. ("What the hell are human rights in Saudi Arabia?" one official asked rhetorically as he was going through the case-by-case dilemmas.) A foreign-policy official also points out, "Politics is a lot rougher business in a lot of other countries than it is here. People really do shoot at each other. Some of them really do have an internal-security problem." And, of course, the continuation of military assistance is invariably justified on the ground that the recipients either are important to our security or are facing some external threat. One of the new officials conceded recently that "the military-security argument is wildly overstated for some areas." He gave as an example Latin America. One problem for the Administration in weighing the human-rights trade-offs is that essentially it shares many of the strategic assumptions of its predecessors. The African countries present another set of problems. The question comes up in some quarters as to why we are so hard on South Africa and seem to blink at repressive black African regimes. (Vice-President Mondale assured South African Prime Minister John Vorster, who raised the question during a meeting they had in Vienna in May, that we would be tough on the black African regimes, but one Administration official says that in fact our first priority in Africa is elimination of racism, and human-rights deprivations are second.) Andrew Young is credited by several Administration officials with having prevented a deeper involvement in Zaïre by arguing that

that country's regime was not one that we should defend militarily. "We recognized," one official says, "that Zaïre's human-rights deprivations were so bad that the insurgents might be welcomed as liberators." But some officials concede that, while there are real human-rights problems in several black African nations, they haven't yet figured out what to say about them.

Among the remaining problems that the Administration is struggling with are how to decide what "time frame" should be established for progress and how to measure progress. It has come to the attention of officials here that some countries have already learned to ask whether if, say, they released some political prisoners next week we would approve something they wanted the following week. One official says that the Indonesians have proved particularly adept at figuring out how to work our human-rights concern. ("They release twenty-five hundred prisoners and then you realize that there are over twenty-five thousand more stashed away somewhere.") The logical extension of this, of course, is that some countries might feel obliged to keep an ample supply of prisoners on hand, so as to have some to release when it becomes necessary to please us. "We have to be careful," says one White House aide, "that they don't start jerking us around." The Philippines, under pressure, did release Mrs. Trinidad Herrera, a leading civic activist in the Manila slums, this spring (and her alleged torturers are being brought to trial). Her arrest had been a particularly clumsy act, since Mrs. Herrera is so well known and has connections with members of Congress. Her release has been cited by Administration officials to show the Philippines' coöperation, but even some people within the Administration say that it doesn't tell very much about larger and longer-term trends in the Philippines. There is some ambivalence within the Administration on the question of pointing publicly to signs of human-rights progress in various nations, because several officials fear that this sort of thing could backfire.

In a recent conversation, Jody Powell pointed out to me a number of specific developments, while emphasizing that he was not suggesting that the Administration was taking credit for them. But even the fact that some countries are paying lip service to the idea of human rights, and some are doing a little and trying to make



it look like more, is considered a form of progress—along the lines of the adage that hypocrisy is a bow toward virtue. It is also felt that even the expression of good intention on the part of a government has an impact and will build pressure for living up to that intention. Among the actions Powell listed were: In January, Argentina began publishing a list of those persons arrested or detained under state-of-siege powers, and in April it released former Senator Hipolito Solari Rigoyen, who had been held without trial for eight months; it also has granted the International Committee of the Red Cross permission to visit its prisons. Haiti released twenty-one political prisoners in March. Jamaica released fifty-three people in April. Mexico an-

nounced in April the dropping of legal action against four hundred and twenty-four people who had been charged with political crimes, and announced that it was no longer holding political prisoners. Nicaragua has warned its National Guard about human-rights violations and said that such violations will be punished in the future, has freed six people charged with terrorism, and has stated that there are no more subversive suspects in detention. Peru granted amnesty to three hundred and fourteen political prisoners in April. Indonesia announced in February a three-year program of releasing thirty thousand political prisoners. Guinea released a hundred and fifty prisoners in January. Malawi released two hundred and fifty detainees and prisoners in March. Togo has released prisoners, and there have been expressions of support for the President's policy from such places as Cameroon and Gambia. Rumania granted amnesty and pardons in May affecting about twenty-eight thousand five hundred people, and has eased the emigration of ethnic Germans to the Federal Republic of Germany. Bangladesh has released about a thousand political prisoners. Iran has pardoned two hundred and fifteen prisoners held for security reasons. And President Ferdinand Marcos has made a statement promising human-rights progress in the Philippines. The White House list also included events in India and Spain. All these actions obviously weren't taken in order to please the United States; for instance, the West German government reportedly believes that the emigration of ethnic Germans was a result not of our human-rights offensive but of West Germany's quieter style of

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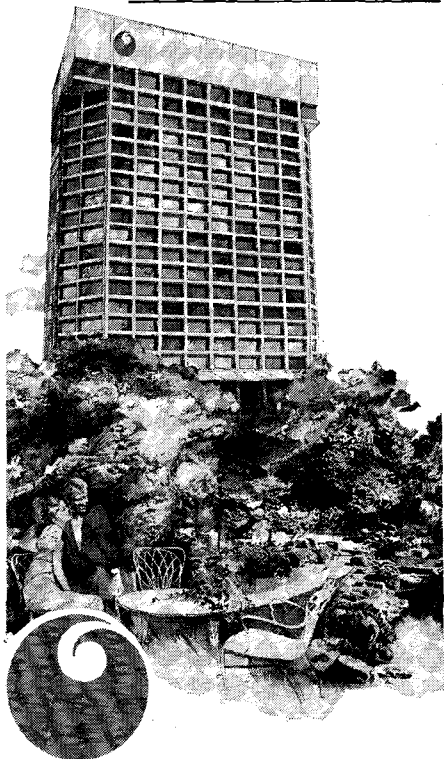
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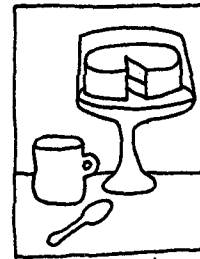
dealing with the issue. But several heads of state have gone out of their way to bring their good deeds to the attention of President Carter.

There is a certain inclination in the executive branch to fall into a kind of worldwide "neediest case" attitude, with very high officials focussing their time and attention on the problem, for example, of reuniting one particular family, as a way both of showing results and of having the satisfaction of getting something concrete done. Some officials, as they sort through the dilemmas, have concluded that different standards can be applied to different countries at different stages of development—which is why they are willing to be tougher on, say, Argentina than on, say, Pakistan or some African countries. Brzezinski himself would also include as a relevant—and significant—

factor whether the country has an "active" or a "passive" foreign policy. There is the further complexity that, as one official explains, while fulfilling economic needs has been listed as a human right, there is no necessary correlation between economic development and human rights, and in some cases there is an inverse one. Some Administration people worry about our having stipulated economic well-being as a human right, on the ground that, given the apparent mood of the Congress on the question of foreign aid, we will not be able to deliver on that implied pledge. The trade-off between giving bilateral economic assistance to countries violating human rights and meeting human needs is just beginning to be considered. The Administration recently, and for the first time, delayed a bilateral economic-assistance project—this one for Chile—on human-rights grounds. The delay, which was only for thirty to sixty days, was decided on after some considerable internal argument—the human-rights bureaucracy in the State Department was for it and the Latin-American bureaucracy was opposed—and in the course of a discussion of bilateral aid to a number of other nations, including Paraguay and Brazil. Still up in the air, too, is the issue of what to do about countries that do not meet the third criterion laid out in Vance's speech—the criterion of political freedom.

ALL foreign policy is an extension of the interests of the state, the problems being to ascertain those interests and to determine to what de-

gree, and by what means, they should be pursued. As one talks with people around the government about the human-rights issue, one hears, even among the group eager to show they are "on board" on human rights, an occasional expression of concern that we are establishing an "ethos" of interventionism. But one important official explained to me recently, "We don't think of this as a policy club or a condition for relations with any country but, rather, as an affirmation of certain basic values that have a vitality all their own." He added that when the nineteenth-century idea of liberty was in the air, the attractiveness of America was that we were identified with it, not that we made it a condition of our relationships, and that now what we are trying to do is not to force it on other countries but to be identified with it.



If the policy is carried through, it should also have the practical benefit, as some see it, of broadening our base of support within a given country—our embrace of repressive regimes having often brought us to subsequent grief when those regimes were overthrown. Some cite our ardent courtship of Haile Selassie as one example. So, proceeding according to some of the same strategic assumptions as previous Administrations, this one will back some of the same countries as before. But some Administration officials say that they will at least try to change the style. One says, "We've learned we have to be more sparing in the extent to which we endorse regimes." If this course is followed, we are not likely to be subjected to anything like the spectacle of Nelson Rockefeller, on a tour of Latin America in 1969, embracing Papa Doc Duvalier. "It is important that values we consider essential don't vanish, become obsolete," says one Administration man. "There may be more dictatorships than ever, but the value remains alive. It's important—to us, internally, and to the world. And on one level it makes the world safer for us; it enhances our legitimacy. Not long ago, people were writing about 'the death of democracy.' It turns out that it's not dead; that was a passing intellectual fad."

One senator says, "I think they're improvising from issue to issue and country to country. But I think it's great that America is finally saying it stands for something. A lot of people say you get in trouble when you stand

for morality. But you get in more trouble with immorality or amorality. I'll take my chances with morality."

Vice-President Mondale told me in an interview recently, "For many years, I was concerned about a foreign policy that lacked values—I felt that there had to be a convergence of policy and values. If there wasn't, sooner or later it was going to collapse on you. Carter was talking about the same things. It seems that this country needs a mission: not in a messianic way, but if we're going to feel good about our society we have to project our most attractive values—freedom, justice, an open society. Viewed in the long run, in a world where there is so much oppression, emphasis on those values will bring about change—sometimes halting, sometimes impressive—that is important to the international community. We're still learning; we know that this has to be weighed against other interests, and we should be candid about the trade-offs. But by emphasizing it we strengthen the forces of human justice around the world."

One of the President's aides who is in a position to reflect the President's thinking emphasizes the idea that the policy must be looked at in terms of the long run. "One ought not be overcome with pessimism because a government has the power to lock up a dissident," he told me recently. "That does not mean they lock up the idea." He drew an analogy with civil-rights leaders who had gone to, or risked, jail in this country. (There are others who think that, in general, the civil-rights analogy is a very faulty one.) White House aides say that polls taken in Europe, Canada, and Japan for the United States Information Agency show that our human-rights policy is highly popular with the people—more popular than it is with their leaders. Polls taken by Patrick Caddell in this country this spring indicated that of the issues Carter was given high approval on this was among the highest. "Just enormous," Caddell says. Caddell, who is an enthusiastic fan of the policy, has discussed it with Carter since the poll was taken—"just the generic fact of how people react to it," Caddell says. Even some of the skeptics in the Administration see the policy as what one of them calls "a start on the way back to confidence in the executive branch."

But even the supporters of the policy mention some risks. The one that seems to be on the minds of nearly all of them is that the Administration may appear to be suggesting that it can achieve more than it can. They worry about

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getting the message across that the policy will admittedly be morally inconsistent. One official told me recently, "I see as a principal pitfall that there will be disappointment, or even cynicism, when it becomes clear we can't accomplish miracles, or, more important, when human rights doesn't seem to be the most important or overriding factor in our foreign policy. It is a fundamental tenet, but it will—ought to be—outweighed by other foreign-policy objectives. Another question is how we can keep people from thinking that our handling of human-rights policy is inconsistent and in chaos when each decision involves a number of variables—when you can't have any precise formulas." Some officials worry that the Administration may be painting itself into a corner. Others express concern that the Administration may be setting itself up for the same kind of letdown and disillusionment that followed the overselling of détente. Increasingly, therefore, they talk about "the long run" (most government policies, of course, are aimed at short-run payoffs, while the incumbents are still around to enjoy them), and about the dangers of applying a "yardstick." Recently, on the television program "Issues and Answers," Vance said, "I caution against trying to draw a yardstick and saying, 'As of today we have made this amount of progress.' We must look to the longer range." Some of the President's aides don't put much faith in the exertions that have been made to turn the human-rights idea into a consistent policy that can be committed to paper. "There's no harm in trying to put it on paper," one of the President's aides said to me recently, "but in dealing with human rights you're talking about an avowedly political exercise, on a world basis rather than a domestic basis." Yet there is no question that, for all the worries, the people who determine this Administration's policies are pleased, and some are even a bit awestruck, at the impact that the human-rights campaign has had thus far. "I think," says one, "that the mulish world has noticed the two-by-four."

—ELIZABETH DREW

"Sixty Minutes," Channel 3 at 6 P.M., will include reports on the high cost of getting Alaskan oil to the "Lower 48," radiation pollution caused by everything from highway speed traps to kitchen microwave ovens and Woody Allen.

—*Wisconsin State Journal*.

Who is otherwise harmless.

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS THE FALL COLLECTIONS-II

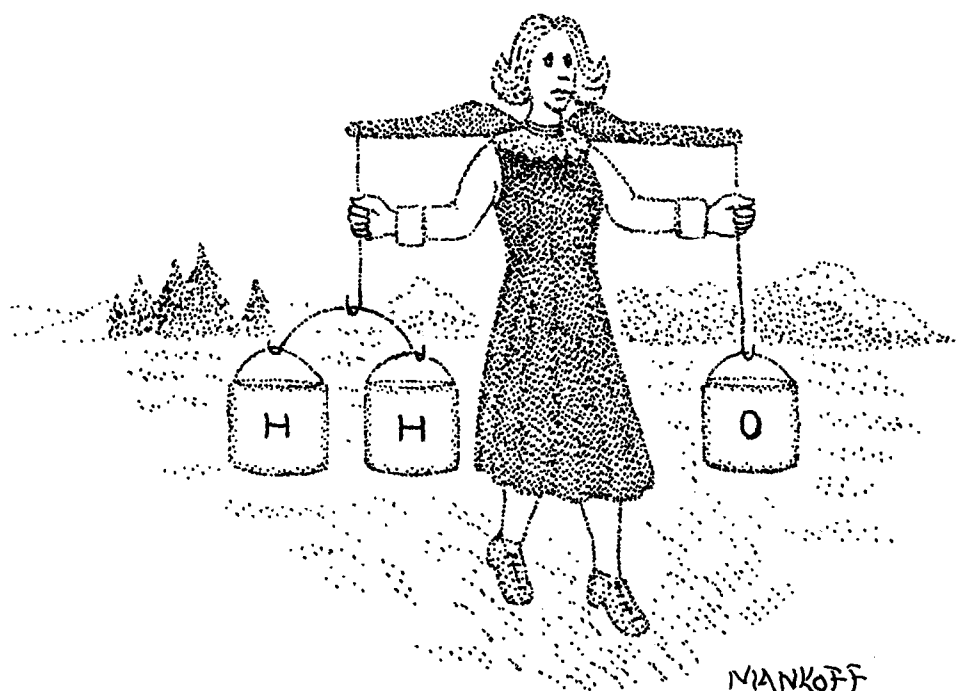
TO judge by all the theatrical fanfare with which collections are launched these days, audiences are to be discouraged from forming impressions of fashion shows which are based on the clothes alone. In many cases, the productions have become far more elaborate than the simple, graceful clothes being widely produced for fall. How, then, is one supposed to assess the curious hybrid that is the dramatic new fashion show? To apply the standards of the theatre, the dance, or the art gallery is patently absurd, however designers may seek to cloak their efforts in the trappings of grander and more widely respected art forms than the craft of clothing manufacture. The form whose criteria would seem most applicable is the public-relations happening, but this is scarcely a helpful guideline, having historical roots even shallower than those of fashion shows, and being a genre that by its nature makes no provision for critical analysis on the part of its audience. One is supposed to have one's attention alerted (often in some very nebulous way) by a P.R. event, or perhaps to be staggered by the expense it involves, but one is not intended to judge it, compare any one with any other, or refer to a tradition. Each example bubbles up and then sinks back into its own moment.

But as one experiences the motley events that are the new fashion shows, one aspect of the whole does seem to present itself as a valid object of critical scrutiny—the performance of the models. This is a surprising development, because no spectator at a traditional fashion show was ever particularly tempted to think of these young women as performers, let alone as people bent on expressing themselves. Their emanations, when not completely neutral, used to be vaguely animal-like. They were gazelles and, in some cases, jungle tigresses at first; when, five years or so back, they started dancing down the aisles in youthful-looking fashions instead of gliding by in mature ones, they became more like puppies. But now models seem anxious to be seen as human beings, in some direct and equal relationship with the human beings who come to gawk at them, and they are encouraged—in varying degrees, according to the designer's taste—to project their personalities. Fashion shows have become

more elaborate in part because the job of modelling, within its own peculiarly circumscribed range, has started to evolve. It was perhaps inevitable that in our age of individuality and “creativity”—and long after practically every other kind of woman has learned to stand up for herself—models should begin to assert their right to be more than objects, and to behave like people. In the field of fashion photography (a career separate from showroom modelling, although the same woman is sometimes in demand in both), the new concern for the model's self-respect is reflected in current talk of listing—along with the photographer, the designer, and the manufacturers of accessories—the name of the woman who is shown wearing the clothes. It is now common to see showroom models greet friends in the audience they parade before; and at the end of the show they gather round the designer to bill, coo, and applaud his work as affectionate show-business equals. Even designers who used to be known for the sedateness of their clothes now permit models to prance, flirt, mime, jog, or ham things up with spoofs of the model's traditional struts and turns. Watching the show put on by Carol Horn, one felt like some indulgent nanny on the sidelines of a creative playground where models got up to a hundred cutely self-expressive stunts, from playing the flute, knit-

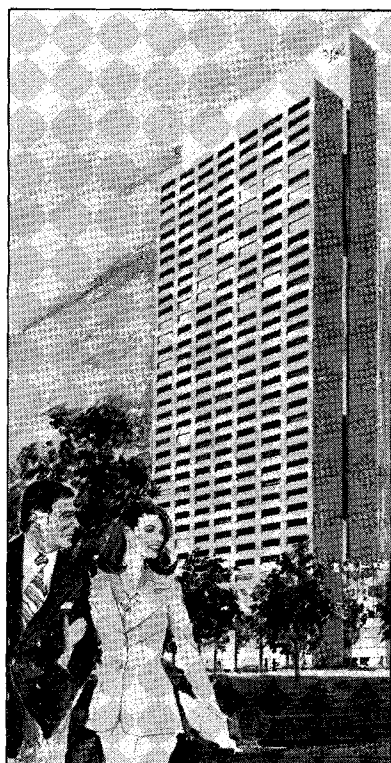
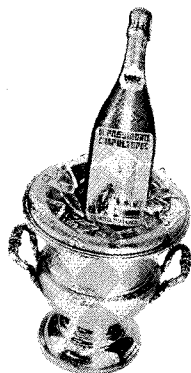
ting, and waving lighted flashlights to applying lipstick to each other's mouths.

The show presented by Anne Klein and Company in the Grand Ballroom of the Plaza was one of the most comprehensive of the season's examples of the new fashion spectacle. Throughout the show, the senses of the huge audience were remorselessly manipulated by dramatic changes of lighting and music. (The first group of clothes appeared in a semidarkness that was chopped up by the flicker of one of those discotheque light machines which make their victims feel they have a terrible malfunction of the eyelids or have wandered into a Buster Keaton film.) And the models in the show were given a lavish opportunity to spread their performer's wings. Complex choreography sent them out in groups, weaving in and out in a Busby Berkeley flow, or else captured them temporarily in static spotlit friezes of kneeling and stretching poses, like figures on a Grecian vase. The show's finale wholeheartedly abandoned the pretense of making the clothes look remotely the way they would look on Anne Klein customers in their normal lives. The models—or, at least, those among them who were capable of taking a stab at such activity—were transformed into ballet dancers who happened to be wearing Anne Klein designs. This was clearly the models' big moment. Each in turn got to make a dramatic entrance,



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leaping out from behind the gold-and-white Ionic columns of the ballroom's stage; to flit down the long runway essaying balletic twirls, twists of the wrist, and chassés; and then at the end to retreat into the wings with a ballerina's limpid lingering backward gaze. The audience, which thought that it had come to see a mere fashion show, rooted valiantly for these more high-flown performances, and it seems a mite churlish to observe that most of the models made simply awful dancers. (Among the few things that inspire the same sinking feeling as clumsy dancing are an ice skater coming a cropper and a horse misjudging a fence.)

One sometimes yearns, as one trudges round the collections from this extravagant entertainment to that stimulating performance, for the days when fashion shows were fashion shows, and models, instead of performing other jobs with an amateurishness that is supposed to be endearing, did their own work with a superbly professional grace. They are beautiful women, for the most part, with elegant models' bodies, which are of quite a different build from the bodies of dancers. But the psychological tide may have turned for them irrevocably; it is probably impossible for them to put on a completely bland act again. They look really happy now only when the show is grand, the crowd is huge, and they can feel themselves to be the active stars of a noisy success. In smaller, more traditional shows, when they are simply walking down the runway in new clothes, their expressions betray the prickly defensiveness characteristic of people who feel overqualified for their job. But, in the end, the possibility of models' developing themselves through their work will always be limited. Even though attempts are being made to emphasize their personalities, models must always remain subsidiary to the clothes they display and serve as litmus paper for the designer's tone. One of the most interesting aspects of attending lots of shows is witnessing how utterly different the same top models, who go the rounds of them all, can look and behave in different circumstances, according to their outfits, their perception of the atmosphere around them, and the degree to which they are encouraged to display their newly discovered sense of self.

WHILE it seems futile to judge fashion shows solely on their presentation and difficult to judge them solely by their clothes, it seems

fair to demand that there be some semblance of harmony between the two. One of the most charming of the season's smaller shows was that given by the designer Joan Vass—it was her first such effort—in her own apartment, on West Twenty-fifth Street. Mrs. Vass's clothes are all made by hand on cottage-industry lines. Many of her styles are given names, as though they were family pets—there is the Alexander Nevsky coat, the Sierra Club muffler, and the Christopher Robin hat. Her show was on an equally intimate and



human plane. The apartment where it took place is a huge, shabby penthouse, a cross between an artist's loft and a greenhouse. The "models" included her daughter and her three sons and a group of young dancers whom the designer had discovered in Riverside Church. These dancers had their own inexperienced and very free interpretation of what was called for in displaying clothes. Their spontaneity made a welcome change from the artificiality of the models the audience had watched for hours and days at a time in other showrooms. The dancers were not exactly the same as average women, but they had, in several cases, the rounded curves that ordinary customers are often endowed with and real models never possess.

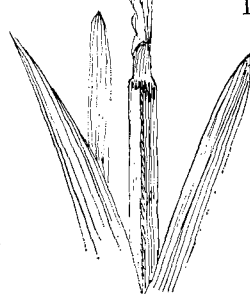
Along with harmony between form and content, the audience at fashion shows ought to have a right to expect some consistency of tone and some evidence of editing in the designer's presentation of his styles. Many shows are unnecessarily padded out with multiple examples of the same idea or with styles that will never actually be produced for sale in the stores. But this season Perry Ellis, Charles Suppon, Bill Haire, Richard Assatly, Gil Aimbez, and Alice Blaine (or the firms who employ these designers) were responsible for sound and generally well-edited collections. Their presentation was often fairly lavish, but the clothes were usually able to match the vitality of the display. Giorgio Sant'Angelo presented a hopelessly rambling show, yet he may be excused for that, because he is among the few really artistic talents around, and his collection had some perfectly brilliant ideas in it. But my favorites of the several dozen shows I saw were those of Calvin Klein, Geoffrey Beene, and Mrs. Harriet Winter. Each of these collections had a markedly different tone, but among them they sum up the new fall fashions at their best. In all three cases, the clothes had a private, unostentatious character and were pre-

sented with relative modesty and restraint in the designers' own show-rooms.

GETTING in and out of the Calvin Klein show was one of the most nightmarish experiences of the whole season, and the near riots that erupted in the aisles and at the elevators on that day have become notorious in the annals of the fashion world. But once the audience was squeezed into the room (at least, those of the invited guests fortunate enough not to be blocked in the lobby or trapped in the elevators) it saw a show whose models instinctively comported themselves to match the clothes they wore—with a fine combination of delicacy and arrogance. Klein's style is more controlled and conservative-looking than either Beene's or Mrs. Winter's, but his work has developed and lightened considerably from the strictly tailored sportswear with which he rose to prominence—a tailoring that used to seem too cramped and inhibited for my taste. A general feminizing of Klein's tailoring was exemplified in this collection by the little jackets with which he has replaced his famous but more masculine-looking blazers. (Little jackets, cropped even shorter than Klein's, showed up elsewhere, too—notably in Richard Assatly's collection for the firm of Gino-Snow, in Patti Cappalli's for Jerry Silverman Sport, and in Ralph Lauren's show.) The Klein jacket is narrow-torsoed, squarish-shouldered, single-breasted, and short—of a length somewhere between bellhop and hipbone. It is a silhouette that flatters more women than the longer, double-breasted blazer does. Although any mention of thrift shops is as taboo in the professional fashion world as the irresponsible boosting of miniskirts, the pre-New Look fashions to be found in such places have certainly had an influence in the reshaping of contemporary jackets. And Klein's extremely feminine, beautifully detailed blouses, used in combination with relatively masculine tailoring, are a modern version of a fashion idea that is several decades old. Sometimes his jackets appeared with skirts that fell to some three inches below the knee, but they looked their self-confident best in combination with sinuous, long-legged pleated-front trousers. (Klein's loyalty to the elegance of well-cut trousers is refreshing at a time when other designers are to be seen turning resolutely to skirts for their greater "softness" and "femininity"—the often mindlessly em-



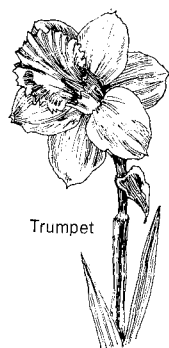
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ployed shibboleths for the new fall clothes.) Outfits were assembled in gentle combinations of the colors of nuts and fruits and in interesting textural contrasts—tops of velvet, fine tweed, or cashmere over blouses of cotton, silk broadcloth, Charmeuse, or handkerchief linen. Blouses had delicate tucks and discreet ruffles, or more of the scalloped collars and cuffs that Klein used so successfully in his spring collection. Often, these scallops were turned down at the wrist to extend beyond a jacket sleeve and frame the hand, or turned up at the collar and ringed round by a silk kerchief for a swan-neck effect. This was tied in a bohemian bow tie that Klein's written release characterized as "very George Sand." Other new-looking toppings included hipbone-length cardigan jackets that were collarless and buttonless and had the savoir-faire of early Chanel; body-hugging wraparound sweaters of fine cashmere; and cashmere pullovers with necklines that followed the collarbone. All these trim sweaters held their own against the big, bulky, hand-knit monsters one saw in profusion elsewhere around town. I had less sympathy for Klein's cashmere sarapes, slung pointlessly over one shoulder (shawls of every kind will be seen ad nauseam in the fall, it seems), and for his use of foulard-printed chalis, which also threatens to be part of the obligatory uniform of slaves of fashion. I liked the way Klein used Charmeuse in blouses combined with tops and bottoms of more robust textures but relished the fabric less when it appeared alone for long or short evening gowns. This slithery, satinlike material was used in many of the collections, and designers often played up its overtones of boudoirish sinfulness. To Klein's credit, his choice of colors and style generally mitigated the lingerie connotations. In the main, his collection was notable for its dignity and clarity.

GEOFFREY BEENE's collection differed from any other by a quality rare among fashion designers, who are on the whole an instinctive breed. (The innovators, of whom there are very few these days, create with instinctive flashes of inspiration. The assimilators and imitators, who form a far larger group, react instinctively to those flashes of inspiration and pass them along at just the right moment.) The distinctive quality of Beene's work—which at the same time reflects an immediate sensuous response to the color and texture of beautiful fabrics—must be characterized as

a variety of intellectualism. This is of a kind different from and more deep-seated than the smattering of cultural crosscurrents which has become common in the written releases and statements of "philosophy" that many designers now launch on the world together with their collections. Such releases draw on increasingly ambitious sources these days in their attempt to interpret as well as describe new clothes. Designers rightly perceive that the psychological and cultural atmosphere attaching to an outfit is of as much significance to shoppers as details of its shape, hem length, and color. This atmosphere is what will first capture the customer's imagination and put her in

the mood to buy. Descriptions of clothes released by designers have become more fanciful than ever in an attempt to conjure up symbolic images and correspondences between clothes and the arts. At the simplest level, this greater literariness gives colors more inventive names. Perry Ellis's clothes came in, among other things, "pink dust/blue ridge" hopsacking, "birch" melton, "quail" corduroy, and "truffle" tweed. Bill Haire listed his outfits as "movements" in "Copen blue and ash" or in "port and clay," and labelled his pastels "Monet blue" and "Degas pink." Devotion to the ballet, fascination with Byron and Shelley, and the influence of Dumas's "Three Musketeers" were listed as the sources of inspiration for the designer's collection. Credits these days no longer restrict themselves to the names of those who provide shoes, makeup, and hairstyles for fashion shows but stretch to include those responsible for their "poetry" and "choreography" as well. Donna Karan, one of the designers for Anne Klein, referred not to groups of clothes but to various "idioms" and "moods," and she gave credit to Martha Graham and Jane Austen. Before long, we shall doubtless see designers' programs filled with academic footnotes, and their clothes described, like Whistler's paintings, as symphonies in color. But Geoffrey Beene's brand of thoughtfulness goes beyond semantic dabbings and historicist parlor games. It is a sincerely reflective response to women's image of themselves and to the society in which they live.

Beene shows a solid understanding of the principle that if clothes make a psychological and sociological statement about their wearer no woman of intelligence and complexity would wish that message to be a monolithic, single-minded one—particularly if it was drafted on her behalf by a designer

who had assembled the same package of self-expression for a thousand other customers. Beene is a master of contrasts and contradictions within a single outfit. In his new collection, he used an infinity of contradicting textures and colors of fabrics—silk under corduroy, bulky hand-knitting over fragile sprigged cotton, shearling jackets over flimsy evening clothes, quilted cotton over velvet, to name a few. Most of his skirts floated wide and full to the graceful low-calf length. But then he slid away from the romantic effect of such skirts (which are also styled for comfort, since one may sprawl or sit cross-legged in them as readily as in pants) by combining them with touches of clumsiness. These touches of self-parodying buffoonery—whose presence always conveys an essentially youthful message—included funny brimmed hats jammed low on the brow, dumpy flat-heeled boots, and pink ballet slippers worn with cream-colored hand-knit legwarmers that rippled into wrinkles round the ankles. (Beene is one of many designers to have been influenced this season by dancers and the dance.) His standard of workmanship is high, and he uses superb and exclusive fabrics. Prices—at least in his couture collection—are considerable. (Those of Beene Bag, his sportswear department, are more moderate.) But the customer who would wear the clothes from his fall collection is not the sort to flaunt her ability to pay for them, and they are pregnant with ironic mixed messages about their value, besides being combined contradictions of style. Other designers showed flashy furs and metallic fabrics that throbbed like Times Square neon with information about their cost. But when Beene showed a luxurious-looking coat with deep sable cuffs (there was something of the Balenciaga years in the generosity of its cut) the coat itself was made of a relatively humble chocolate-colored corduroy. The collection was distinctive, too, for its abundance of interesting details and playful accessories: a sausage of trapunto trimming the armhole of a jerkin; gloves and stockings in homespun-wool knit; and belts that were a study of textural contrast within themselves. One belt was a twisted combination of fat noodles of hessian and turquoise silk wound with strings of glitter. Some of the belts were further enlivened by a sprig of eucalyptus or a jaunty teasel.

HARRIET WINTER's clothes have a style different again from either Beene's or Klein's, but, like theirs, they are bathed in an imaginative atmos-



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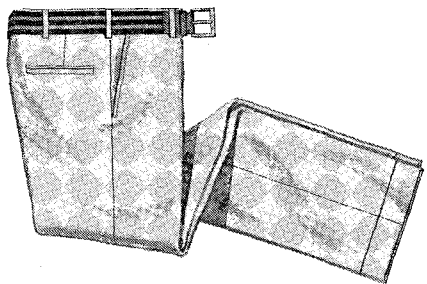
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phere that feels just right. Her designs for Yesterday's News have a self-contained, almost introspective tone, and a sense of secure, unfriendly femaleness. They have a palpable aura of peace. Skirts in the collection fell gently to boot length and were made of fluid crêpes and jerseys. Her colors were well chosen and well combined, and detailing was interesting without seeming gratuitous. Many of the details, in fact—wrapped and gathered waists; loops of fabric forming ties on jackets; knots at the back of the ankles of loose-limbed pants; and seams that were exposed on the outside of the garment—also performed a function and were an integral part of the structure. (Only in the case of the drawstrings that she used in several styles did

Mrs. Winter's tireless investigation of the possibilities of this structural detailing come close to running amok and marring the simplicity of the whole effect.) She also used details with no particular purpose beyond their allure—the superposed double and triple Peter Pan collars she has long favored, and handkerchief schemes of self fabric falling softly around the throat. Mrs. Winter has said, with a more sincere understanding than many men designers who express similar opinions, that all clothing is an extension of a woman's psyche. She has also described her own designs and techniques as being "machine couture." Between them, these two observations encompass the essence of her style. Her clothes are ladylike without being pompous, and they represent a misty, streamlined dream.

THE most compelling new fashions often incorporate the principle of mixed messages, and the new hairstyles and accessories are instrumental in the expression of these contradictions. Although clothes have eased and softened from the rigidly classic sportswear that was around a few seasons back, many of the new clothes can still look "straight" and fairly boring if they are worn with hair and shoes that match their style exactly. But if they are worn with the new crazily sprouting hairstyles or with the eccentric foot-and-leg gear that is around, the effect, though somewhat schizophrenic, is more satisfying. For the most fashionable young women, heads and feet have become prime vehicles for the expression of fantasy. The most interesting styles for these extremities set out not to look flattering but to look witty. One still saw, in some of the shows, hair that

had been set on rollers or else blown dry into Waspy-looking pageboys, and nice little flat-heeled pumps or sexy high-heeled evening sandals worn with natural nylons. But all these looked tired and timid beside the freewheeling notions that other designers explored—hair that had been rumpled with the fingers and left to dry naturally under heat lamps; hair set into intricate braids when wet and either left that way or unleashed into a fluffy thatch of Botticelli frizziness; strange-colored combinations of hose and boots, worn in layers over each other; and rumpled, old-mannish socks over hightop sneakers, medieval sandals, or Chinese-cotton Mary Janes.

Giorgio Sant'Angelo's show, one of the season's most imaginative, explored to the utmost the contradicting possibilities of styles for heads and feet. His shoes were uniformly well chosen (credit for them was given to Judie Buie, Sasha, Maud Frizon, Charles Jourdan, and Reed Jay Evins), and they often deflected or scrambled the message of the outfit they accompanied. The lacy refinement of an embroidered Ultrasuede skirt was combined with dark stockings and ankle-high boots with hippie-style Indian fringes at their cuffs. A fringed blanket coat of fire-engine-red mohair, with overtones of wintry, log-fire coziness, appeared with opaque red stockings and matching but distinctly summery sandals. A wispily glamorous evening dress was worn with high heels and thick purple stockings. The hairstyles in the show were equally original. (Credit for these was given to a hairdressing firm called Christiaan Laboratory.) They often involved very intricate braiding that began at the roots of each section of hair and then wound itself close to the scalp to give the effect of a small head. Hairdos like these, when created for the fine and very often blond hair of white models, not only embody a witty contradiction between themselves and the more formal outfits they accompany but also play on the styles of different races. The effect of braids close to a small, neat skull obviously derives from the often exquisite patterns of cornrowing that are seen on the heads of young black women—and on young black men, too.

The most interesting new fashions in hair—and probably in clothes as well—owe much to the coming together of black and white styles. Where five years ago black designers and fashionable young black women had their



own quite distinctive and separate brand of élan, they have now brought it into something more like the mainstream, and often give to fairly classic, conservative, and expensive styles their own special flair. It is significant that the new hairstyles—whether braiding or unleashed Pre-Raphaelite fullness—may be practicably effected on the very different textures of white and black women's hair. The effect is somewhat different in the two cases, but it is equally spectacular. If the new frizz is perhaps some distant descendant of the Afro, it is a gesture of stylishness rather than politics, and its shape—with fullness in the back and sides below the ears rather than on top of the head—is radically different. But the simple unravelling of wet-braided hair into a downy isosceles-triangle shape is not the end of the tale. The locks that come foaming forth like a bush of spirea are then sometimes partly recaptured in a braid that hangs down over one eye, or wholly caught up in a lunatic tuft, sprout, or ponytail set off-center on top of the head or at any other place that takes the wearer's fancy. And then these caught-up sprouts (or the whole bush) are taken a stage further and decorated with what might look to an unsympathetic observer like bits of rubbish. (Although sprout decoration was seen in various places and on many white women, it is true that it was seen at its most stylized in the show given by Scott Barrie, a black designer, who employed a greater proportion of black models than did most of his colleagues on Seventh Avenue.) Flowers and combs in the hair have now been so widely adopted and have such uncompromising, uncontradictory messages of sugary femininity that they are beginning to look passé. Instead of these, the new hair ornaments are dime-store barrettes; fishing flies; strings, loops, and streamers of metallic ribbons, beads, or pearls; funny bits of feather and fur; and sets of bows made out of twisted candy wrappers. The image the new hairstyles bring most readily to mind is of Christmas trees lying in the streets at the end of the festive season and strewn with windblown, rain-tangled remnants of tinsel trimmings.

—KENNEDY FRASER

Baron, 51, a former Illinois resident, was accused of wire and mail fraud and of understanding his gross income on a 1974 federal tax return.—*Washington Post*.

Hell, they ought to give him a medal.

it's one scoop of a sweater

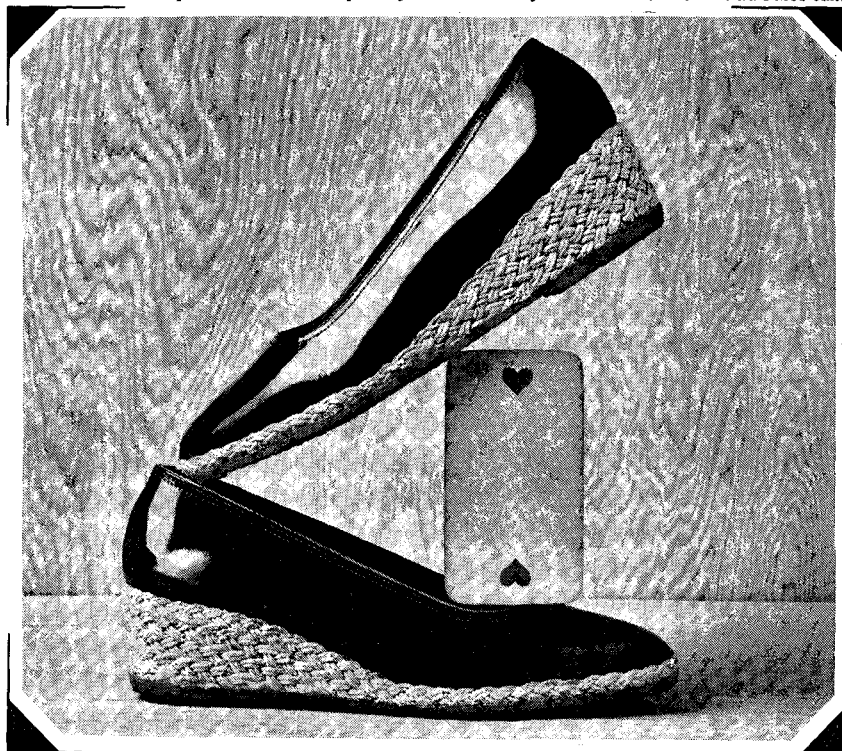
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THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Devil Abroad in Hollywood

OLD NICK making money for the front-office men: another pot-boiler about the Devil is rampant in the dream factory. With a smart stride backward fifteen hundred years, the big minds that hang around The Bistro in Beverly Hills have decided to ape their former bosses with a thing called "Exorcist II: The Heretic," directed by John Boorman from William Goodhart's original screenplay. The publicity bumf presumably describing the heresy fatuously touts it as being grounded in the notion of "people coming together into a new sort of contact which could be a source of good or evil," a notion said to be boiled down from Teilhard de Chardin. This is a calumny. As well speak of Simone Weil detecting heresy in the coming together of people in a new fusion over turnips in supermarkets. Teilhard was a great explorer, of sound mind, who ventured far beyond Sunset Strip.

To approach, a pair of tongs in hand, this new bit of toying with Satanism, the position is that the little girl called Regan (played by Linda Blair), of the heavy William Peter Blatty-William Friedkin original "The Exorcist," is still not free of her demonic possession, four years after the startling happenings in Georgetown that were shown in Friedkin's film. Richard Burton as an improbably pagan priest is appointed by the Vatican to join the child—now quite a bit heavier—and delve with her into the depths of mythology in an effort to complete the exorcism of the first picture: an effort carried out under the eye of a woman neuropsychiatrist (Louise Fletcher). The doctor links patient and priest with electrode headbands that make the two look like wired-up American Indians. This sequel to "The Exorcist" is even more self-importantly dim than the opening story. It involves what is called "synchronized hypnosis," in which the priest shares the patient's trance. The overlapping of purpose between science and religion

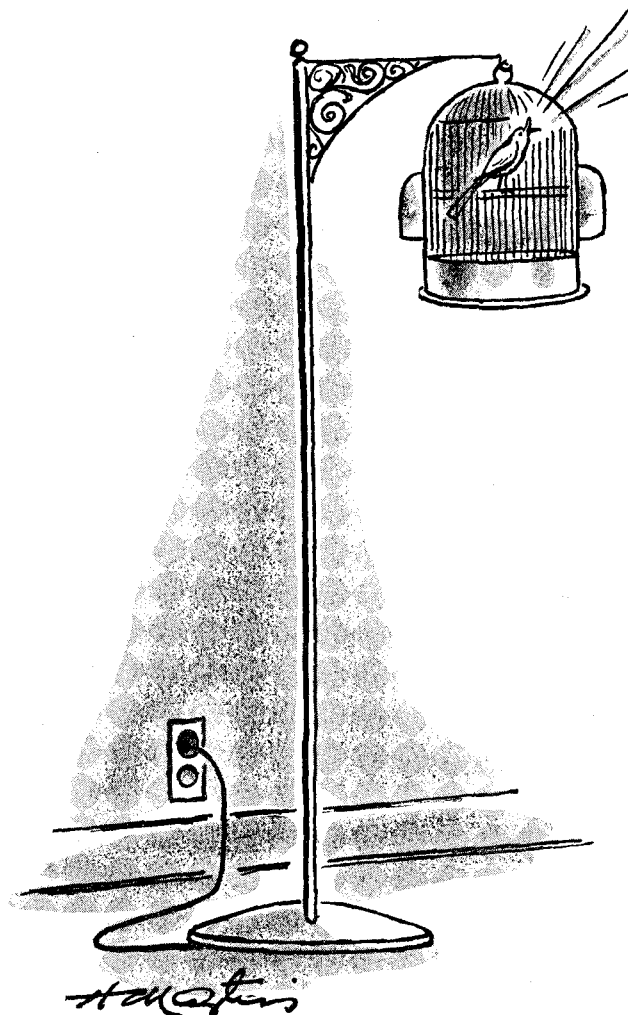
is thus acknowledged in the way that has so offended the Vatican since Galileo and before, and the two wired ones find themselves in Africa with their minds sunk to the same wavelength of folly. This Africa is slimy and full of locusts that we are told are just "happy-go-lucky little grasshoppers" until they brush against each other. So much for locust "contact." The locusts, we learn, are the manifestation of Pazuzu, the evil spirit of the air. The production schedule of the film was ten months; there must have been some very geriatric happy-go-lucky little creatures around by the end of things. Boorman and his crew developed the use of something called Steadicam: not another god but a gyroscopically balanced body brace allowing a small camera to move over rough terrain as steadily as if it were on a dolly, to make us see things through the gleaming eye of Pazuzu, the evil spirit that the priest wants to make godly. Gracious. Camera technique expressing theological dualism. The heretical Bogomils had nothing on the doings of the Richard Burton character, though

I doubt if they were so good-looking. And Burton's gravelly voice, which manages to combine sophistication with a barbaric neigh, makes up for the lack of charm of the possessed child, who seems to be going through the difficult age with a vengeance, though heaven preserve us if every recalcitrant adolescent were to do what she does, which is to wander out in a trance onto the terrace of her mother's high-rise apartment. The terrace is conspicuously short on railings, and may well cause more terror in audiences than the locusts or the dread marauding Pazuzu, whose name sounds like the trademark of an arts-and-crafts shop for tropical imports and bead jewelry. The demonism of the picture is meticulously inoffensive, as if meant to frighten as few people in the audience as possible. The chief effect of the film is to implant extreme mistrust of neuropsychiatry, here carried out in a place that looks like the expensive reception hall of an advertising agency, with Louise Fletcher as the genteel receptionist.

But what on earth is the box-office attraction to us of these revivals of the Dark Ages? That is the question, and even the need to ask it is a cause for shame. Why this anti-intellectualism, when we need intellect more sorely than ever before?

CLOUZOT's famous film "The Wages of Fear," from the book by Georges Arnaud, has been remade by William Friedkin as "Sorcerer," a meaningless title that may have been inspired by his being aware that John Boorman was making Part II of Friedkin's own financially phenomenal "The Exorcist." Clouzot's film was ridiculously butchered by cuts in America, apparently because its story, about an American-owned oil company in Latin America, was thought to be dangerously anti-American.

By the time the film gets going, which takes long, we are in the presence of four men, all at the end of their endurance: Victor Manzon (Bruno Cremer), a well-heeled French investment banker accused of fraud (he had been in partnership in France with a man, played by Jean-Luc Bideau, who was accused of bribery); Jackie



Scanlon (Roy Scheider), a hood who has held up a church in New Jersey for diocese funds; Nilo (Francisco Rabal, famous to us from Buñuel's "Viridiana"), a stocky, emotionless assassin; and Kassem (Amidou), who has been involved in an act of terrorism in Jerusalem. All fugitives, not only from the law but from their lives, they find themselves no better off in Latin America, in a sleazy town called Porvenir, which is chiefly a place for pigs waiting to be slaughtered and a dormitory for men working waist deep in filth in an oil refinery. At the Poza Rica oil field, two hundred miles from Porvenir, a new well is being drilled. The derrick is suddenly swathed in flames. Sabotage by revolutionary guerrillas? It seems likely when the burned bodies of workers are brought back to Porvenir. The only way to put out the fire is to explode it with nitroglycerin. But all that is left of the nitro, most of which has been stolen by the guerrillas, is old stock that will explode at the least bump of the truck transporting it. Driving it to the derrick is the real stuff of the film. Four men are chosen to do the job: Jackie, Victor, Kassem, and a German down-and-out named Angerman (Karl John). They will undertake it in return for ten thousand dollars apiece and legal residence in this wretched place. Angerman's throat is slashed. Nilo goes on the perilous journey in his stead.

The tension of the film is not metaphysical at all, in spite of the title's suggestion. It lies in the crossing of rickety bridges in pouring rain, and in the gesture of defiance made by four men with nothing to lose. A vulture flies overhead, waiting. A frayed rope breaks. Somewhere on the terrible journey, a local cackles lunatically at these crazy men risking their lives at an absentee employer's behest. From our side, we see four spent men whose lives are counted as sheer items by the oil company: four men trained by a civilized capitalist society dependent on labor to think that their null existences are of value. —PENELOPE GILLIATT

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THERE are writers who set down what people say at parties and think they are producing novels. On the book counters, theirs will be the books with the wide margins and with lots of white space between lines of dialogue whose wit is attested to by dust-jacket quotes from critics who may have attended the same parties. There are also people, not necessarily writers, who go further, and confuse what happens at parties with life. You can read about some of them in the gossip columns; if you meet any of them, it will probably be a big time-waster to try to talk with them about the kind of life that most people have to cope with most days. It is also possible to confuse candidates' talents for attracting attention in political campaigns with the qualities they need in order to cope with the responsibilities of the offices they are running for. Such confusion is a particular hazard in municipal campaigns, which most people were brought up not to take seriously anyhow. In the current New York mayoral race, many of the voters who will cast their ballots on September 8th, which is Primary Day, may find that they are able to distinguish among some of the names facing them in the voting booths only because of certain showoff things the candidates said or did in campaign parlor games in which the challenge was not to answer hard questions but to gain the biggest headlines in the next day's papers. No one would suggest that the contestants in the race for mayor think no long thoughts or that they do not care about the problems faced by ordinary people; for one thing, ordinary people make up a large share of the third of the registered voters who customarily take the time to go to the polls in local primaries. Nevertheless, the traditional style of campaigning here, often a combination of third-rate vaudeville and amateur theatricals (for which the players are coached, at enormous expense, by professional public-relations consultants), does not encourage on-lookers to ask questions about which of the candidates have the wisdom and forbearance to deal most capably with the crises over fuel pass-alongs, zoning variances, environmental-quality statements, redlining, gray power, blue flu, white flight, and sludge disposal which may occupy a City Hall day. And even if such questions were asked, it would be hard to hear them over the

noise of the general campaign horse-play.

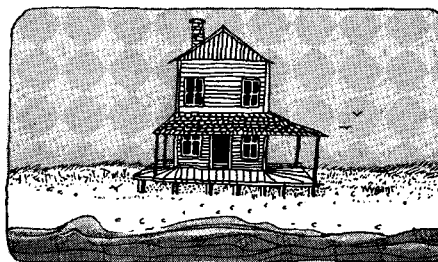
There could be a special excuse for attention-getting antics in the mayoral race this year, since there are nine candidates in the Democratic and Republican primaries—seven Democrats and two Republicans—and each of them is naturally interested in standing out from the crowd. For a while, it seemed that the crowd would be even larger. In May, however, onetime Manhattan Democratic County Chairman Edward Costikyan, who had entered the race in March, withdrew, throwing his support to Manhattan Representative Edward Koch. About the same time, Manhattan Assemblyman Andrew Stein, who last year was a candidate for the Democratic nomination for the United States Senate and then changed his mind and withdrew before the primary, and who had been expected to run for mayor this year, changed his mind again and announced that instead he was running for the post of Manhattan borough president, to succeed Percy Sutton, who is running for mayor. Fortunately, some of Stein's posters were of the all-purpose variety, showing a picture of the young assemblyman in shirtsleeves looking handsome and vigorous, with only his name printed in large letters underneath, and no clue to the office he was seeking this time.

At frequent intervals last winter and spring, Bronx Representative Mario Biaggi, a former policeman of conservative Democratic leanings, who had run in his party's 1973 primary, put out statements estimating which of the declared candidates he would hurt most when he finally entered this year's race. Early last month, at a luncheon sponsored by the Draft Biaggi for Mayor Committee and attended by seven hundred of his supporters at fifty dollars a head, Biaggi was asked why he didn't want to remain in the House of Representatives, where, as a fifth-term member, he has valuable seniority rights. "New York City is

my home... and in Washington I'm lonely," he said, expressing an emotion that is familiar to many city politicians who make it to the nation's capital and find they have to explain to most of their colleagues that it's not the Battery that's up and the Bronx that's down. Two weeks later, however, Biaggi announced that he would be staying in Washington after all, although he was "absolutely certain" that if he had entered the race for mayor he would have been elected. "BIAGGI (I CUDDA WON) DECLARES HE WILL NOT RUN," read the *News* headline the next day. The chairman of the Draft Biaggi for Mayor Committee declared that his group would nevertheless continue to be active, implying that none of the candidates Biaggi had bragged he could take votes away from could relax for a while yet.

Of all those running, the one most relieved by Biaggi's tentative withdrawal was undoubtedly Mario Cuomo, the secretary of state in Albany, who expects to reap great benefits from being the only Italian-American—and, also conveniently, the only Mario—running for mayor in a town where citizens of Italian heritage make up about a fifth of the population. As it happens, though, unlike Jewish New Yorkers, who are slightly less numerous but account for as much as two-fifths of the vote in some primaries, local Italian-Americans tend not to bother with these preliminary events and, instead, to wait for what they regard as the real elections, in November—a policy that Cuomo is busy trying to talk them out of. If one of the seven Democratic contenders fails to get forty per cent of the vote in this year's primary, there will be a runoff between the two top vote-getters—a provision that was pushed through the State Legislature after the 1969 election. In a five-way Democratic primary that year, the victor, with thirty-two per cent of the vote, was a weak candidate—still another Mario, last name Procaccino—who then lost the election to John Lindsay, running as a Liberal and an independent. An additional relic of the Procaccino debacle here is the term "Manhattan arrangement," an alleged political apparatus of powerful figures from Lindsay's borough who, Procaccino (a Bronx resident) often proclaimed during the campaign—and no doubt still believes—conspire against the interests of those who live in the city's four other boroughs.

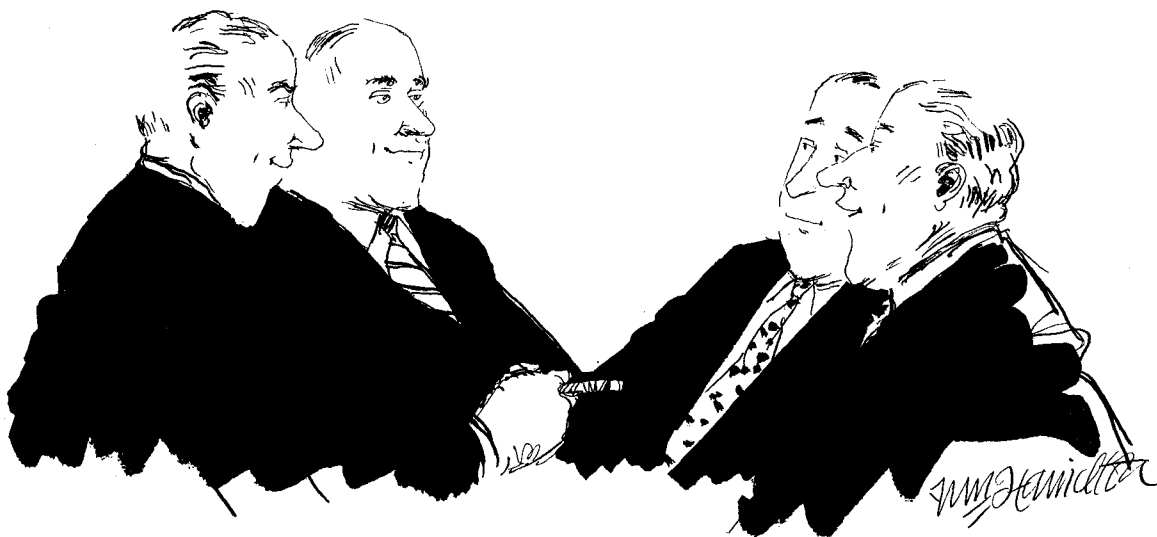
A need to stand out from the crowd would have seemed particularly urgent to the mayoral candidates from Man-



hattan this year even if the name of their borough weren't often used as a pejorative elsewhere in the city. Of the nine candidates, six are from Manhattan: Representative Koch, former Representative Bella Abzug, Borough President Sutton, former City Club chairman Joel Harnett, and both Republican entries—State Senator Roy Goodman, and Barry Farber, who until recently was a talk-show host for the local radio station WOR. Of the six Manhattanites, five are Jewish, the exception being Sutton, who is black. A sixth

Jewish candidate, Mayor Abraham Beame, is from Brooklyn; Cuomo is from Queens; and the ninth person in the race, Representative Herman Badillo, is from the Bronx. Badillo, who also ran for mayor in 1969 and 1973, is the only Puerto Rican member of the House of Representatives. (Except for Lindsay, no white Anglo-Saxon Protestant has been elected mayor of New York since 1905.) One of the diversionary games played by some of the candidates from Manhattan is to pretend that they are really from somewhere else. Mrs. Abzug mentions to crowds that she was born and raised in the Bronx, although even in the Bronx she often gets a still bigger hand when she points out that her father came down from that borough each day to his Ninth Avenue butcher shop, which had the great name of the Live and Let Live Meat Market. Harnett has been doing considerable campaigning in Brooklyn, where he can mention to his audiences that he was born in Coney Island and that for many years his father represented that area on the city's old Board of Aldermen. Goodman not only mentions that he was born in Brooklyn but, when he entered the race, in May, took a busload of reporters on a trip to Brooklyn Hospital to prove his claim by showing them copies of his birth records. However, Goodman, who represents Manhattan's fashionable upper East Side in the State Senate, conceded that he was born in Brooklyn during a brief family stopover there.

Sutton, who, back in January, became the first person to announce for mayor, lives in Harlem, but when he opened



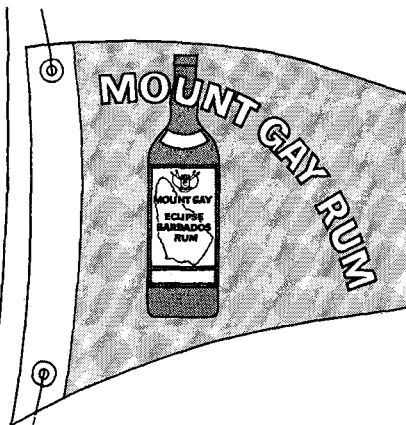
"Oh, come on now, Phil. You said we were going to talk turkey. Do you really think fifty-two million is talking turkey?"

his main headquarters, a few weeks later, it was across the East River, in Queens, the least black of the city's boroughs except Staten Island. As Sutton well knows, the twenty-one per cent of the city's population which is black usually votes at about half the rate of New Yorkers who live in white districts, so he must gain a substantial share of the white vote in order to win. Nor is there any likelihood this year of a combined minority vote in his favor. In 1973, Sutton delivered most of the black vote to the present mayor, insuring Beame's victory over Badillo in that year's runoff, and even if Badillo does not win this year, as he insists that he expects to do, the Bronx representative will take pleasure in getting even with Sutton by drawing off most of the Puerto Rican vote that might otherwise have gone to the Manhattan borough president. Sutton explained at the opening of his headquarters that he was running his campaign from Queens because of its "great symbolism" as a microcosm of the city's ills. He noted for reporters that his campaign manager was white. He was joined at the Queens ceremony by the former middleweight champion Rocky Graziano, who, he declared, would help him "K.O. crime." By mid-June, however, the boxer accompanying him around the city was Muhammad Ali, and Sutton seemed to be concentrating on consolidating his support among the city's black residents, some of whom, as the *Amsterdam News* complained early this month, were openly talking of voting for one of his white opponents. One news analyst in the paper reminded readers

that "some slaves were bitterly opposed to the Emancipation Proclamation." Another asked "Can it be self-hate?" and wondered why it was that New York blacks, unlike those in many other places, apparently wouldn't work together to elect the city's first black mayor—as, the columnist said, local Jews had elected Abe Beame its first Jewish mayor. As Sutton launched a large-scale registration drive, to be conducted by the city's black churches, he assured his followers hopefully that it was the nation's black church leaders who had put Jimmy Carter over.

AT certain parties—probably less common in other countries than in America, where there is an impression that the right of upward mobility is guaranteed in the Constitution—well-dressed guests will sit around elegant living rooms trying to top one another's boasts about how poor they once were. In a way, the game is a conversational version of that other party exercise known as the Limbo, in which the players vie with each other in demonstrating their downward agility by trying to maneuver themselves under a horizontal pole that, round by round, is lowered closer to the floor. The game of *We Were So Poor That...* is played by politicians at election time everywhere, but it may be most popular of all among those running for office here. In a city that for so many generations has been the destination of penniless immigrants and also for generations—though less often today—has been the place where ambitious young people from other parts of the country came and made good, having begun

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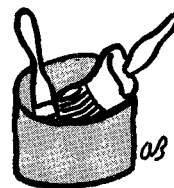
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poor can be a priceless political credit. Among the nine candidates for mayor, Senator Goodman has a terrible handicap as a member of what Frank Lombardi has called, in the *News*, the city's "most abused political minority." Not only is he believed to be a millionaire but he was born rich, having inherited a substantial proportion of the stock in the corporation that manufactures Ex-Lax. In his days as city finance administrator under Lindsay, Goodman used to mention that he had also made money on his own as an investment banker, but, in the new populist political climate, he has cut that out. In the game of *We Were So Poor That...*, he is reduced to testifying that, anyhow, his grandfather was a poor immigrant from Lithuania. Beame and Badillo

are in a position to point out—and often do—that they were poor immigrants themselves. Beame came here at the age of two months from London, where his parents had stopped off on their way from Warsaw to Ellis Island, and Badillo, an orphan, arrived in this country from Puerto Rico at the age of eleven. It might seem that Sutton would have a hands-down top score in the humble-origins stakes, being the son of a man who was born a slave. But the fact is that Sutton was a fifteenth child, and when he was growing up, his father, by then a Texas school principal and ranch-land owner, was relatively affluent. All five of the other candidates for mayor can lay claim to having been brought up in poor-to-moderate circumstances. Koch and Mrs. Abzug can boast, along with Beame and Badillo, that the only way they were able to go to college was at one or another of the branches of the free City University (where, as a result of the fiscal crisis, the tuition is no longer free). Harnett is the great-grandson of an immigrant from Lithuania, and Farber's grandfather came over from Russia. Koch's parents came from Austria-Hungary, Mrs. Abzug's from Russia, and Cuomo's from southern Italy.

So far in the campaign, Cuomo has made the most aggressive use of his Ellis Island credentials—or, as some of his opponents see it, has made the strongest pitch for the white ethnic vote. His longest television commercial has him saying, "We're all of us the sons and daughters of immigrants, the sons and daughters of giants," as a chorus bursts into a song ("We're the Sons and Daughters of Giants") written expressly for the occasion, the

Statue of Liberty looms in the background, and a parade of what appear to be immigrant faces out of an old Ellis Island documentary moves across the screen. Not all voters take a favorable view of this theme. Earlier this year, in an interview with *Times* editors and reporters, Cuomo was asked why Sutton couldn't be elected mayor of New York. Cuomo, who was not then running for anything and is a candid sort, answered, "Because there are more bigots than blacks in this city." This month, the *Amsterdam News* mentioned "Mario Cuomo's brigade of 'bigots' to whom he now refers in his commercials as 'immigrants.'"



Offering a counterpoint to the campaigners' steady emphasis on low beginnings has been a simultaneous effort

at eminence by metaphorical association—an understandable defensive maneuver on the part of politicians who may spend as much as a million dollars apiece on what is regarded in some circles as the rather tacky endeavor of running for municipal office. Routinely, many of this year's candidates, on being asked if they were in the race to stay, declared that they had crossed the Rubicon. When Badillo announced that he was running, a reported comment from Sutton's camp was "*Et tu, Brute*"—which was also what a member of the Mayor's staff was quoted as saying when he heard that Sutton, who had sworn last summer that he would never run against his good friend Abe Beame, announced in January that he was going to run even if his good friend Abe Beame was in the race. And, four months ago, when Governor Hugh Carey took action in Albany to insure that this year's primary would be in September rather than in June, which would have been more advantageous to the Mayor, supporters of both Carey and Beame noted separately that the date of Carey's move had been close to the Ides of March.

In a recent article in the *Washington Post*, however, Henry Fairlie pointed out that it is increasingly unwise to try to convey meaning through classical references, ancient or modern, since a whole generation has grown up that recognizes almost no quotations that don't have to do with sports or the movies. Last month, Francis X. Clines, writing in the *Times* of Beame's charge that his opponents shouldn't criticize the condition the city has been brought to under the Beame administration, because it would hurt New

York, called it the Mayor's "Barbara Frietchie strategy." Clines wrote, "For God's sake, don't let's knock our city," the Mayor has been saying, his gray head bobbing directly above Big Apple's flag." Later that day, a young city councilman who is a strong Beame supporter went around City Hall asking who Barbara Frietchie was, so he could decide whether or not his candidate had been maligned. This sort of experience helps explain why the candidates are so eager to elevate their status by getting their names publicly associated instead with today's true eminences, the celebrities of show business and the gossip columns. In this effort, Mrs. Abzug and Cuomo have so far been particularly successful. Lily Tomlin threw a benefit for Mrs. Abzug, and when the former congresswoman gave out her weight-losing diet she could state that she had got it from another of her famous supporters, Shirley MacLaine. Lee Radziwill has said she is planning a party for Mrs. Abzug. However, her sister, Mrs. Onassis, has sent a thousand-dollar check to Mario Cuomo. The news that, at Carey's request, Frank Sinatra might raise funds for Cuomo provided a big high in the Cuomo camp. Other people complained that Sinatra was in some respects a low sort, but since he is a celebrity it was not expected that such complaints would greatly distress most voters. Cuomo has said that he also expects to be endorsed by Sylvester Stallone, of "Rocky," last year's most celebrated Italian non-winner. Badillo's response to these publicized alliances was "I think the next Mayor of New York should be a star in his own right."

IT appears that Mayor Beame is not going to receive the one big endorsement he had been hoping for—that of Jimmy Carter. Still, the word that the President planned not to take a position in the New York primary came at the same press conference at which he announced that he was recommending against the B-1 bomber—a circumstance that seemed to elevate the undignified scramble of the city's mayoral race to a level above a merely local embarrassment. On the same day, the *News* reported that members of the President's staff, including his chief political assistant, Hamilton Jordan, had consoled the Beame team about not getting a formal endorsement by assuring the Mayor's public-relations adviser, Howard Rubenstein, that they would cooperate in arranging "high-visibility" events that would be helpful to Beame's candidacy.

It is hard to imagine how the Mayor could be more highly visible than he has been lately. In April, it was noted that he had doubled the daily agenda that alerts reporters and television crews to his scheduled appearances, and some City Hall reporters, trying to keep up with him, are convinced that he may recently have doubled it again. In the last few months, he has appeared at hundreds of ceremonial events, only a small percentage of which bore any important relation to the governing of the city—and even some of the exceptions might well have been allowed to take place with no televised appearance by the Mayor if this weren't an election year. Inevitably, the grumblings of Beame's opponents about the steady succession of public ceremonies in City Hall's Blue Room or in the garden of Gracie Mansion have sounded much like the complaints last fall of Beame's friend Jimmy Carter about the daily agenda at the White House. On the Mayor's side, there is the argument that any event that makes people feel better about New York is helpful to the city; if it is also helpful to a mayor running for reelection, that is coincidental.

Not everyone understands that the two purposes are entirely separate, however. In May, two days after Beame announced that he was a candidate for reelection, he presided over a breakfast on the lawn of Gracie Mansion for seventy members of the House of Representatives who had been invited here along with their families in the hope that if they had a good time congressional legislation important to the city might get more favorable treatment in the future. The congressmen were not allowed to eat their breakfasts until they had had a group picture taken with the Mayor. Entertainment was provided by a seventy-five-member chorus from the city's public high schools, and the numbers chosen by their director, apparently eager to please the boss, included the Mayor's new campaign song, "Make New York Beame." Mrs. Beame stood up and led all the guests in singing and clapping to it. The Mayor immediately explained that "this is a nonpolitical event." Late last month, Beame gave another party, this one in honor of United Nations Ambassador Andrew Young, who is helping raise funds for David Dinkins, the only black candidate in the race for Manhattan borough president. (There are four candidates all told, including, besides Dinkins and Stein, Ronnie Eldridge, a former Lindsay assistant, and City Councilman Robert Wagner, Jr.,

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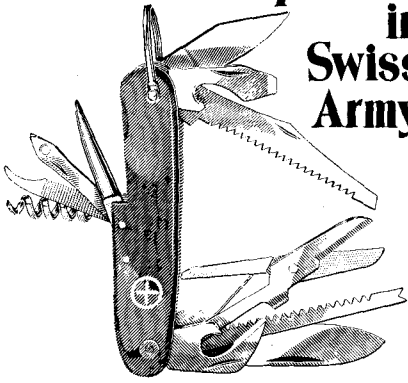
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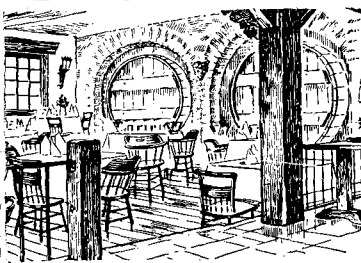
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CLOSED MONDAYS

the son of the former mayor, who was the last white Manhattan borough president.) It was a fine occasion for inviting most of the important figures in Harlem to the Mansion for a nonpolitical event (that is, one that didn't have to be paid for by Beame campaign funds), and one that might also encourage Young not to endorse the only black candidate in the race for mayor.

Nothing can be done about it: an incumbent is and probably always will be in a position to give the best parties. Among those who are running against Beame (and who would rather not be reminded that the last time a mayor of New York who had been elected to a full term was defeated at the polls in a bid for reelection was in 1917), the hope, of course, is that the next time around they will be enjoying the perquisites

that are now Beame's, while their opponents have to hire halls or rely on celebrated friends or sulk on the pavement beyond Gracie Mansion's shrubbery. For the moment, they are all busy trying to attract as much attention as possible to themselves and away from Beame, each in his own way. Early last month, at a garment-district rally, Mrs. Abzug sang a rousing version of "There'll Be Some Changes Made." A few weeks later, at a Fifty-second Street block party, she played the violin, and last week she played the mandolin at Brighton Beach. Goodman sang, "I'll sing of a golden age in the city of New York," on his opening bus tour. Those without musical talent resort to other tricks. Another Goodman favorite is outrageous alliteration. He referred to one Democratic maneuver of which he disapproved as "a rather low level of political persiflage and pusillanimous pipsqueakery." Sutton has tried to attract attention by complaining that the city's newspapers and television stations are paying him no attention—treating him as an invisible man. He has added, however, that this was the way the national press treated Jimmy Carter in the early stages of the Presidential campaign. Some candidates tell jokes. After Cuomo was endorsed by Bronx Borough President Robert Abrams, he was asked whether there had been any promise that he, in return, would endorse Abrams in next year's race for state attorney general. "You mean a quid pro Cuomo?" asked the candidate. Some candidates' jokes are appropriated by those working for other candidates. An Abzug supporter

later described a maneuver by the Governor that was helpful to his secretary of state, whom Carey has endorsed for mayor, as a "quid pro Cuomo." Harnett has been passing out "Harnett for Mayor" T-shirts and has announced a plan to challenge each of his rivals to a tennis match. At Beame's announcement party in May, after a reporter asked whether, at seventy-one, the Mayor felt that he had the energy for another four years at City Hall, Beame challenged the reporter to a race around the block. Although Badillo doesn't mention this episode, he likes to tell reporters that, for his part, he runs eight miles a day.



T. Spoddard

In the 1973 campaign, Beame was subjected to teasing comments about wanting to be both the smallest and the oldest New York mayor. These were favorite points of

Badillo, who, at six feet one and forty-three years of age, was the tallest and youngest man in the race. That game is not being played much this time. The city's proportion of senior citizens, who might take offense at such remarks, is even larger than it was four years ago, and, besides, in a city where there are so many children and grandchildren of immigrants from Southern and Eastern Europe, showing disrespect for one's elders is not a useful vote-getting stunt. Badillo, who is again the tallest candidate for mayor but is three years older than Cuomo (and perhaps wiser than he was four years ago), has disavowed his 1973 description of Beame as "a malicious little man." Whether or not the local malicious-voter bloc would take offense, the shorter-than-average bloc, which is substantial in a city of immigrants, might well do so. Anyway, calling attention to Beame's size only gives him a chance to note that he is about the same height as Fiorello LaGuardia, always the city's most popular mayor at election time. Competition among the candidates to establish some association in the public mind with the city's first Italian and first elected three-term mayor is intense. Last month, Goodman, posing for photographers in front of a run-down house in which LaGuardia had lived for eight years, mentioned that LaGuardia had been a Republican. The same day, Mrs. Abzug told a rally, "I will be an activist mayor in the tradition of Fiorello LaGuardia. I will ride the fire trucks. I will ride police cars." Cuomo does not refer to LaGuardia often, but he has taken a walking tour of Mulberry Street and

other areas of Little Italy, and one of his commercials shows him playing boccie. A couple of months ago, a Washington weekly reported that a luncheon had been held in the capital for Italian-American congressmen, including Herman Badillo. This turned out not to be a mistake. Badillo now occasionally mentions that some of his forebears came to Puerto Rico from Italy, and he has been endorsed by a local spokesman for the Order of the Sons of Italy. He can also point out that his wife, Irma, is Jewish. At his announcement party, Badillo stood in front of a large poster bearing his campaign slogan, "BADILLO... FOR ALL MINORITIES."

The bandying of headline-making insults is bound to speed up as the campaign goes on; and as the need to thin out the ranks becomes more desperate the strongest invective will be used to suggest that a candidate is a born loser. Koch already refers to Cuomo's campaign at every opportunity as "a lead balloon." ("One of my rivals says that the Cuomo bird has not got off the ground," Cuomo commented. "I want to warn that candidate not to look up.") The charge that has so far distressed Cuomo most, however, was the *News*' suggestion that he was running as the "class" Italian. Although he agreed that the *News* was only trying to be helpful, in a campaign where the popular game is a rhetorical form of the Limbo it is not helpful to be seen as uppity. "I tell you, this is going to be an unpleasant summer," said Cuomo. Certainly it will be a noisy and confusing one before the long-running event is finally over, the party props can be put away, and the members of the winning team can turn their attention to the question of how to get the city through its inevitable next crisis—a very different line of work.

—ANDY LOGAN

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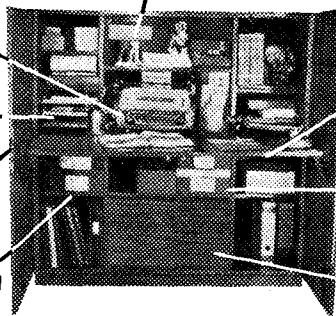
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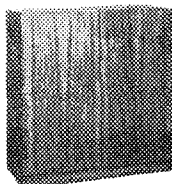
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THE RACE TRACK

They All Get Beat



SEATTLE SLEW, the hitherto unbeaten Triple Crown winner, finished fourth in the \$316,400 Swaps Stakes at Hollywood Park, and gallant old Forego, carrying 138 pounds, lost the Suburban Handicap on the Fourth of July at Belmont Park the next day by inches. Seldom have two such stunners happened so close together. Seattle Slew simply couldn't match J. O. Tobin, a Maryland-bred colt by Never Bend out of Hill Shade, whom George Pope, Jr., raced in England last season, where he was voted the best two-year-old. J. O. Tobin won by eight lengths from Affiliate and Text, who were a nose apart, and Slew was another eight behind them. J. O. Tobin led from start to finish of the mile and a quarter. The race was run in the extraordinary time of 1:58 $\frac{3}{5}$ —the first quarter in 0:22 $\frac{2}{5}$, the half in 0:45 $\frac{3}{5}$, the six furlongs in 1:09 $\frac{1}{5}$, and the mile in 1:33 $\frac{3}{5}$. Cruguet said that, going into the first turn, he knew the big dark-bay colt "wasn't himself." On the other hand, Shoemaker, who rode J. O. Tobin, said that the Never Bend colt was one of the best he had ever sat on, and that he would like to get another crack at Slew to show everyone how good J. O. Tobin really was. His share of the purse was \$194,900. He was also second choice in the betting, paying an \$8.20 mutuel.

The spate of explanations for Slew's defeat will probably continue for weeks. My own explanation, if you care, is that he didn't like the California air. The Hollywood Park management certainly laid out the red carpet for him—no horse ever had more attention and care paid to his well-being. But it isn't any stable secret that having a lot of people around him just before a race upsets Slew. We saw that at the Kentucky Derby and in the paddock before the Belmont Stakes. A crowd of more than sixty-eight thousand came out to the Track of the Lakes and Flowers to see him, and they bet \$7,232,800 in the course of the afternoon. Of a total of \$982,948 wagered on the Swaps, \$659,742 was on Slew. My favorite observer reports that Los Angeles trash collectors gathered in enough Seattle Slew T-shirts on their rounds after the race to supply the natives of a small island in the South Pacific. But last

Friday and Saturday, Slew made public appearances at Longacres, the track near Seattle, Washington, where he ran two exhibition "golden gallops" to the delight of his home-state enthusiasts.

THE place was Saratoga; the horse, I believe, was Discovery; and he was being led back to his barn after carrying unusually high weight in a handicap whose name I wish I could remember. As he passed a stable, a groom washing leg bandages yelled, "Got beat, didn't yuh?"

"Yeah," said the man leading the horse. "Weight will break down the Brooklyn Bridge."

"It ain't yet," said the groom.

Well, it hasn't broken down Forego, either, but he certainly felt those 138 pounds in the Suburban. The time for the mile and a quarter was 2:03—the slowest in years. Quiet Little Table, carrying 114 pounds—an advantage of twenty-four pounds—beat him by a neck. Nearly on Time, to whom Forego gave thirty-four pounds, was third. Only six ran, and the big fellow was away quicker than usual, but he dropped back before the second furlong. Then, swinging wide into the stretch, he finished as he usually does, but Quiet Little Table held on to win. Too bad. It was probably his last chance to take the big three handicaps—the Metropolitan, the Brooklyn, and the Suburban—in one season. He is now seven, you know, and that is getting on for a horse.

NOT since the training days of the Jones boys—Ben and his son Jimmy—in the fifties, had Calumet Farm won the Coaching Club American Oaks until Our Mims did it in style at Belmont a fortnight ago. Unplaced in the Acorn and the Mother Goose Stakes, which lead up to the Oaks, she found her racing legs, and, sweeping past the leaders on the turn for home, she beat Road Princess to win the mile-and-a-half classic for three-year-old fillies by two and a half lengths. Fia was third. Bring Out The Band, the favorite, is no stayer. To my surprise, free admission to the grandstand for a major race like the Oaks, and the provision of two bands to entertain visitors between races, brought no more than 56,415 visitors out to the track. However, the management announced that it was very pleased with its effort to attract new racegoers, and that it

would have another open house early in the autumn meeting at Belmont Park.

THE loss of his five-pound apprentice allowance a few weeks ago has not stopped Steve Cauthen. The day after it expired, Cauthen celebrated becoming a journeyman jockey by winning with the first three horses he rode. He brought three more home the next day. Last Thursday, he rode his three-hundredth winner in 1977.

THE Dwyer Handicap, best remembered for the race between Man o' War and John P. Grier at the old Aqueduct in 1920, brought out eight three-year-olds at Belmont Park last Saturday. Bailjumper and Lynn Davis gave the crowd of 28,026 a good show. It was practically a repeat performance of the Saranac on June 27th. The two fought it out hammer and tongs for the last quarter of the nine furlongs, and Bailjumper won again, this time by half a length. Iron Constitution, making a great run at the end, finished third. The time was a record 1:47 $\frac{3}{5}$. Billy Turner, who was at Longacres, saddled two horses in absentia earlier in the afternoon, winning the fifth race with Mrs. Karen Taylor's Jackson Square, and finishing second with Milton Ritzenberg's Chum Chum in the fourth race.

—AUDAX MINOR

Long considered a viable screen property, "Man's Fat," Andre Malraux' epic novel of revolution in China, was about to go before the cameras in 1969 when MGM president James Aubrey scrapped the project as part of the studio's over-all belt-tightening. Now MGM has sold the right to "Man's Fat," for a sum reportedly "in the high six figures," to Sidney Beckerman (co-producer of "Marathon Man") and Maurice Silverstein. Backed by wealthy Iranian Arthur Sarkissian, the producers are planning to spend between \$12 and \$15 million on filming, in the People's Republic of China, if they get permission. Among the directors being considered are David Lean and William Friedkin.—*Newsday*.

Somehow we're pulling for David Lean.

TRAINEE

MAJOR Abstract and Title Co. located near downtown Miami is looking for a bright and vicious person to train as credit manager, handling collections etc. Must have own transportation.—*Adv. in the Miami Herald*.

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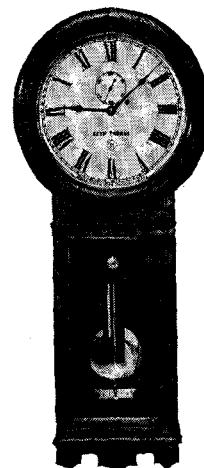
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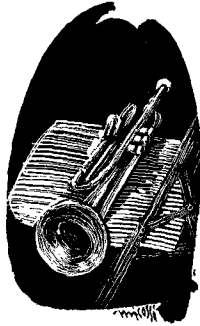
JAZZ

New York Notes

FRIDAY, JUNE 24TH: A perfectly sustained G above high C, a flawless, crystalline arpeggio, a fusillade of one-hundred-and-twenty-eighth-note drumbeats, a soaring, trumpetlike tuba solo—all are virtuoso achievements whose flash and wizardry we rank with the tallest building and the longest bridge. Consider Sarah Vaughan, who opened the sixth Newport Jazz Festival-New York at Carnegie Hall tonight with her trio (Carl Schroeder on piano, Walter Booker on bass, and Jimmy Cobb on drums). It was her fourth straight appearance at the festival, but the wonders and eccentricities of her style remain wondrous and eccentric. Like Art Tatum, she falls between jazz and formal music. Her voice, which has four octaves and out-classes that of most operatic sopranos, comes in unequal parts: a rich middle section, a little-girl high register, and a sometimes vulgar, echoing bottom range. She uses it like a horn, and is a first-rate baroque improviser, whose long, turning phrases rival those of Milt Jackson and Ruby Braff and Lucky Thompson. When she began, thirty years ago, she was a daring singer; now she is a virtuoso player, whose songs are merely catapults. Her arabesques engulf her lyrics, which become merely suggestive, no more intelligible than moos. Her ending tonight to a fast, somersaulting "The Man I Love" went like this: "I'm dreaming of the maaaaaiaaaaaa Iiii looooooooooowoooooooooh." She also gave us an "Embraceable You" full of giant intervals, shimmering vibratos, and thunderous low tones. The keystone of her performance was an ad-lib a-cappella "Summertime," which she summed up in a thousand notes or so; Gershwin's lullaby was in there among the eight-bar phrases, the ruined lyrics, and the dense grace notes. She also did a lot of scat singing, by herself and with Clark Terry and Dizzy Gillespie, the latter of whom arrived onstage, unannounced, behind a huge flower arrangement. She proved that scat singing is far harder than she and Ella Fitzgerald think it is. Rattling off nonsense hill-and-dale vowels and consonants at breakneck speeds isn't enough. Certain tones have to be bent and tinted, there must be silences and rhythmic surprises, and the total effect must be succinct and dar-

ing—all of which Louis Armstrong and Leo Watson knew. At one point, when Terry and Gillespie and Vaughan were all going at once, you could scarcely see the trees for the rococonuts.

JUNE 25TH: The singer Betty Carter, who opened the midnight concert at Carnegie Hall tonight, makes Sarah Vaughan sound like Kate Smith.



She first sang with Lionel Hampton's big band in the late forties, and, proclaiming Billie Holiday her major influence, she has been a fanatic Jazz Singer ever since. Lithe and smiling, she pours around the stage, freezing here and there in Martha Graham positions, as if she were attempting to make her melodic lines three-dimen-

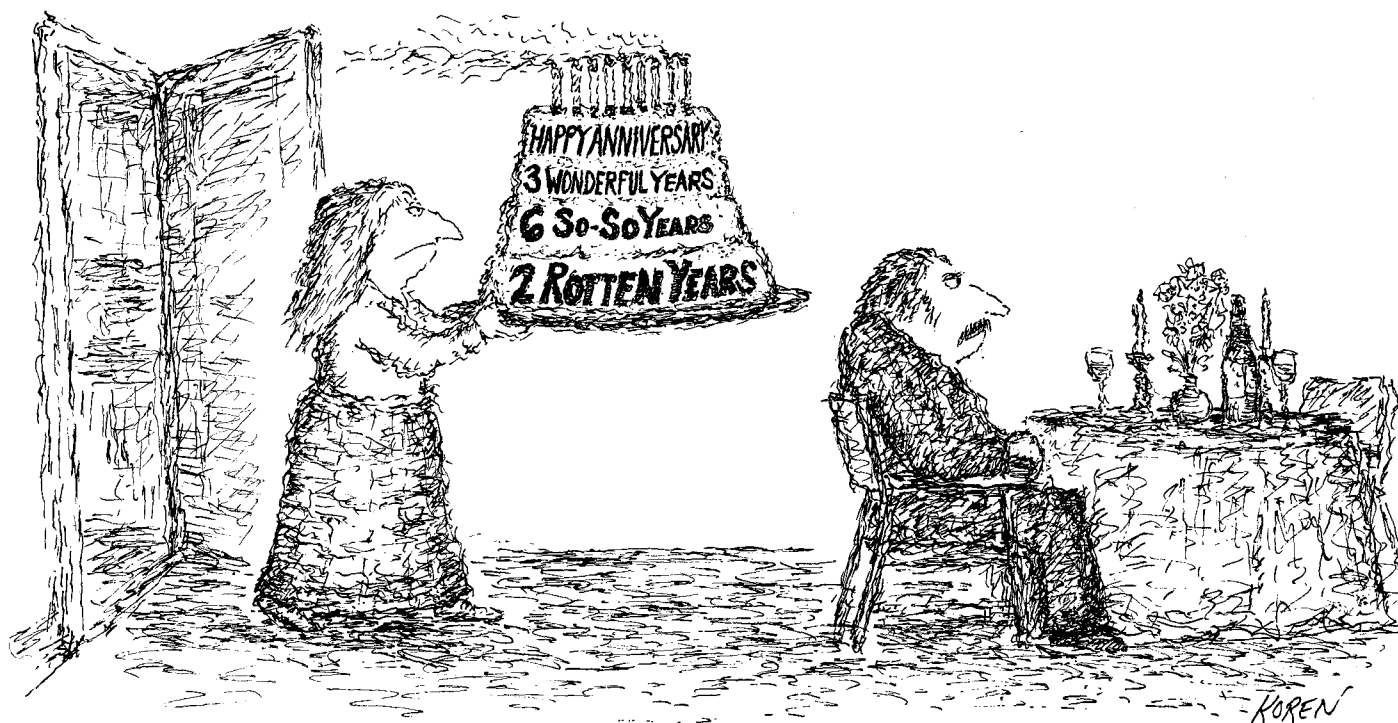
sional. These melodic lines are odd and surrealistic. She starts many of her phrases with the dying notes that Billie Holiday locked herself into in the early forties, and then she works her way tortuously through purposely off-pitch improvisations, full of jolting intervals and sour harmony. She is hard going, not because she is different and surprising but because she invariably seems to take the perverse melodic turn. She pulverizes her lyrics, and when a "skylark" or a "spring can really hang you up" floats through clearly, it is a road sign glimpsed in the fog. Betty Carter is a better scat singer than Sarah Vaughan. She uses rests and sudden, rhythmic starts and stops, and she gives her consonants and vowel clusters coloration. It is clear why she is so authoritative from the way she turns certain phrases: she studied Leo Watson, probably in the forties, when he was still very much about.

The rest of the concert was just another Monday night down at the old Vanguard. The Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band, sporting some good new faces (Harold Danko on piano, Ed Xiques and Larry Schneider on tenor saxophones, and Frank Gordon on trumpet) as well as some old ones (Jones, Lewis, Jerry Dodgion, Pepper Adams), sparred its way through a couple of blues and a slow Ellington tribute in which Dodgion pretended he was Johnny Hodges, and then gave way to a reunion of the Jones brothers—Thad, Hank, and Elvin—who were rounded out by the bassist Rufus Reed. They didn't sound as though

they were jamming in the family living room in Pontiac in 1940; they sounded as though they had been told to do three numbers and get off, so that the big band could return with its guest, Dizzy Gillespie. But they squeezed in some beauties. Hank played several flashing choruses in Thelonious Monk's blues "Straight No Chaser," and one apiece in "My Funny Valentine" and "Sweet Georgia Brown." Thad worked at considerable length in "Valentine," and it was good to hear his brassy, pushing phrasing again, and his way of making a melodic line bulge and shift, as if it were tacking in his improvisational winds. And Elvin got off a long, if rather sombre, solo in "Sweet Georgia Brown." The best of Gillespie's numbers with the big band were a slow "A Child Is Born" and a medium "All the Things You Are." He played flaring notes and descending runs, and he marched around a lot behind his front porch. Great rocks need better settings.

The earlier Carnegie concert tonight was a George Wein Special with no choice of vegetables. It involved Malombo, a South African folk group (Phillip Tabane on guitar, flute, vocals, and pennywhistle; Gabriel Thobejane on drums; and Beki Mseleku on piano), and the Pointer Sisters, a vocal trio who somewhat resemble Manhattan Transfer in their materials (campy versions of already campy songs from the thirties and forties, like "Flat Foot Floogie") but who couldn't sing in tune and together. Their performance would never have survived the gong at Fabian's Fox on amateur night.

JUNE 26TH: More singing, this time of a classic nature. Mel Tormé, once known as the Velvet Fog (not an apt metaphor, since fog is clammy and ectoplasmic and has nothing to do with the small, almost furry voice that Tormé had thirty years ago), has grown into a big-voiced singer with sterling diction, a superb rhythmic sense, and a way of flawlessly shading and adjusting his attack for each song. He also writes some of his songs and all of his arrangements, conducts his accompanying band, and plays drums and piano. He is a generalissimo onstage, and during his performance at Carnegie Hall tonight (among other songs, he did "Send In the Clowns," "Carioca," "Lulu's Back in Town," "Gloomy Sunday," "Mountain Greenery," "Misty," "Blues in the Night," "Lady Be Good," and "When the



World Was Young") he conducted Herb Pomeroy's band (which accompanied him) with one hand and his back; summoned Gerry Mulligan onstage by first smothering him with superlatives (superegos handle superegos best); supplied a piano accompaniment to Mulligan's baritone-saxophone solo in "Misty" (Mulligan played better during his several numbers with Tormé than he did earlier with his own group); dared to make a fast swinger of "Send In the Clowns;" and sang "Gloomy Sunday" so well that all surprise at the choice of such a song at such a time vanished. Just before Tormé came on, Pomeroy had abruptly left the stage, his shrugging musicians in tow, upon being told that he had only five more minutes to play. But Tormé smoothed Pomeroy's ruffled feathers by announcing that Pomeroy's band was one of the finest musical aggregations of all time. And Pomeroy *had* played four full and good numbers, flavored with Stan Kenton and Benny Carter and Ellington, and bringing to the fore such soloists as Ray Santisi (piano), John La Porta (clarinet), Dick Johnson (reeds), and himself (trumpet)—all of them, except Johnson, faculty members at the Berklee College of Music, in Boston, whence the band sprang in the early fifties. Mulligan opened the evening with his new sextet, which is made up of Tom Fay on piano, David Samuels on vibraphone, Mike Santiago on guitar, George Duvivier on bass, and Bobby Rosengarden on drums. The group celebrates Mulligan's having come full circle in twenty-

five years, for it is much like his famous quartet—cool, limp, and lyrical, and a pedestal for its leader.

Nina Simone was to have given the midnight show at Carnegie, but she cancelled her performance. She rehearsed this afternoon, then suddenly decided she could not go on. She moved to Europe several years ago, and apparently was suffering from the jitters that all American expatriate musicians have when they first return. Too bad. It would have been interesting to hear how this thoughtful and complex performer was faring.

JUNE 27TH: There is a pleasing and deceptive air of disorder about much of the new jazz. Themes, when they exist at all, are frequently not stated, and pieces seem to begin and end arbitrarily. Solos are either swollen or fragmentary, and the musicians keep switching instruments. Players improvise together, which introduces a new competitiveness and forces a welcome dichotomy on the listener. Out of this seemingly splintered approach come surprise and the opportunity to think, instead of simply taking an emotional bath, which is what most jazz appreciation has been for the last sixty years. Double Image and the Revolutionary Ensemble were on hand tonight at Alice Tully Hall, where George Wein likes to park his occasional avant-garde concerts. Double Image is made up of two vibraphonists—David Friedman and Mulligan's David Samuels—the bassist Harvie Swartz, and the drummer Mike DiPasqua. All

six numbers were originals, and all were short and full of double improvisation, instrument switching, and sudden starts and stops. Because of the group's collective treble tone, it resembled the Modern Jazz Quartet. More often, though, it had a floating, aluminum quality, and one expected it to take off—supported by vibraphone wings and driven by bass and drums—and fly easily and swiftly through the high-ceilinged hall. The Revolutionary Ensemble (Leroy Jenkins on violin, xylophone, and flute; Sirone on bass, trombone, and tin whistle; and Jerome Cooper on drums and tin whistle) was less elusive. The Ensemble's subtlety, humor, and audacity make it the most inventive of the avant-garde groups, and tonight it raised another bold flag by playing without amplification. This gave it a pure, huddled sound that forced the audience to lean mentally forward. The rewards were plentiful: Sirone's long open-horn trombone solo, played against Cooper's persistent one-two mallet beats on his tomtoms; an Oriental piece played by Jenkins on a small xylophone, backed by Cooper's sticks on gourds and Sirone's arco bass; all three on recorders and tin whistles and piccolos (birds warming up during false dawn); Jenkins' violin against more of Cooper's softly thundering mallets; and the fine collective turmoil of their last number.

A flood of proficient, inventive alto saxophonists came along after Charlie Parker and Lester Young in the early fifties, and chief among them were Lee Konitz, Phil Woods, Sonny Criss,

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**MARTHA'S VINEYARD INFORMATION
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Sonny Stitt, Jackie McLean, Lennie Niehaus, Bud Shank, Herb Geller, Art Pepper, and the late Paul Desmond. Pepper worked for Stan Kenton in the forties and fifties, and then put in a couple of long stints in prison for drug violations. These vicissitudes have made him something of a legend, and he was added to the program at Tully tonight not because he fitted in stylistically but because he was making his first visit to New York in a very long time and there was no other spot for him. Despite his obvious nervousness, he played with conviction and passion. He was perhaps best in his own ballad, "My Lurie," done at a variety of tempos, and in a very fast "Caravan." Pepper began as a Parker admirer but has added John Coltrane, so that his playing now has a split-level effect. His solos first rise and fall through Parker patterns and then shift into Coltrane shrieks and yells. He was ably accompanied by Gene Perla on bass, Joe LaBarbera on drums, and Onaje Allan Gumbs on piano. Gumbs took several spacious solos; he has heavy hands and a tumultuous, swinging attack.



Apparently deciding that no one's taste could encompass both the Revolutionary Ensemble and a Fletcher Henderson repertory concert, George Wein scheduled the groups simultaneously at halls almost seventy blocks apart. (The Henderson was at the Loeb Student Center, on the south side of Washington Square.) A reliable observer at the downtown concert reports that the occasion was much as expected. A band including Budd Johnson, Norris Turney, Howard Johnson, Jimmy Heath, and Cecil Payne (reeds); Francis Williams and Dick Vance (trumpets); George Mathews (trombone); and Lawrence Lucie, Aaron Bell, and Oliver Jackson (rhythm) played such Henderson staples as "Christopher Columbus," "Copenhagen," "Sometimes I'm Happy," "Shanghai Shuffle," and "King Porter Stomp" with verve and imprecision. Williams and Vance apparently soloed well, and so did Howard Johnson. There was also enough onstage reminiscing and palaver to bring the music completely to a halt several times.

JUNE 28TH: We have been blessedly free of the prattle of m.c.s at the festival for a couple of years, and it was a shock when George Wein appeared before the early event at Carnegie Hall tonight to announce that the idea for what we were about to hear—a string

of great jazz soloists unencumbered by accompaniment—had been stolen from a concert given not long ago in Berlin. But Wein need only have looked to the New York jazz lofts, where unaccompanied soloists are common. And anyway, all the instruments at tonight's concert, with the exception of the violin, were percussion and rhythm instruments, which have long been accustomed to standing on their own. John Lewis led the parade with three of his own tunes and Thelonious Monk's

"Round Midnight." Lewis does not have a notable left hand and is incapable of driving anywhere without bass and drums. He wandered in Debussy circles, and when he moved into a regular beat it was in a tentative, sampling

way. Gary Burton has been building towering abstract solos for years, but he did even better when he brought out his friend Steve Swallow, on Fender bass, for duets. They developed some excellent counterpoint, and Swallow, using his instrument with great discretion, demonstrated again that he is one of the founders of present-day bass playing. Indeed, he easily edged his forebear Charles Mingus, who appeared with the pianist Robert Neloms for two brief numbers: a slow arco Ellington hymn, in which Mingus played flat, and a pizzicato "I Can't Get Started," in which he got a bamboo sound—probably the fault of his amplifier. Art Blakey delivered two drum solos, and neither raised him any closer to the first rank of drummers. He gets a loose, crashing, ocean-beach sound out of his drums and cymbals, and he has little technique. (Blakey's finest moments have been as an occasional accompanist for Thelonious Monk, whom he prodded and poked, so that Monk, fleeing Blakey's rattling double-time snare-and-rim beats, seemed to compound his efforts.) Buddy Rich or Max Roach would have been better. Joe Pass is the preternatural guitar soloist, and his four ballads shone with Tatum figures and rhythmic somersaults and rich harmonic imagining. Joe Venuti closed the procession, and it didn't sound easy for him; his style has leaned on rhythm sections for fifty years. But he played a pinch of this and a pinch of that, and managed to swing steadily. Then the soloists formed what amounted to a rhythm section plus vibraphone and violin and played "C Jam Blues." Lewis, borne by Mingus and Blakey, played eight rocking choruses, outclassing everyone and making the old complaints about

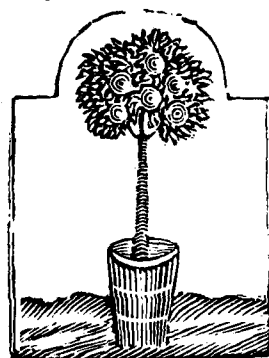
his unswinging stiffness even more incomprehensible.

The midnight concert at Carnegie was given over to Maynard Ferguson's big band—a dumbfounding blast furnace and brass shrillery—and to Phil Woods' new quintet (Harry Leahey on guitar, Steve Gilmore on bass, Mike Melillo on piano, and Bill Goodwin on drums). Woods blows very hard, lets loose a lot of passion, and stamps every tune "Charlie Parker." During his four numbers, the last of them a roaring "Cheek to Cheek," he suggested that he might be considering going the way of Gato Barbieri and Sonny Rollins—that is, into pop jazz. He used long-held, slow-turning Barbieri notes and phrases, some of them salted with growls, and he even wore a funny hat, like Barbieri—a tiny English-schoolboy cap that twitted his ferocious, bearded music.

JUNE 29TH: Toshiko Akiyoshi, the Manchurian-born Japanese pianist, and Lew Tabackin, the American reedman, formed the T.A.-L.T. big band four years ago in Los Angeles, and, sixteen strong, it appeared tonight at Avery Fisher Hall. (It is made up largely of young West Coast studio musicians.) Tabackin is the principal soloist, and Toshiko, his wife, leads and does the handsome arrangements, which incorporate *nô* songs, fancy section writing (the section as a soloist, in the Benny Carter manner), unusual voicings (flutes pitted against a bass trombone), and, more often than not, a pounding rhythmic attack that suggests the early Woody Herman Herds. Tabackin first surfaced in New York ten or twelve years ago, and it was immediately clear that he was out of the ordinary. He had the complaining backyard tone of the hard-bop saxophonists, but he also revealed an affection for Ben Webster and Paul Gonsalves, and for Sonny Rollins' teeming codas. Tonight he played at great length at a variety of tempos, and each statement was exceptional. His respect for Webster and Gonsalves and Rollins is undiminished, and his tone has softened and widened. Tabackin has moved into the front rank. RCA of Japan recorded the band tonight, and, as is often the case during such sessions, the sound in the hall was dreadful, because of the amplification. Down front, the band was unspeakably loud, and in the rear it was metallic and piping and blurred. The sound issued from huge loudspeakers piled on both sides of the stage, and unaccountably and inexcusably missed was the chance to simply let the band's



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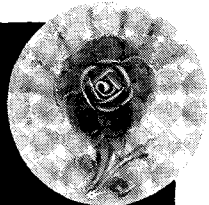
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But the same acoustical blundering has been going on at Carnegie much of the week. It is apparently due to a combination of tin-eared band managers, overamplification, and sound technicians who have had little or no experience with halls like Carnegie and Avery Fisher, which were designed for pure, unamplified sound. In any case, it is a lamentable situation (certain groups have been destroyed by sound distortion), which has slowly grown out of the control of George Wein, who does care: the outdoor sound system he had developed during the last years of the Newport Festival was superb. So it was a surprise to arrive at Carnegie after the Toshiko-Tabackin appearance and find that the concert of four solo pianists already in progress was unamplified. There sat two concert grands on an otherwise empty stage. Teddy Wilson and Adam Makowicz, the Polish Tatum pianist, had finished, but George Shearing had just settled down for what appeared to be his patented all-purpose night-club-and-concert program—"Dream Dancing" and "Greensleeves," done in a variety of styles; "Happy Days Are Here Again," done as a lament; "Lullaby of Birdland," done as Tatum and Bach; "Misty," done as a rhapsody and as Garner would have played it; and "Let It Snow," done, I suspect, as a comment on the backstage air-conditioning. Shearing's playing was perfect, mischievous, and exultant. Every note rolled easily through the hall, and the same was true of Earl Hines' sound, which followed. The Master did "I Cover the Waterfront," a long "My Monday Date," "I Feel Pretty," and "Jitterbug Waltz," and he showed off every one of the devices he invented fifty years ago—the little vibratolike tremolos, the arrhythmic escapades, the glittering treble figures, the elevator left hand. As is his wont now, he enclosed them in clouds of Jamesian pianistic syntax, entirely appropriate to the most august of American jazz pianists.

JUNE 30TH: Eighteen years have passed since Ornette Coleman set off the most recent revolution in jazz. Louis Armstrong fired the first revolution, in the mid-twenties, and it is instructive to compare what had happened to him a couple of decades later. His playing had grown somewhat lackluster, and he had been forced temporarily out of favor by bebop, which had been brought into being, in part, by

Dizzy Gillespie, one of his stylistic grandchildren. Armstrong, so bewildered and diminished-looking in photographs taken at the time, had been the king of jazz only ten years before, and he must often have wondered what the hell happened. Coleman has suffered vicissitudes, but they have been largely self-imposed. The improvisational, structural, and thematic freedoms he introduced are still being experimented with—by the A.A.C.M. in Chicago and here, by American expatriate musicians, by Europeans and Japanese, by the downtown loft musicians, and, most important, by Coleman himself. Despite, or perhaps because of, his various voluntary exiles, he is more famous than ever before, and he is playing with greater invention and discipline. Nonetheless, he must have been surprised by the full house at Avery Fisher tonight, for it wasn't long ago that he had difficulty filling half of Town Hall. He must have been surprised, too, that perhaps a third of those present were about five years old in 1960; they had come to hear a legend. What they did hear was brilliant and very real—or at least the first half was. Coleman surrounded himself with seven musicians (Don Cherry on trumpet, Dewey Redman on tenor saxophone, James Blood Ulmer on guitar, David Izenzon and Buster Williams on bass, and Edward Blackwell and Billy Higgins on drums), three of them (Cherry, Blackwell, and Higgins) carryovers from the old Five Spot days. They played five Coleman numbers, and each was a remarkable display of what he has wrought. "Name Brain" was short and furious, and had brief jammed ensembles and solos by Cherry on pocket trumpet and by Coleman. Eighteen years ago, Cherry was a beanpole kid whose pants were a foot too short, and his playing had a flailing, uphill quality. Tonight, wearing a gold-threaded blue pantaloons suit, his bony face aged and secret, he played with emotion and fluidity. Many of his notes seemed to slip out before permission had been granted, and in "Sound Amoeba" he played a solo full of bent notes and long pauses that was of the highest lyrical order. Coleman was once a torrential player who believed that drowning his listeners was the best way to reach them. But his solo in "Name Brain" was played in a loafing, legato half-time. He moved through Benny Carter ascending-and-descending steps, and he stayed in the middle register. He used easy repetitive figures, and loose blue notes. His playing was the same in a long, harrowing lament called "The

Black House," in the fast "Raceface," and in the ingenious "Sound Amoeba," in which a long written ensemble was followed by eight to-the-point a-cappella solos. Nearly as effective was "Mr. and Mrs. Dream." This consisted almost wholly of ensemble, whose gradually increasing intensity became almost unbearable, provoking Coleman, who was clearly seized by what they had just played, to say to the audience, "We'll take a little breather so that the dream doesn't wake up"—and, quite rightly, they did. In the second half of the concert, Coleman brought together two highly amplified guitarists, an electric bassist, and two drummers, one of them his son. They played loud modified rock, full of ostinato figures and unceasing ensemble tumult, and Coleman just about disappeared from hearing. Robert Palmer wrote in the *Times* today that Coleman has been working on this electronic group for two years. But it is unimaginable that he considers it his highest achievement.

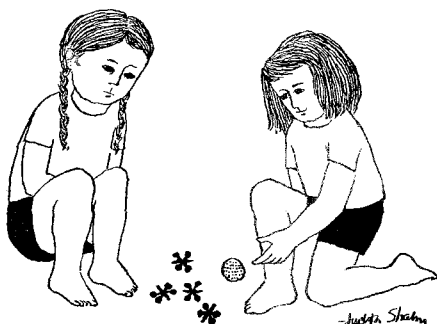
Impresarios thrive on obfuscation: keep 'em guessing and you keep 'em coming. At least, this is the principle that George Wein appeared to be abiding by at a press conference he held this morning to announce several changes in the festival. A festival will be held in New York next year, but it will be the Big Apple Jazz Festival, and it will be wholly underwritten by sponsors. The Newport Jazz Festival will be put to pasture in Saratoga, where the brand-new four-day Newport Jazz Festival-Saratoga will be inaugurated next August. Like Wein's April New Orleans festival and his July Grande Parade du Jazz in Nice, the Saratoga festival will have simultaneous non-stop concerts, running from noon to midnight. So the Big Apple Festival, though purportedly run by Wein, will become what amounts to a franchise operation, and the Saratoga festival will offer jazz as smorgasbord, to be sampled day and night, at the listeners' convenience. The musicians will have to devise a new way of playing to obviate the continual interrup-

tion of being picked up and put down, picked up and put down.

JULY 1ST: Count Basie, recovered from his heart attack and looking fresh and fit, appeared tonight at Carnegie Hall with his band, and in under two hours played a dozen or so instrumentals (among them vehicles for the tenor saxophonists Eric Dixon, Jimmy Forrest, and Eddie Lockjaw Davis, the trombonist Al Grey, and himself), and then provided accompaniment for Joe Williams (who sang "Every Day," "Goin' to Chicago," "Blues in My Heart," Jon Hendricks' "Evolution of the Blues," "In the Evenin'," and "Rocks in My Bed"), all the while piloting his ship from the keyboard with directional chords, pointed fingers, raised eyebrows, nods, arm swipes, and lifted chins, and playing background and solo piano that has no equal and is the quintessence of swinging and taste and good cheer, even when almost nothing happens around it, as was the case tonight.

JULY 2ND: The New York Jazz Repertory Company swung into action again tonight at Carnegie with brief retrospectives of Roy Eldridge and Earl Hines. Eldridge declined to be present at his portion of the evening, and one reason certainly must have been a reluctance to hear others re-create solos that he himself can no longer play. And what adventurous, majestic, scarifying solos they are! Joe Newman, Jon Faddis, and Jimmy Maxwell played the transcriptions together with precision and great rhythmic drive, and they included "Wabash Stomp" and "Heckler's Hop" (1937), his celebrated rampage on Gene Krupa's 1941 "Let Me Off Uptown," and his sedate "Little Jazz," made in 1945 with Artie Shaw. These scattered statements were a reminder that Eldridge at the height of his powers was awesome. (John Coltrane's power turned back on itself, while Eldridge's turned outward.) His lyricism danced and spun and burned at fast tempos, and in his slow blues or a ballad like "Rockin' Chair" (re-created by the band's saxophone section, which caught Eldridge's beautiful melodic variations but missed his heavy, leaning tone) he summoned up thunderheads and slow sunsets.

Hines presided at the piano during his half of the concert, and he was accompanied by a band that included, in addition to Maxwell, Newman, and Faddis, Bernie Privin and Doc Cheatham, trumpets; Eddie Bert, Janice



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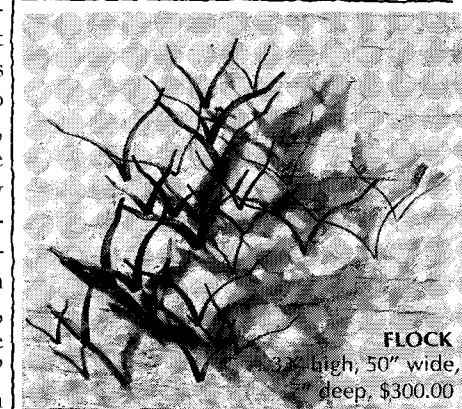
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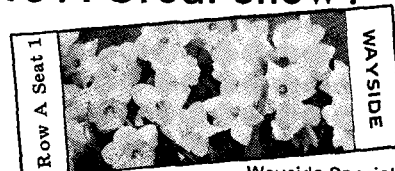
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Robinson, and Eph Resnick, trombones; Budd Johnson, Bob Wilber, Norris Turney, Frank Foster, and Cecil Payne, reeds; Carmen Mastren, guitar; George Duvivier, bass; and Bobby Rosengarden, drums. We heard "West End Blues" and "Weather Bird" from his Armstrong Chicago days and "My Monday Date" and "Apex Blues" from his Jimmy Noone Chicago days, and we heard big-band re-creations from the thirties and forties of such numbers as "G.T. Stomp," "Deep Forest," "Number 19," and "Father Steps In." But best of all were two piano solos with rhythm—"Rosetta" and "Blues in Thirds." In the last, Hines let loose three quick, irregularly spaced ascending chordal explosions and, a chorus later, four bell-struck single notes, placed just behind the beat and scattered around middle C. He received a standing ovation, which caused one observer to say, "While they were standing and clapping, I was down on my knees praising God." Mad old Jelly Roll Morton used to tell everyone that he invented jazz. He didn't, but Hines very nearly did.

The midnight concert at Avery Fisher was given over to junk jazz. George Duke, a pianist who has worked the jazz-rock circuit, appeared by himself and pretended for forty minutes that he was Keith Jarrett. Everything came in fragments—soul music, rhapsody, tremolos, fortissimo pounding, tumbling arpeggios, thrumming on the strings—and each was undeveloped. Duke is a better pianist than that, and he is also a funny performer, whose posturing and grunts and maniacal expressions were more forceful than his playing. Don Ellis's twenty-one-piece West Coast band took up the rest of the evening, and it played sound-track music. (Ellis did the music for the two "French Connection"s.) When he started out, ten years ago, his gimmick was tricky time signatures. Now he is more direct: Academy Awards. It is, though, a good band, and it is not the musicians' fault that they have to play what Ellis asks them to. But they should take heart: Duke, as Ellis pointed out, is an Ellis alumnus.

JULY 4TH: Last night, at Avery Fisher, a group calling itself The Quintet, and made up of Freddie Hubbard on trumpet, Wayne Shorter on reeds, Herbie Hancock on piano, Ron Carter on bass, and Tony Williams on drums, gave two concerts in an effort to recapture its first successful coming

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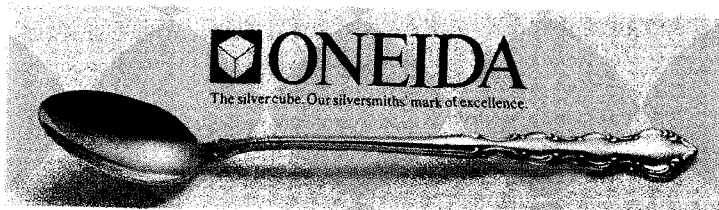
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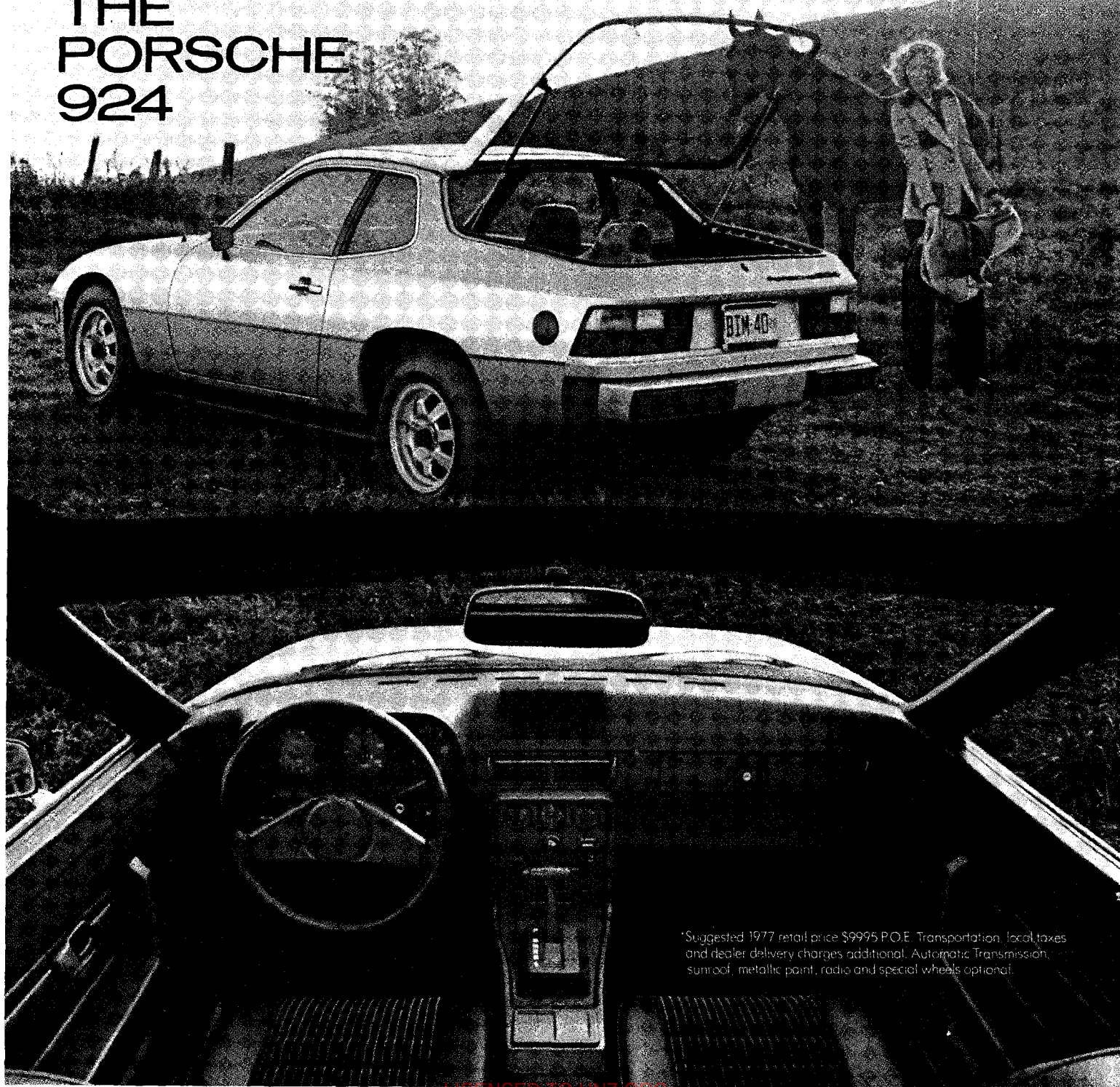
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together, at the festival last year. With the exception of Hubbard, all are Miles Davis graduates, and all are sidemen in, or leaders of, well-known jazz-rock bands. But the Quintet's music is classic hard bop: garrulous, monochromatic, and arrogant. It doesn't care much for its listeners (its early practitioners were the first to start turning their backs on their audiences), nor does it have much lyricism or humor. It is an armored music.

The festival ended today with a dance at Roseland Ballroom given by Sy Oliver and Count Basie, and with a series of blues concerts given by the likes of Muddy Waters, Louisiana Red, Odetta, Sammy Price, and Lloyd Glenn at Waterloo Village, fifty miles west of the George Washington Bridge. The best thing at Waterloo—and perhaps at the festival—was a quick, unassuming performance at its start by a twenty-one-year-old gospel singer from San Diego named Eleanor Laskey. (She had won a contest in Los Angeles called the Schlitz Soul Search, beating a thousand other aspirants.) She sang "Nobody Knows the Trouble I've Seen," Billie Holiday's blues "Fine and Mellow," and a Natalie Cole song, "No Plans for the Future." She is extraordinary. She has a strong, pure contralto, expert melismatics, easy, daring phrasing ("Noba—I say nobody knows the trouble, the trouble Ah've seen"), perfect intonation, and a voice that can be swung in any direction at any speed and land on its feet. With proper guidance (she does not need Natalie Cole songs, nor should gospel singers sing the blues), she could fill the vacuum left by Mahalia Jackson.

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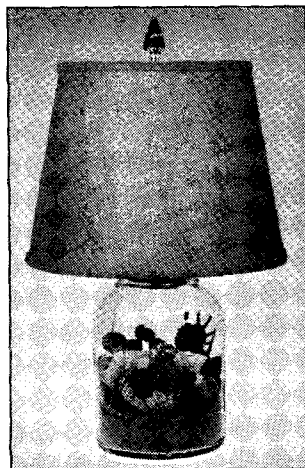


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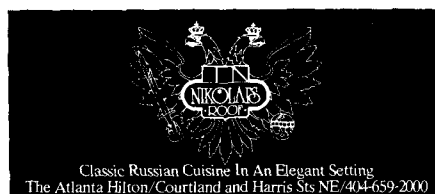
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IF Sir Leslie Stephen had not become convinced that Noah's flood was a fiction and that it was wrong to teach this and other Biblical stories as sacred truth he would very likely have been an obscure English clergyman instead of one of the most eminent men of letters of the Victorian era. Rather than keep his doubts to himself, he left the security of Cambridge and supported himself by writing. His critical essays, a two-volume work dealing with the Deist controversy and the English Utilitarians, and biographies of Samuel Johnson, Pope, and Swift, for the English Men of Letters series, made him famous. From 1871 to 1882 he was the editor of the *Cornhill Magazine*. He then took on the Dictionary of National Biography, saw the first twenty-six volumes through to completion, and, when the doctors made him give up editing, continued to write for it. His best writing is considered to be in "English Literature and Society in the Eighteenth Century," published in 1904, the year of his death. His personality was quirky and introverted. He had a long, thin, bright-red beard, and distraught and melancholy eyes. Though he must have been acquainted with everybody in England of any literary and intellectual pretensions, the one man whose mind he found entirely congenial was an American, Charles

Eliot Norton. Stephen was hot-tempered, and did not endure bores. He had, in his words, "a perhaps rather pedantic mania for correcting... flights of imagination and checking... exuberant impulses." He was a walker, an oarsman, and one of the great mountain climbers. His first wife was Thackeray's daughter. He published twenty-seven volumes of his own writing, and edited or wrote introductions to a great many more. And yet one volume of four hundred and ninety-five pages containing an account of his life by Frederic W. Maitland, interspersed with his letters and with the recollections of Hardy, Meredith, Edward Fitzgerald, Edmund Gosse, John Morley, Viscount Bryce, and others, was considered sufficient. In the wake of a two-volume biography, by Quentin Bell, of Sir Leslie's daughter Virginia, we are to have the diary that she kept regularly for more than twenty years and six volumes of her correspondence—"The Letters of Virginia Woolf"—collected and edited by Nigel Nicolson and Joanne Trautmann (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich).

Until after her marriage, Virginia Woolf seldom used the typewriter, and her handwriting, from time to time on display in the glass cases of the Berg Collection in the New York Public Library, is far from easy to decipher.

At present, the whereabouts of more than four thousand of her letters is known, and they have all been transcribed from the originals or from Xerox or microfilm copies. The labor of doing this can only have been monumental. There was also the problem of dating them; she sometimes wrote the day of the week, seldom the month, and almost never the year. With two volumes now in print, covering the years 1888-1912 and 1912-22, it is possible to form a rough opinion about both the correspondence and the feasibility of printing it.

In a prefatory note to Volume I the editors ask rhetorically (since they had already made up their minds and so had the publishers):

But would so large a correspondence stand total publication more than thirty years after her death? Readers might be crushed by the weight of the material, and her most light-hearted letters might lose their sparkle when solemnized by print and annotation. On the other hand, Virginia Woolf will be read and written about for centuries to come. Her letters preserve her personality, the very tone of her voice, even more faithfully than her books. They explain many incidents in her life, and the genesis of her ideas and style. Everything she wrote, even on a postcard, had her special mark upon it. Some of her letters now in private hands may disappear with the death of their owners. A single volume of Selected Letters would be more manageable, but future generations would rightly think that an opportunity had been lost if nothing more than that were published now.

To almost every one of these statements one could take exception. The common reader is not likely to be crushed under the weight of such a feather as "Dear Mr Trevelyan, Thank you for sending me the notice of Mr Binyon's lectures, which I had not seen. I am afraid I cannot go myself, but I will certainly tell others." No doubt the editors were speaking quantitatively, but still why publish this letter at all? It is true that in general, having got to the point, she did not sign any communication without leaving, however lightly, her mark on it. But the letters seldom throw any light on her work, the important incidents of her life have already been explained either in Leonard Woolf's autobiography or by Quentin Bell, and if the transcribed letters had been placed in some responsible library future generations could have got at them. It is encouraging to be told that Mrs. Woolf will be read and written about ages hence, for this means that Fielding, Samuel Richard-



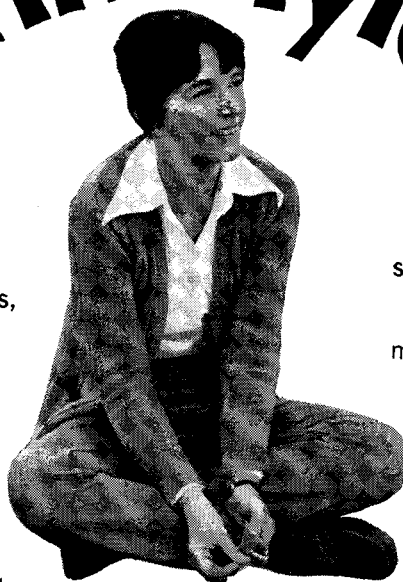
"I made it 'Lovingly yours' because the world needs more love."

son, Jane Austen, and George Eliot will also be read and written about—that there will, in short, be readers; but is she really of sufficient literary importance that all four thousand of her letters and postcards, apart from a few that had to do with social engagements of no consequence, deserve our attention?

We pick up a volume of letters partly for the same reason that we surreptitiously read letters that are not addressed to us: mild or avid curiosity. Gradually, as we turn the pages, it becomes more and more like reading a work of fiction. Questions arise and are answered or left unanswered. Certain figures engage our interest and affection. The letter writer's life begins to take on a discernible shape. There is the pleasure of discovering exactly what it was like to live in a certain place at a certain moment in history.

The earliest surviving letter of Virginia Woolf is a note in block letters (she was six years old) to her godfather, James Russell Lowell. "Have you," she inquires, "been to the Adirondacks and have you seen lots of wild beasts and a lot of birds in their nests?" The letter is characteristic only in that it is deeply personal. As a young woman she was much given to cloying pet names (the editors have supplied a two-page glossary of them) and whimsy. This awful cuteness survives in her maturity only in the letters to Leonard Woolf, which are few, since they were seldom separated. For the most part the tone of her letters is affectionate and intimate—to a point where one feels at times that one is in the same room with her. ("I sit over a fireless grate with my head in my hands. Are you happy?") Books and writers are mentioned and commented on briefly, because how will the friends know what her life is like if they do not know what she has been reading? She allows herself to be funny: "We are now more or less settled. Of course, my necklace broke the first thing, but I think necklaces always do on getting into a new house." There are sentences that foreshadow the lyricism of the novels ("When you and Adrian are talking I plunge about in a phantom world, and wonder who the people are in hansoms, and what is going on in a certain place in the New Forest"), and sometimes there is a paragraph or two that looks like the spilling over of energy not used up in the day's writing. She starts to write a sentence about the weather and it turns into a story: "It pours, it pours, it pours; all the roofs from my window are like policemen waterproofs. Yesterday the Thames overflowed; and one poor old gentle-

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man, being caught asleep on a seat, was marooned in midstream; lost his head; ran up and down like a polar bear at the Zoo, while the crowd collected on the Bridge and hooted." She describes the scene that is in front of her with an ease that carries everything before it: "From our garden we look over a dead marsh; flat as the sea, and the simile has the more truth in that the sea was once where the marsh is now. But at night a whole flower bed of fitful lighthouses blooms—O what a sentence!—but irritants are good I am told—along the edge; indeed you can follow the sea all round the cliff on which we stand, till you perceive Rye floating out to meet it, getting stranded halfway on the shingle." Surely this passage is a good deal better than those labored-over pages of italicized descriptions in "The Waves."

A little more than half of the six hundred and thirty-eight letters in Volume I are to Violet Dickinson, who was seventeen years older than she was, and on friendly terms with all the young Stephens. This gawky, good-hearted woman lived with a bachelor brother in Hertfordshire and moved in aristocratic and literary circles, with Virginia Stephen at her side. When Virginia Stephen suffered a severe mental breakdown after her father's death, Violet Dickinson took her into her house, under the care of three nurses, for several months. There would not be so many letters to her if Virginia Stephen had been merely fond of her. Like most love letters, they are embarrassing to read: "Is mother wallaby soft and tender to her little one?" The impatient reader would do well to read the first half dozen and then, since they are all pretty much the same, skip-read, except for the letters written between November 7 and December 18, 1906. On his return from a tour of Greece with his sisters and younger brother and Violet Dickinson, Thoby Stephen came down with typhoid fever and died of it. By this time, Violet Dickinson also had typhoid fever, and was very ill, and Thoby's death was kept from her. The bedside bulletins continue, only now they are imaginary, and too well done. It makes your hair stand on end: "Thoby is well as possible. We aren't anxious;" "There isn't much change. His temp. is up to 104 again this afternoon, but otherwise his pulse is good, and he takes milk well;" "Thoby is going on splendidly. He is very cross with his nurses, because they won't give him mutton chops and beer;" "Thoby sends his love;" and so on, ending finally with "Do you hate me for telling so many lies? You know

we had to do it"—for Violet Dickinson, by now convalescing, had picked up the *National Review* and in the midst of a criticism of Maitland's "Life" had read, "This book appeared almost on the very day of the untimely death of Sir Leslie Stephen's eldest son, Mr Thoby Stephen, at the age of 25."

Next to Violet Dickinson, the persons she wrote most frequently to are her Vaughan cousins and Lady Robert Cecil. There is a very strange letter to Emma Vaughan that begins:

Yes, it is all very well for you to be indiscreet—but what if you knew what I know? Have you heard that—No, I won't reveal other people's secrets. Still, she shouldn't go to a lecture if she can't control herself; or the Committee should put locks on the doors. Why she did it then, instead of waiting till—I can't make out; but for the last month or two I have suspected—from the color and shape and so on—well, she signs her name now with a hyphen.

Poor cousin Mia! is it out at last? I was afraid that last meeting at the Jolly Miller would do for her. Can you imagine? She drove up, in the village omnibus (which takes the Coroner about) at 6 o'clock—not more than a shawl over her shoulder, and her right leg bare. She asked if she were a flower-bed that they raked her so?, and sang and sang about geraniums and roses. "Monty's in the cupboard!" she cried at last, and fell into the cistern, afishing for black beetles. But that's the beginning—Aunt Mary heard, and set off at once, in a veil with cupid in the border, chasing butterflies, and reached Rickmansworth just as Charlie was talking to the beadle. She sat with him beneath the plum tree in the garden till the sun went down and at night cried, "I'm only a little bag of bones—And the bed is so big!"

The editors suggest, in a footnote, that she was fantasizing on the contents of a letter just received, but to me it conjures up instead those flights of volubility that were a clinical aspect of her illness.

On the other hand, it is hard to imagine anything more sane or more straightforward than the letter she wrote to Leonard Woolf on May 1, 1912, in which she takes up all the reasons she can think of for and against marrying. "As I told you brutally the other day, I feel no physical attraction in you. There are moments—when you kissed me the other day was one—when I feel no more than a rock. And yet your caring for me as you do almost overwhelms me. It is so real, and so strange. Why should you?" He had his reasons, and gave up his career as a civil servant in Ceylon and waited, with no visible prospects, while she made up her mind to marry him.

"THE letters of Virginia Woolf are of supreme interest," Mr. Nicolson says, "because she became a

writer of genius." In his lifetime, Bach was not called a genius, and neither was Dante. The word came into general use in that particular sense only in the late eighteenth century. Even if there is such a thing as genius, and even if Mrs. Woolf possessed it, the editors have abandoned their proper function of discernment in favor of an attitude of worship that does her and us a disservice. That some part of the correspondence should have been published there is no question, but why all of it? Of what value is "Dear Mr Keynes, Will you dine with me next Thursday—the 27th. at 8. I hope you may be in London" other than the mild interest of knowing that there was a time when she didn't call him Maynard? Which might have been inferred.

The visual world, exquisitely described, is everywhere present in the letters, the world of thinking almost never; ideas she saved for her diary. Leonard Woolf's political and journalistic activity is recorded, and so are the ups and downs of the Hogarth Press. Apart from the two occasions when he was called up before the Army Medical Board (he was excused each time because of the habitual trembling of his hands, which must have made typesetting a heroic task) and her asking Lady Robert Cecil to intercede with her brother-in-law Lord Salisbury on behalf of Duncan Grant, who was a conscientious objector, the First World War hardly figures in her correspondence at all. She did not believe in war, and hated patriotism ("Anyhow, please write occasionally, and for God's sake don't sacrifice anything to your country"), and she breaks off a description of the Armistice Day celebration with "But this must be fearfully dull to read about." Though as a matter of fact it wasn't.

There are not dozens of women writers of the first rank—which is not to say there mightn't have been if women had not everywhere and at all times in history been systematically discouraged from intellectual activity. Even though Virginia Woolf was, I think, a writer of the first rank, she could not rest secure in the knowledge of her talent; the prevailing tone of the letters written in her maturity is disparagement. When it is a game and when she means it one would have to have been acquainted with her to know. She and Leonard are invited to the Webbs', and the Bernard Shaws are there. "Shaw went fast asleep apparently, in the midst of all the talk and then woke up and rambled on into interminable stories about himself, and his

backbone which is crooked, and his uncle who tried to commit suicide by shutting his head in a carpet bag, and his father who played on the ophicleide and died insane as they all do, and so on and so on."

If that could be merely an accurate description, here is a passage that is not: "I saw Forster, who is timid as a mouse, but when he creeps out of his hole very charming. He spends his time in rowing old ladies upon the river, and is not able to get on with his novel." One recognizes that it has a kind of truth but that it is also a deliberate distortion. It wasn't *because* he rowed

old ladies upon the river that he couldn't get on with his novel. And neither was he timid. He might appear to be, if you didn't understand that he was fanatically considerate of the rights and feelings of other people. The truth is, she both liked and respected him.

The work of certain key figures in the Bloomsbury group tends to be overvalued, and almost everybody else is cut down not merely to size but to something considerably less than that: "Please tell me what merit you find in Henry James;" "Now I wish you'd tell me what is the point of Veronese;" "Delacroix I saw no point in;" "I went to see the Rodins at the Albert Museum. I didn't think at all highly of them;" "old decayed Cobden-Sanderson, wearing a red ribbon round his neck, and a workman's blue shirt—but not very inspiring all the same." Her dislike of "Ulysses" was such that it caused her to write in what amounts to personal hatred of Joyce, whom she had not met. It is a relief when she finds something that she has to admire unreservedly: "My great adventure is really Proust. Well—what remains to be written after that? I'm only in the first volume, and there are, I suppose, faults to be found, but I am in a state of amazement... How, at last, has someone solidified what has always escaped—and made it too into this beautiful and perfectly enduring substance? One has to put the book down and gasp. The pleasure becomes physical..." Four years after she had been asked to deal with James in a critical way, she read "The Wings of the Dove" for the first time and stopped being merely dismissive ("the laborious striking of whole boxfuls of damp matches") and confessed, "I have never read his great works; but merely pretended. Certainly this is very remarkable." But then habit asserts itself: "At the same time I am vaguely annoyed by the feeling that—well, that I am in a museum. It is all desert-

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ed. Only you and I and Melian Stawell and some wretched little pimpled spectacled undergraduate, and say Gilbert Murray, are to be seen. It is vast and silent and infinitely orderly and profoundly gloomy and every knob shines and so on. But—I am too feeble minded to finish—besides, little though you believe it—they are actually burying the white horse in the field; a man has arrived with two pick axes.”

Sometimes one winces because the objects of her ridicule are such easy game:

Then there was the theosophist, Mr Watt in the cottage which I once hired; and he lives on nuts from Selfridges, and a few vegetables, and has visions, and wears boots with soles like slabs of beef and an orange tie; and then his wife crept out of her hole, all blue, with orange hair, and cryptic ornaments, serpents, you know, swallowing their tails in token of eternity, round her neck. The rain, they said, often comes through the walls on a wet day, so I'm glad I didn't settle there. But can you [the letter is addressed to Lytton Strachey] explain the human race at all—I mean these queer fragments of it which are so terribly like ourselves, and so like Chimpanzees at the same time, and so lofty and high minded, with their little shelves of classics and clean china and nice check curtains and purity that I can't see why its all wrong. We tried to imagine you there, snipping their heads off with something very witty.

On the whole, strangers get off lightly compared to what happens when she is writing about friends:

Lady Cromer is an old battered beauty wearing such a hat as you see on Bank holiday in the gutter. We talk about the revolution, and how it's high time that the daughters of Longleat (her father's house) stepped onto the scaffold. She buys herrings for her dinner, and as we walked along Cromwell Road in the moonlight, she had out her purse and turned the coppers, with which it was bursting, to bring her luck. Seeing an apple stall, where the apples were a penny less than in St John's Wood, she darted off, and there I left her, cheapening apples, while from her neck swung a dozen large cupboard keys, attached to a bootlace, for as she told me, one can't trust charwomen. Now all this, though written quickly, is quite true.

It may all be true (though I doubt it; it is too much a work of art), but the coldness of the eye that is recording that walk along the Cromwell Road in the moonlight! One might almost think she had been kissed by the Snow Queen. And consider this: “Rupert and Bryn came to tea the other day; she has a glass eye—one can imagine her wiping it bright in the morning with a duster.” If it isn't pleasure in being cruel, what is it?

When she was young, she felt the sorrows of other people. Maitland died,

of pneumonia, on a voyage to Tenerife, and she wrote, “I don't know that he would have minded dying, he was already so refined away that the body seems to be a small part of him. But he was very human and loveable—and everything to her and the children. I hate to think that they should begin to suffer. I was thinking that I should see him often, and perhaps he would come and dine with us—and anyhow he would be there always.” Ten years later, speaking of Leonard's sister, she wrote, “Bella is dressed all in black silk, with long widow streamers. She... talks incessantly, and is always making jokes, though I gather she is really much depressed by the loss of her husband, who was practically the same thing as a cauliflower (he was a botanist) and he died in his bath.” And, in another letter, “The other day we went to tea with Nelly Cecil, and met old Beatrice Thynne, who is more like a sunburnt tinker who has just had a mug of beer than ever, notwithstanding the death of her mother and nephew.” A footnote reads, “Beatrice's nephew, John Alexander, Viscount Weymouth, was killed in action, 13 February 1916, aged 20.” The letter continues, “She is going to live in lodgings over St Johns Wood post office, in order to economize; she uses margarine instead of butter; and wears no underclothes. She spends all her time reading family letters, and tying them up in bundles, as they are too many to burn, and all perfectly dull. Nelly”—here Lady Robert Cecil comes in for a few whacks—“is going to economize by living in Henry James' flat. It is wonderful how entirely detached from sanity the aristocracy are; one feels like a fly on a ceiling when one talks to them.” These were both women she had been on affectionate terms with for fifteen or twenty years. People do, of course, make wicked remarks about their friends, and have days when they are uncharitable. With Mrs. Woolf it had become a game she could not stop playing. In another letter she says, “I don't like aristocrats when they write... they're all so rich and distinguished, and their writing is so much admired, and it is so pretty and smart compared with middle class writing. But I have no room to develop this very important argument.” That “important” is ironical, isn't it? In either case, beside this railing against the privileged put “I don't like the children of the poor,” and one begins to feel a lack of oxygen in the air. In fairness, one must put beside that still another remark—“Why the poor don't take knives and chase us out of our houses, I can't think”—and also

Leonard Woolf's statement that there was something about her appearance and manner that made her stared at in the street, and sometimes even jeered at. "I am more charitable about them," she wrote mournfully, "than they are about me."

The letters to Violet Dickinson taper off after her marriage, and the person she then writes most often and most intimately to is Vanessa Bell. Because they lived near each other when they were in the country, her letters to her sister tend to be about practical arrangements—trains and taxis, outings with Vanessa's children, clothes ("Do you think you have any small Chinese coat or wrapper which I could wear in the evening while the Webbs are here?"), shortages of milk and sugar, and crises involving servants, whom they passed back and forth. The servants were given to making scenes and carrying tales and in one way and another making their presence felt. They came down with German measles. In the middle of the night they mistook the aurora borealis for a zeppelin and traipsed down to the kitchen with their bedding. Or they threatened to leave, and other servants were looked into. Mrs. Bell being housebound and also, one suspects, indolent, this is done by her sister: "Dearest, I've just been round to see N.F., as I thought it best to arrange that she should see you here, and find that she has already left I Gloucester Gdns and Mrs Parry tells me that she decided not to go as nurse, and also that she wanted to stay in Richmond. It seems hopeless therefore. Three other people have been after her, as parlourmaid and Mrs Parry said it was useless. I have the address of her rooms, and will try to see her tomorrow, but she was out today. I don't suppose its any good—though Great haste V.W. Let me know what you decide as soon as you can about Nelly and coming up. I'll write tomorrow." Letters such as this there is very little point in our reading more than half a century later. It was also necessary for them to keep one another informed about who is coming for the weekend, since there was a certain amount of bicycling back and forth. And who is staying at Garsington and Tidmarsh, the country houses of Lady Ottoline Morrell and Lytton Strachey, figures a good deal in their correspondence. At that time, in that circle, visiting seems to have been a kind of secondary career, and laid one wide open to malicious detraction.

The letters to her sister often employ the language of courtship, and I don't suppose Mrs. Woolf would have



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gone to such lengths in ridiculing their acquaintances if she hadn't thought it would give her sister pleasure. The same thing is true of her letters to Lytton Strachey, except that in writing to him she is not as easy and trusting, and one feels she is having trouble striking the right note about his sudden fame. The gossip is even more stonyhearted. The effect is unpleasantly like a performing dog or an overstimulated child. It is unreasonable to make moral judgments while reading a volume of letters. Mrs. Woolf wrote in the expectation of privacy. "You ought to burn my letters always," she wrote to Vanessa, who didn't.

There are no deleted passages in Volume I; in Volume II there are six. The first occurs in the midst of a description of tea with Lady Ottoline Morrell, in a hotel bedroom. In italics, in the center of the page, the editors have put "15 lines omitted" and after it fourteen lines of dots; after a deletion of seven lines there are six lines of dots. And so on. What purpose the dots serve I have tried unsuccessfully to imagine. Presumably the deleted passages are still libellous. And it is perhaps not an accident that all six occur in letters to her sister. As Mrs. Woolf observes blithely, "kindness don't flourish in our corner of Sussex."

Prejudices do flourish. "But I admit its horrible to be rejected even by the coffee colored;" and, of T. S. Eliot's embarrassment when his friends tried to collect a fund for him so he could give up his job in a bank and devote himself to writing:

Tom's psychology fascinates and astounds. There he has let us all go on writing and appealing for the past 6 months, and at last steps out and says he will take nothing less than £500 a year—very sensible, but why not say so at first; and why twist and anguish and almost suffocate with humiliation at the mere mention of money?... Very American, I expect; and the more I see of that race the more I thank God for my British blood, which does at any rate preserve one from wearing 3 waistcoats; enamel

buttons on one's overcoat, and keeping one's eyes perpetually shut—like Ezra Pound.

We read other people's mail at our peril.

BUT where all this time was the writer? Tending to business. Writing "The Voyage Out" and "Night and Day" and the stories in "Monday or Tuesday" and "Jacob's Room" and innumerable unsigned essays and reviews for *The Times Literary Supplement*, and one letter, worth more than all the thirteen hundred and thirty-nine other letters in these two volumes. It was written to Gerald Brenan, in 1922:

You said you were...wretched, and tore up all you wrote, and felt you could never, never write—and compared this state of yours with mine, which you imagine to be secure, rooted, benevolent, industrious—you did not say dull—but somehow unattainable, and I daresay, unreal. But you must reflect that I am 40: further, every ten years, at 20, again at 30, such agony of different sorts possessed me that not content with rambling and reading I did most emphatically attempt to end it all; and should have been often thankful, if by stepping on one flagstone rather than another I could have been annihilated where I stood. I say this partly in vanity that you may not think me insipid; partly as a token (one of those flying signals out of the night and so on) that so we live, all of us who feel and reflect, with recurring cataclysms of horror: starting up in the night in agony: Every ten years brings, I suppose, one of those private orientations which match the vast one which is, to my mind, general now in the race. I mean, life has to be sloughed: has to be faced: to be rejected: then accepted on new terms with rapture. And so on, and so on; till you are 40, when the only problem is how to grasp it tighter and tighter to you, so quick it seems to slip, and so infinitely desirable is it.

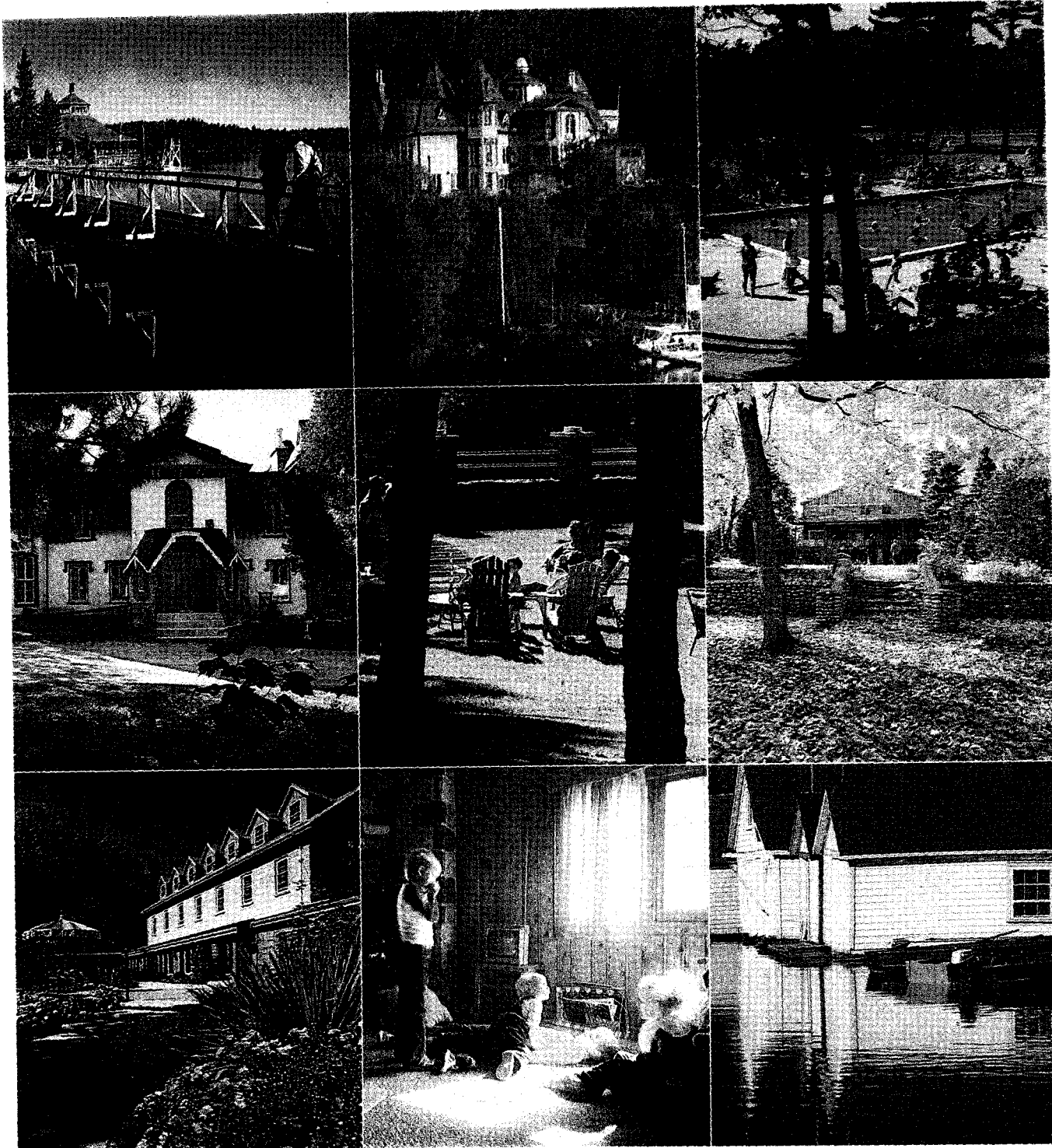
In 1922 Gerald Brenan had not published anything. He was a forlorn young man living in a mountain village in Spain. She hardly knew him. The letter is as much to us as it is to him.

—WILLIAM MAXWELL

... Former Mafia chieftain Vincent (Big Vinnie) Teresa, being deported from Australia, slipped away from a San Francisco-bound airliner during a refueling stop in Hawaii. Teresa, who was given a new identity by the FBI after turning informer, said before he left Australia, "I know what the Mafia can do to a man who has crossed them. One day you wake up and find Archbishop Makarios, leader of the Greek Cypriots and president of Cyprus, met Thursday with special U.S. envoy Clark Clifford, who was sent to Cyprus by President Carter to help mediate the Cyprus dispute with Turkey. Makarios called the visit "very useful and constructive."

—Chicago Daily News.

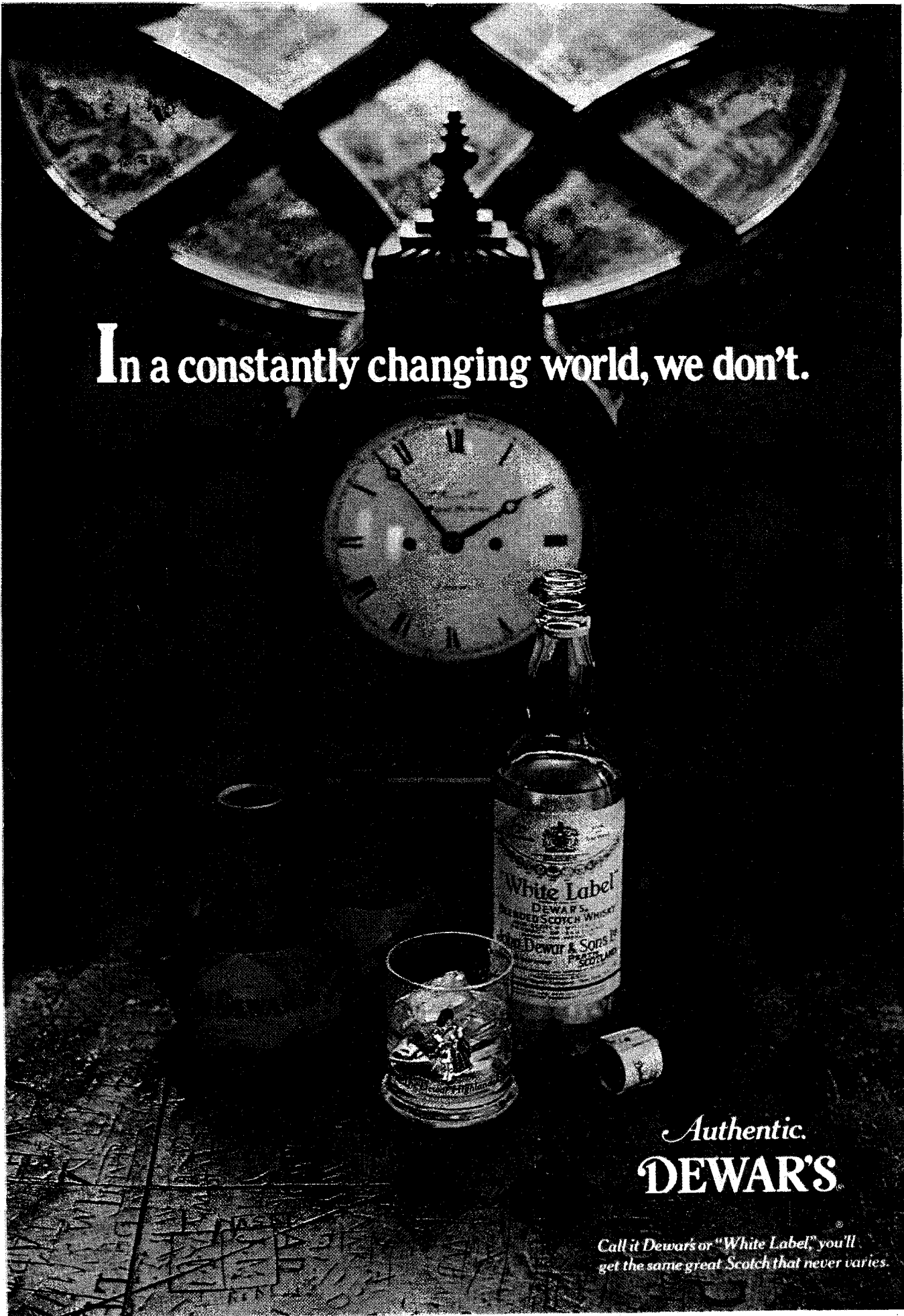
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